Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/selectedwritings0000elbe_o0o0

ELBERT HUBBARD AND GARNET

"FRA ELBERTUS"

SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a

MEMORIAL EDITION

WM. H. WISE & CO., NEW YORK

Copyright, 1928
by
The Roycrofters

CONTENTS

Why I Ride Horseback 15
Who Pays Mother? 21
The English Language 23
The Point of View 26
Men and Land 35
Credo 37
War 38
Truth About Keeping Well 41
An American Philosophy 43
The Double Life 45
By Rule of Three 46
An Experiment in Communism 56
The Confessional in Letters 62
Fashion in Letters and Things 67
A Projected Reform 72
A Wonderful Newspaper 77
Politics and Headgear 79
Murphies, Spuds and Praties 81
A Modern Barn 84
Playing Second Fiddle 87
Organization 91
Fuzzy Wuzzy Fads 93
Appendenda 95
Is It Worth the Cost? 98
Fagin, the Jew 101
Better Than Men 104
The Ex-Libris Collector 106
Dianism 110

Building of Roycroft 112
The Lecture Lyceum 115
Abolish the Sermon 117
Sorrows of Success 119
The Worries of an Editor 121
The Jiners 127
The Better Part 131
As To Advertising Books 136
Pay As You Go 141
Personality and Hats 145
The Collector 150
Cheap Products Make Cheap Men 155
Fonetik Spelling 158
Folks Out of Focus 160
Mark Twain and Christian Science 163
Incompatibility 167
Preachers' Salaries 170
Wilted Hyacinths 175
The Messianic Instinct 178
Happy Lives 181
The Bronco Buster 183
Expression 185
Some Sonnets 189
Society of Sanctified Fists 195
About Widows 204
At the House of Jamie 209
Art That Wins 212
Advantages and Disadvantages 215
Potato Hill and Paradise 223
The Hall of Fame 225

Swear Not At All 228
Where Love Is 230
Work and Love 234
Prison Industry 238
Flee the Disciple 244
The Kindergarten 249
About Right Thinking 253
As to Jealousy 256
Queen of the Porch 264
On Writing Letters 266
War is Business 269
Pertinent Questions 272
A Useful Institution 274
This Christmas Present Business 276
On Getting Old 281
What is a Genius? 284
The Elk's Creed 293
Marriage and Mutuality 296
Remember the Week-Day to Keep It Holy 303
Marxian and Fabian Socialism 306
An Educated Person 317
He Faces The East 327
Sickness a Disgrace 330
Physical Culture as a Business 333
Subscription Books 337
Success 340
To the Woods 347
Was Carlyle Cruel? 352
Smudge, Smut, Smith and Smoot 355
The Sergeant 361

The Chinese 364
Life Lies in the Quest 374
Religion of the Artist 378
A Little Study in Psychology 382
What is Sin? 388
The Learned Professions 391
Child Slavery 399
Teachers and Teaching 410

"Is he sincere?"

Why I Ride Horseback

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!—Richard III

I RIDE horseback because I prize my sleep, my digestion and my think-trap.

That is to say, I ride in order that I may work.

¶ I wish to be a good transformer of divine energy. I want to add to the wealth and happiness of the world, and to make two grins grow where there was only a grouch before.

To take care of myself, and then produce a surplus for the benefit of the world, is my ambition.

" We are strong," says Emerson, " only as we ally ourselves with Nature."

I find that when I go in partnership with a good horse, I keep my nerves from getting outside of my clothes. I am better able to act sanely, serenely and happily, dispose of difficulties and surmount obstacles.

A horse helps you to " forget it."

A horse has no troubles of his own.

He does not pour into your ear a sad tale of woe.

I have ridden horseback almost daily for the last forty years. And I enjoy horseback riding today more than ever before.

¶ I have never been sick a day in my life; and I have never lost a meal except through inability of access.

I have made fortunes for myself—and for other people. Also, I have lost fortunes; but, thank Heaven, I have always had all the mazuma I needed, even if not all I wanted. The man who keeps his strength and goodcheer in this country will never be out of a job. And of work I have always had a plenty.

¶ God has certainly been good to me. I think I have had as much fun and as many laughs as any man in the wide world.

"I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work," said Robert Louis Stevenson, the well-beloved.

One of the principal reasons why I have been able to do good work is because I have always kept on close, chummy terms with at least one good horse.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that civilization had its rise in the domestication of animals; that where men domesticated the horse, the ox, the camel, the elephant, civilization thrived and man evolved; but that in countries where man had nothing in the way of domestic animals, except a tame wolf—that is, the dog—there was no evolution.

The centaur, that fabled combination of a man and a horse, had its rise in the dim ages when man first tamed a wild horse. Some boob saw a man on horseback, and he was so amazed that he told the whole boob family that he had seen a man with the body of a horse. And being boobs, they believed it.

A man on horseback was pretty nearly invincible until the invention of gunpowder; and the first use of gunpowder was to scare horses. The idea of the explosion heaving a rock or an iron ball was a later idea.

My opinion now is that if we are going to preserve our vigor, our courage, our enjoyment, we will have to be on good terms with Mother Earth and close up to Equus Caballus.

The two greatest men the world has ever seen were both horsemen. Aristotle was the world's first schoolmaster and the world's first scientist. He taught school out of doors, and all of his pupils were taught to ride horseback

Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander the Great. He taught Alexander to ride the wild horse, Bucephalus, and Aristotle sat on the top rail of the corral and watched his pupil turn the trick

Aristotle wrote a book of a thousand pages on the horse. He said all there was to say on the subject, and no man can ever

write at length about the horse without quoting Aristotle. Aristotle dissected the dead body of a horse. He then fastened the skeleton together, preserving all of its articulations.

The native villagers stood around and watched him; and when the skeleton was all fastened together with the aid of thongs, the villagers chuckled and gurgled in glee and said, " We knew they could never do it! "

The merry villagers thought that Aristotle and Alexander were endeavoring to make a horse, and they were overjoyed to see that Aristotle was not able to clothe the bones with flesh, put the skin on the horse, saddle him, and ride him down the street and shoot up the town. That was one on Aristotle.

¶ The next man to write a book on the horse was Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo was the most accomplished, graceful, gracious, efficient and versatile personality that the world has ever seen.

¶ Among other things he did was to paint a picture of his lady-love, the Mona Lisa, which picture was stolen from the Louvre and (we were told) was brought to America. But that was a libel. Leonardo got the trifling sum of eighty thousand dollars for the picture. It is now worth a million.

Leonardo was a horseman. And one of the big things that Leonardo did was to write a book on the horse. Aristotle wrote the first book, Leonardo the next, and nearly two thousand years separate these men. No one has ever tackled the job of writing on the horse exhaustively since the days of Leonardo.

¶ Leonardo attributed much of his bubbling, perennial joy in life to his close association with the horse. He was a horseback rider from childhood until his eighty-fourth year, when death, through accident, claimed him, and he went out with a smile and a wave of the hand, first intimating with broken breath that if there were no horses in Paradise he did not care to go there.

¶ So died Leonardo, the gifted, the gracious, the kindly, the loving, the strong.

I have ridden horses since I wore trousers buttoned to a calico waist, and no other garment but these two. Then I used to swim horses when I wore no more than they did. In my childhood I could go out to the barn in the night, and find, saddle and bridle any particular horse that my father wanted.

My father was a country doctor, and used to ride much nights. Sometimes I rode with him, first behind him, then in front of him, and then I got a horse of my own.

The other day a man came along here from New York City and asked Ali Baba this question, "Is Mr. Hubbard giving many lectures this year?" And the old man replied: "Good Lord! How can he go off giving lectures? Don't you know that his mare has a colt?" And it is so.

Garnet, my best saddle-animal, has the greatest little baby horse that ever came jogging down the cosmic pike.

He is a dark bay, with a star, a snip, and three white feet. He has big, wide-open, lustrous eyes, the eyes of genius, and he comes by the genius rightfully, for his mother is a genius of the horse tribe.

I have owned many horses, but never did I find such a combination of strength, intelligence, docility, speed, endurance and goodcheer as this mare, Garnet, possesses. She has never been touched with whip or spur.

I owned her mother; and I broke, bitted and rode the foal. I once asked a man in Texas how he broke his horses. He replied, "Stranger, we don't break no horses; we just git on an' ride." So it was with Garnet. She was broken from the start.

¶ No one has ever ridden Garnet but myself, excepting Miriam. Miriam is always butting in, using everything that is mine just as if it were her own. When Miriam was about ten years old, she went down to the barn one day and climbed on Garnet, and to my great astonishment rode away up the street on a dead gallop, with just a halter to guide with.

Garnet and Miriam were on very good terms from the first. ¶ Garnet is the genuine saddle-horse told of by Leonardo, for she knows how to mix psychologically with the rider. She anticipates where you want to go and the speed at which you want to travel. You guide her by the motion of your body, and by merely " holding the thought."

Some one asked Henry Thoreau what he did when he wanted to turn his canoe, and Henry replied. "I just carry the idea in my mind that I wish to turn, and the canoe goes just where I want it to." The fellow tried the trick, and got upset in some very damp water—this because he did not have the canoe instinct ❧ ❧

Any man with horse instinct soon comes to a perfect understanding with one of these highbred horses.

Garnet is eighteen years old, and I have ridden her almost daily for fifteen years. Night or day, Winter or Summer, storm, sleet, wind, hail, snow, or glorious sunshine, it makes no difference. ¶ Garnet enjoys stormy weather, and so do I.

It is a great thing to feel that you are bigger than the elements. And a horse of the right kind helps you to hypnotize yourself into the belief that you are a part of all you see, and hear and feel. ¶ No man can have melancholia who loves a horse and is understood by one.

You shake off your troubles and send your cares flying into the wanton winds when you ride horseback.

Garnet has never slipped or stumbled with me so as to go down. She has never been on her knees, unless politely requested to. She has never been sick, lame or laid up, and Miriam rode her up to within a week before her baby, little Fra Asbestos, was born. ¶ Garnet was sired by Hamlin's Almont, and Almont was the sire of fifty-one in the 2.30 list. He sired three horses that formed a triple team that trotted in 2.12, which is the world's present triple-team record. Almont was a horse of wonderful personality.

The dam of Garnet was Sionora, sired by George Wilkes, one of the greatest sires of trotting blood that the world has ever seen. The sire of Fra Asbestos is The Miter-Bearer, 2.19 1-2; and The Miter-Bearer is a foal of Nettie King, sired by Mambrino King, the handsomest horse in the world.

The Miter-Bearer is full brother to The Abbot, 2.04 1-2, who held the world's trotting record; also to The Abbe, 2.04, the horse that now holds the world's record as a double-gaited horse, having trotted or paced over fifty heats between 2.00 and 2.05. ¶ The Miter-Bearer was sired by Chimes, by Electioneer—dam, Beautiful Bells, the greatest mother of trotters the world has ever seen. She had twelve colts, all in the list, and the prices at which they were sold footed up close to a quarter of a million dollars

It will thus be seen that Fra Asbestos is born to the purple. No horse in this neck of the woods traces to as many of the fast ones. For all of which we must thank Pa Hamlin, now running barefoot in the Paddock of the Blessed; and my neighbors, Ed Geers, Ben White, Billy McDonald, and Billy Andrews, fine fellows all, horse-lovers and friends of humanity, without grump, grouch or graft proclivities, giving much, asking for little. Here, boy, keep away from that horse's head. What do you know about advertising!

Who Pays Mother?

MOTHER'S work is never done. There is no other hard work that can compare in effort and time with the work Mother has to do. ¶ And what is the net result of this labor? Citizens for the State.

Mothers have not sold their time, energy and talent for money. They have given it.

When a mother wants to go on a little journey, buy, sell, think, and express her thoughts in a business world, she must first consult her husband.

The business of the world is operated on business principles. ¶ You give so much service; I give you a medium of exchange which we call " money."

With this money you purchase what you do not produce, but which you need. This is commerce.

We make our estimate in dollars of what a product will bring in the market. ¶ " Is he a great poet?"

"Oh, yes; he sells what he writes at twenty-five cents a word."

" Is he a great sculptor?" ¶ "Certainly he is. He has a commission for a seventy-thousand-dollar statue."

Or, " He is not a great artist—nobody buys his pictures." ¶ Poetry and art are appreciated in terms of dollars, that represent values to the minds of men.

" What is he worth?" The answer is in terms of dollars, never in terms of children. ¶ Nothing is of much intrinsic value except that which affects our living.

That which gives us better control of our brain, nerves, muscles, that which helps us adjust ourselves to life, is of most worth. We give little thought to developing such values, because such values are not reckoned in terms of dollars.

We cultivate what sells in the market.

But along with the production and transportation and selling is an exercise which develops qualities which make for civilization.

¶ The teaching of civilization has been that if a person wants independence and freedom, it is necessary either to inherit money or to develop earning power.

Man learned the lesson first. He had fewer family cares.

¶ Woman has valued affection and love more than independence and freedom. Nature made it so.

Woman has been slow in learning that love is good, necessary, but love is not enough.

Woman has a natural desire for freedom and for independence. Her hope and the trend of her present life are to have these, and keep love and affection, too.

There is a way for her to do this, and we are approaching it. Free schools gave to mothers a great degree of freedom.

¶ Free tuition and then free books were in the direction of liberty for the mother.

And now there are schools where the midday lunch is provided for the children.

Bad citizens are the most costly extravagance the State can have.

¶ The children are far more dependent upon and far more influenced by the mother than by the father.

Women slaves and women in servitude or in bonds do not bear noble sons and noble daughters.

One step more and the State will make mothers economically free

Who pays for the children? Society at the last.

The entire town is blessed if the children are great. The entire State suffers if the children are rogues and criminals.

Would it not be good business to make mothers economically free, and thereby receive directly the civilizing benefits of commerce?

The English Language

THE dominating strength of a race is seen in its ability to compel other races to accept its language ❧ ❧

When Rome dominated the world, the Latin tongue was supreme. Not to read and write in Latin was to be without the pale.

No clergyman, no lawyer, no writer, could hope to succeed without a beautiful sprinkling of Latin in his oratory or text. No matter what his own language was, he had occasionally to fall back on Latin in order to make himself thoroughly and completely understood, otherwise thought might break through language and escape.

To swing Latin easily was to be an educated person. Not to " conjugate " was to be accounted a barbarian.

It seems that almost every country in the world imagines that its own tongue will finally be supreme, just as every man believes the religion of the future will be his religion.

Let the fact stand, however, that today the English language is spoken by more than one hundred fifty million people.

Next comes German, with one hundred twenty million people. ¶ Russian is spoken by ninety millions; French, sixty million; Spanish, fifty million; Italian, forty million; and Portuguese, thirty million.

The English language contains about six hundred thousand words; but of this total practically one-half are words of scientific terminology that are seldom found outside of textbooks. Many of these are archaic or obsolete words.

The number of words in the New Standard Dictionary is a little over four hundred thousand.

Grimm's Dictionary of the German language contains one hundred fifty thousand words.

Dahl's Dictionary of the Russian language contains one hundred forty thousand words.

De Ochoa's Dictionary of the Spanish language contains one hundred twenty thousand words.

Petrocchi's Dictionary of the Italian language contains one hundred forty thousand words.

Mary Cowden Clarke's Concordance of Shakespeare shows that the master used twenty-five thousand words. ¶ There are five writers in America, each of whom has a vocabulary of more than forty thousand words. These men use all of the words Shakespeare used, and a good many that have been coined since. ¶ It would be unfair as well as unkind to give the names of these writers. If you do not know who they are, already you would not believe it, anyway. So make up the list for yourself.

It is believed, however, that there are at least a thousand writers in America who use as many words as Shakespeare did, which does not mean, of course, that they can use them as well. ¶ Since Shakespeare's time there have come in operation a great number of business activities, which did not then exist, and these all have their lingo. And lingo, in time, becomes standardized. Slang used by a man in position ceases to be slang and is regarded as standard bred.

Language grows by the acquisition of slang; and slang, well launched on the tide of time, becomes legitimate.

Professor A. S. Cook, of Yale University, a man recognized as an authority on the growth of language, gives the total number of words used in the Bible as a little under seven thousand. ¶ The working number of words that the average man uses is only about three or four thousand.

The Continental courier, who speaks all languages with equal intelligibility, has only about six hundred words of each language at his command. And a good bill-of-fare vocabulary can be devised with three hundred words.

Highly educated people are not apt to know the language of colloquialism. The writers who use the most words are men who have come up from the ranks; who know the language of the farm, the docks, the lumber-camps, the mines, the railroads, the department-stores, and are on good terms with a great number of trades and industries, and are more or less in touch with every human activity. Electricity as a science has given us over five hundred new words. The automobile has done almost as well.

¶ Beside all this, the ready writer who knows literature, is on good terms with Shakespeare, Addison, Carlyle, Browning, and many of the Biblical allusions are at his tongue's end.

The good writer will coin a word, if he does not find one at his finger-tips ready for typewriter use. And this word sent spinning down the corridors of Kronos will eventually take its place and pass as legal tender in the current coin of language.

The best writers are men without an idolatrous regard for the "classics." They recognize that language is only a vehicle of thought, not thought itself. It is a tool, and everybody should have the right to manufacture tools for himself, which he can use to advantage in his business.

Invention in language should no more be discouraged than should invention in mechanics.

Grammar is the grave of letters.

Spirit is supreme.

He who can express most in fewest terms will be crowned with laurel, and pilgrims will make little journeys to his grave.

The Point of View

MAN is a reasoning being, but seldom reasonable. ¶ Usually, his logic is used as a means for protecting a prejudice.

That is to say, a man can not view anything as apart from himself. Everything he sees, has a relationship to his own safety and his own welfare. Things he likes, he will approve; things he fears or dislikes, he will condemn. That which brings him profit is right. That which brings other people profit is wrong.

Auguste Comte wrote a book entitled, *Pure Reason*. Three years after the writing, he added a chapter stating that the thing didn't exist.

Once a farmer wrote a hot letter to Sears, Roebuck & Co., complaining in grieved and sarcastic phrase because they had neglected to ship the hames among other goods he had ordered. ¶ Then as a postscript to the letter was this: "The hames I found all right in the bottom of the box."

Once upon a time, in a careless moment, General Winfield Scott Hancock made a truthful remark, thus: "The tariff is a local issue."

And behold, the remark was taken up and printed in black face in a thousand newspapers as proof of the ignorance of the General, who at that time happened to be a candidate for the Presidency. And the remark, it is believed, brought about the defeat of the remarker. The moral of this is that one had better think twice before stating the truth, and then whisper it to himself. ¶ Self-protection is the first law of life.

Truth-telling is a matter of expediency and is a strictly secondary proposition. In fact, there isn't much precedent for it anyway. Moreover, the ability to see the truth, much less to express it, is a very difficult task.

Pilate seemed to grasp the idea when he ironically asked, "What is truth?" ¶ The State of Pennsylvania believes in a high tariff for iron and all manufactured metal commodities.

Nevertheless, Pennsylvania statesmen have advocated with great zeal the necessity of lowering the cost of living by removing the duty on foodstuffs, but none so far has argued for free trade on iron.

Gustave Le Bon, in his wonderful book, *The Crowd*, says that race instinct is the strongest and most persistent tendency of the human mind. As long as a man can remember the country from which his ancestors came, he will feel a patriotism toward that country which he does not feel toward any other. In case of a dispute or a war, he will instinctively side with the country from which his ancestors came.

Le Bon says that this ancestral patriotism will continue to the fourth or fifth generation, and dies only when the memory of the man's ancestry is obliterated.

This is a survival in the human heart of the clan instinct, and back of that, Darwin says, it traces a lineage to the pack. ¶ The loyalty to the pack is seen in the case of the dog that becomes attached to a family. The dog regards the whole household as members of his pack and he will fight to protect their threatened interests. And I suppose we do not have to prove that a dog knows nothing of abstract justice—how should he when 't is "a thing no woman understands?" Men fight for their families, for their town, for their State, for their country. Up to a certain point they will fight for their religion, but the tendency toward loyalty for one's religion is not so constant or persistent as the tendency toward loyalty to the race.

For instance, we hear the remark, "Once a Catholic—always a Catholic." But this is not wholly true. But when we say, "Once a Jew—always a Jew," we are on safer ground, for the Jewish religion is not only a religion, it is also a race instinct.

Israel Zangwill, himself a Jew, takes this question up in his remarkable essay on Disraeli, in *Dreamers of the Ghetto.* ¶ And the argument is that any truth that collides with race instinct, religious instinct, sex instinct, business interests, or social status, is going to receive a severe jar before it is finally accepted ❧ ❧

We resent any truth that threatens or seemingly threatens our mental, social or financial condition. And in the face of social danger, reason and logic are barren idealities.

To all of which we might say that the only man capable of seeing truth is the man without a country, without property and without social ties.

This seems like a bold, flat statement, but in it there is about ninety-nine per cent of truth, with one per cent of error in solution ❧ ❧

Hence the necessity, when a witness in a court of law is placed on the stand, of ascertaining who this witness is, before we lend credulity to his statements.

In *Spaulding on Evidence,* there is a chapter devoted to the relative reliability of the testimony of women as compared with men. Spaulding also has something to say of the testimony of doctors, preachers, lawyers, harlots. Spaulding explains that men of the same profession will always instinctively protect one another. Every experienced judge realizes the inability of even intellectual people to see the whole truth, much less to tell it ❧ ❧

An eminent college professor, who may be the last word in biology, would probably be capable of expressing only one view of the military situation, and that the view of the country in which he was born and lives.

Just here comes in a story about Immanuel Kant, who was very absent-minded. Passing a beautiful garden, enclosed by a high iron picket fence, the professor paused and peeked through

the keyhole of the lock on the gate. Asked why he didn't look through the pickets, he made a logical side-step and explained that beauty inspected through an aperture was more pleasing than when gazed on en masse.

The truth was that while Kant was one of the greatest abstract thinkers the world has ever seen, he lived in a little world. He was never ten miles from home, in all his life, and his outlook on the world was the keyhole point of view.

Macaulay said the Puritan's objection to bear-baiting was not on account of the pain to the bear, but because the operation supplied pleasure to the spectators. Macaulay's remark never gave pain to the Puritans, because they never read him, and could not have comprehended him, anyway.

When the railroads asked for the privilege of increasing freight rates, the reformers, to a man, opposed the change.

Many said it would be illegal to make a flat increase. A little later came an urgent call for an increase in Government income. And about the first suggestion was a three per cent tax on freight bills ❧ ❧

This idea was received with glad acclaim. Even the President approved. It was arranged that the railroads should be compelled to increase their rates, and turn the extra amount collected over to the Government. Glorious! The legal lights now saw no reason why the advance should not be made. The railroads were to raise the rates and then disgorge! Oho!

Everybody on the Government payroll seemed of one mind on this question of advancing freight rates.

Thus the truth came out that the primary objection to the increase in freight rates was not on account of solicitude for the poor shipper. The protest was against the thought that certain alleged objectionable citizens were to get the money. In other words, the quarrel was on a division of loot.

It was the Jacksonian dictum, " To the victors belong the spoils."

¶ But you can't get Washington to smile when you say so, because Washington views truth through a keyhole.

A politician's life is short, and he says with old Omar, " Improve thine hour!"

His first thought is for himself; second, the party; third, his " section " or " district "; fourth, the country; fifth, the world. But his interest usually " dies on third."

" Virginia! May she be always right, but right or wrong, Virginia! " The man who said this said well. But he did not say so well as the man who said: " My country! May she be always right, but right or wrong, my country! "

When Thomas Jefferson said, " Where liberty is, there is my home," Thomas Paine replied, " Where liberty is not, there is my home."

A specimen of popular fallacious focusing is seen in the proud boast, "Britannia rules the waves!"

But the man who makes this vaunted claim will inveigh against the desire of William the Second to rule the land.

The fact is that it is just as infamous to be " Mistress of the Sea" as to be filled with a consuming desire to be " Master of the Land."

¶ What the world needs is not to be either Anglicized, Americanized, or Germanized, but it should be civilized.

Many sectional viewpoints have grown out of the War.

The disturbing factor in the present American business situation is the lack of a market for cotton.

In way of export, cotton is our second most valuable product, corn coming first. And in point of valuation cotton is our third most valuable product—corn first, wheat second. The total value of the cotton-crop produced in the United States for Nineteen Hundred Thirteen was over seven hundred million dollars. ¶ Corn and wheat are being moved freely across the sea, but cotton lingers. People eat, war or no war, but in times of grievous trouble they do not spin or weave.

Clothing is a luxury; food is a necessity. When this European war is over, there will be an extraordinary demand for cotton. Most of this year's cotton-crop will have to be carried over for six months or a year.

The expectation is that it will then be worth twelve cents to fifteen cents a pound.

At present, the market is demoralized; and while wheat, corn, hogs, and cattle have their regular quotations, cotton is like a yellow dog—it brings what a man is willing to pay.

This places the South in a most unfortunate position. The "Buy a Bale" movement was inaugurated by George R. Brown of the Cotton Exchange, Little Rock, Arkansas. Others may claim the credit, and some say—with a degree of plausibility—that the idea was a matter of spontaneous ebullition. But never mind that! The idea was a brilliant one and reflects credit on all concerned ❧ ❧

It simply means that the people who have money at this particular time would not only be making a good investment, but be bestowing a direct benefit on the cotton-grower by investing fifty dollars in five hundred pounds of cotton.

"Buy a Bale of Cotton!" Sure. President Wilson bought a bale. Secretary Bryan did the same. Each member of the Cabinet followed suit. People all over the country have responded. I have seen five certificates for bales of cotton, each bought in a separate town. All certificates were alike, so evidently they were issued by people acting in concert.

The cotton is bought from the planter, the money paid him, and the bale placed in a warehouse, usually fireproof, and in any event the cotton is insured. The man who buys the bale is given a certificate. On the back of this certificate is an agreement to the effect that the owner will not sell the cotton at less than ten cents a pound.

Now while the whole move is recommended as a matter of altruism,

good-will, and also as a commercial investment, there are a few things to be said in the way of absolute truth which may seem ungracious, but actually are not. The first is that any man who buys a bale of cotton and agrees not to sell it except at a certain price is a violator of the Sherman Act, and lays himself liable to prosecution.

There is no probability that any complaint will be made, or that the courts would entertain such a suit, simply because when Old Father Antic gets into collision with Public Opinion the pair have to step aside, or get one properly placed in the solar plexus ❧ ❧

Here is a good chance for the philosopher who philosophizes on the limits of human logic, and the contradiction involved in human actions.

We pass laws to legalize the things we want to do, and we penalize people who are trying to do things to us which we do not want done.

Over half a million bales of cotton have already been sold to individuals at ten cents a pound.

Let a hundred people in the North buy a tank of gasoline and agree not to sell it at less than twenty cents a gallon, and the men at Washington who have set the example of buying cotton in a way that will uphold the price would turn and convict the men who had bought gasoline.

In fact, Washington issued a solemn warning, stating that he who attempted to boost the prices of food-products would be looked after by Colonel Haman, his hanging-plant.

We thus see that while it is a capital offense to corner the food-market, this same logic and law does not apply to wearing apparel.

¶ Personally, in order to help poor, oppressed authors, I suggest that everybody "Buy a Bale of Books."

Not long ago a brilliant member of the Senate made a speech, demanding that the tariff should be taken off wool so as to

reduce the high cost of living; and in the same speech he argued that the tariff should be kept on sugar so as to protect the Southern producers.

It is quite probable that the Sherman Act will be shortly amended so as to allow combinations on the part of farmers; and possibly laborers will also be allowed to do what capitalists are forbidden to attempt.

But in the meantime the fact remains that the wholesome endeavor to keep up the price of cotton, in the interests of the planter who finds himself in a pitiable plight, is a straight infringement of the Sherman Act, which this administration finds it very convenient to overlook.

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, which is a cotton-producing State, buys a bale of cotton and agrees not to sell it at less than ten cents a pound. He also advises all of his friends to do likewise; and the same day he makes the speech upholding the "Buy a Bale of Cotton" movement, he introduces a bill to investigate the Standard Oil Company in order to ascertain whether a combination does not exist between the thirty-three Standard Oil subsidiaries to uphold prices. In this speech Senator Gore intimates that the Standard Oil Company is a violator of the Sherman Act and finds it convenient to suggest dire punishment.

¶ I am glad that the North is responding to the call of the South in this unhappy emergency. But the South would do well to cultivate the judicial attitude, and not press too hard on the men of enterprise in the North.

And having said thus much, let me say once again that, in spite of the technical illegality of the proposition, I advise and encourage all my friends who can spare fifty, a hundred, two hundred fifty, or five hundred dollars, to get into this game and "Buy a Bale of Cotton."

The poor planter in the South needs the money to buy the necessaries of life for himself and family. "Buy a Bale of Cotton"

means shoes for the children, books for the girls and boys so they can go to school; and in many instances it means flour and bacon ❧ ❧

Your fifty dollars is bound to carry joy into some modest home. ¶ The men on the spot who buy the cotton are using their best judgment, I believe, and buying only from planters who are absolutely in need of money and have got to sell their crops in order to live.

So there you are! And I say, be bigger than "section"—be neither Northern nor Southern. Be an American. And if you can go one step further and be a citizen of the world, I congratulate you ❧ ❧

Men and Land

AN Anarchist once left Russia for Russia's good. ¶ He arrived in New York, looked around a little and discovering that the police were keeping tab on his movements, decided to go West for his health ☙ ☙

It was about a year after this that some of his old bomb-throwing friends arrived in New York from across the sea. They got into communication with Anarchist Number One, writing him on the subject of the coming social upheaval—"Yours for the Revolution!" He received their letter and wrote back thus: "I am no longer an Anarchist. I have bought a lot and am planting trees and building a house."

The moral of this true story is that, when a man has bought a house and lot, he has given bonds for good behavior. He is interested in good order, in business, prosperity, good roads, schools, libraries, and every other good thing.

The home is the basis of civilization. No man ever went to war in defense of a flat.

Man is a land animal, and the man or woman who owns even a little land is a better citizen on that account.

Every mother of children should be a landowner. Her interest in the laws will make itself felt in better nerves, stronger purpose, freedom from fear, and her mental attitude will be reflected in her children. A strong race can come only from those who live close to the soil. The farmer's boys have always and forever gone up to the cities and taken them captive.

Bad boys running a garden are good boys. The idle boy, like the idle man, is a rascal.

God meant that we must earn our living, not only with our heads, but with our hands. City boys often make the best farmers. The country boy gets too big a dose of hard work

and is inclined to get away to town, where there are more noisy doings; but the city boy often looks upon the land with romantic eye and takes kindly to gardening, farming, and the care of livestock. Thus we get a rotation of human crops. And at the last, the finest crop that this country is producing is our boys and girls. The cry of "Back to the Land!" is a swelling chorus. Good roads have had a deal to do with this—not to mention autos, trolley-cars, bicycles, motorcycles and cheap commutation-tickets.

Men are living longer and living better now than ever before. The chief reason for this is that we are getting on friendly terms with Nature. We are a part of Nature; in fact, we are Nature and the more we move with Nature, love Nature and understand Nature, the saner, more efficient and the healthier and happier we are.

Credo

I BELIEVE in myself.
I believe in the goods I sell.
I believe in the firm for whom I work.
I believe in my colleagues and helpers.
I believe in American Business Methods.
I believe in the efficacy of printers' ink.
I believe in producers, creators, manufacturers, distributors, and in all industrial workers of the world who have a job and hold it down.
I believe that truth is an asset.
I believe in goodcheer and in good health; and I recognize the fact that the first requisite in success is not to achieve the dollar but to confer a benefit, and that the reward will come automatically and usually as a matter of course.
I believe in sunshine, fresh air, spinach, applesauce, laughter, buttermilk, babies, bombazine and chiffon, always remembering that the greatest word in the English language is "Sufficiency."
¶ I believe that when I make a sale I must make a friend.
¶ And I believe that when I part with a man I must do it in such a way that when he sees me again he will be glad—and so will I
I believe in the hands that work, in the brains that think, and in the hearts that love.
Amen, and Amen!

War

THE most quoted man today is General Sherman. ¶ His summary of war is on everybody's lips. ¶ "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Here they come!" ¶ The regiment of the First Cheshires—splendid, well-set fellows, proud of bearing, erect and manly

Before them is the regimental band—"with a hip-ah! hip-ah! hip hooray! the British Gre-e-en-a-diers."

And strutting before the band is the drum-major—like a gargantuan pouter-pigeon. Along the soldiers swing—rhythmically, fascinatingly; like a huge machine.

Their bayonets glisten in the sun; their khaki clothing is fresh and clean; their faces aglow with anticipation.

They come to the railroad station where they are to entrain for Dover

The order is given: "Stand at ease!"

Instantly military discipline gives place to animated conversation. ¶ The crowd mingles with the troops.

Father and son are here, going together.

The wife and mother pushes through the ranks. Laying her hands caressingly upon both shoulders of her husband, she says proudly, "John, you look as fine as any of them!"—and John looks into her eyes and smiles.

Turning to her only boy, a youth barely out of his 'teens: "And Joe, you look every inch a soldier; be one—a British soldier and a MAN—like your dad."

From another part of the platform comes the sound of boisterous laughter

A group of youths are bidding good-by to their soldier chums. ¶ "Are we down hearted? No-o-o-o!" comes in big bellows from their throats

"Good-by, owd lad! bring mi a Garman pipe frum Burlin!"

¶ "Do nowt o' th' sort, Bill—send 'im a sossige."

And the crowd roars.

There is a gallant young fellow and a pink-faced girl exchanging rings and kisses.

Here a young wife is embracing her husband.

Yonder a soldier is surrounded by his family—a wife and three little "stepladder" children.

As the bugle sounds he kisses them all, fondly—the wife last of all.

¶ He is turning away; suddenly he seizes the plump little leg of his six-month-old bairn, and pulling off the little slipper from its dimpled foot he slips it up his coat-sleeve.

Then with a "Good-by, lass," he joins the line that forms up before the waiting train. The whistle sounds; the engineer opens up the throttle of his engine; the regimental band begins to play *The Girl I Left Behind Me;* the wheels slowly revolve; the crowd cheers, laughs, cries, gesticulates; the carriage windows are crowded with bobbing heads and waving arms; the train vanishes in the darkness of a tunnel—Tommy has gone to war.

¶ The crowd begins to disperse.

The lonely mother who was so proud of her husband and son is now sobbing as if her heart would break.

The pink-faced girl and the newly-made bride walk off together, arms linked, with tear-streaming faces.

The boisterous youth, who was promised a "sossige," goes off with his companions to "make a night of it."

And straggling along, last of all, is the wife of Corp. T. Atkins, 3745 ❧ ❧

A little boy clings to her hand and looks wistfully up into "mummy's" face ❧ ❧

A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed maiden grasps her mother's gown on the other.

And pressed close to her breast she holds the love-token of her

soldier-husband—a plump, wonder-eyed bairn, minus a wee, wool slipper.

A week later.

War Office Bulletin.

The allies engaged the enemy at Mons the whole of yesterday. ¶ The British forces bore the brunt of the battle and succeeded in holding the enemy in check.

We regret to say, however, that our losses were considerable.

(Here follows a list of names)

The ring which the pink-cheeked girl now wears is the symbol of blighted hopes.

The widow reads the notice and begins to laugh—hideous, meaningless laughter. Gentle hands lead her away—whither? The young bride weeps hysterically, crying, "Oh, how proud my Tom would have been."

A group of noisy young fellows come and read.

They become suddenly silent.

"My God! Look! Here's Bill's name!" And a finger points to it. ¶ 'Way down the list is this:

Corp. T. Atkins, 3745

Stern lines form about their lips; something in their eyes seems to snap like fire.

A moment more they gaze; then moved by a common impulse they say, "Let 's join." Forming into line they go to the recruiting station

Truth About Keeping Well

IT IS a good deal cheaper to keep well than to be sick, just as it is to be sober than drunk. But if one wants to keep well he should not pattern his life after that of the average physician. Most doctors are intent on curing the sick. Their business is palliation. All of their energies go into this general proposition—to relieve sick people of pain. The idea of keeping well people well does not exist in a highly developed sense in the mind of the ordinary physician. In fact, he does not know how to keep himself well. And unless the idea is firmly fixed in his own mind in reference to his own cosmos, he is not a good man to look to for the science of prophylaxis.

¶ Most physicians use tobacco and are more or less given to drugs and stimulants. They take stimulants in the morning to stir themselves up, and sedatives at night to settle them down. Go into any doctor's office and you will find the place full of microbes, dust, dirt, effluvia, and the aura of unnumbered rogues in bacteriologic buckram.

Doctors occasionally prescribe outdoor sleeping-rooms for their patients, but I never knew a doctor who had an outdoor sleeping-room of his own. Most doctors sleep in stuffy cubby-holes, swim in grease, and hate competitors. That is why so many of them go under the ether-cone.

The secret of keeping well is so simple that the high-brow scientist never thinks of it. He is like the man who had traveled all over the world, seen everything, heard everything, knew everything, and finally wearied, returned home, when it occurred to him to look out of the window.

In order to keep well you should cut out the meat breakfast; spend at least two hours a day in the open air, and make it a rule, whenever out of doors, to breathe deeply with the mouth

closed, and hold the breath, giving it out slowly. Then have plenty of work, cultivate some fad or hobby, and think well of everybody, especially of yourself. In other words, work, laugh, study, play, mix and flavor all with love.

Here is a proposition so simple that everybody understands it, everybody knows it, and the only trouble is that while we mentally know the truth, we have not the bodily technique—that is, we haven't the habit of health.

This Health Habit is a thing that we can never get from professional healers whose own bodies are on the bink.

In the past we have looked to doctors for advice on the subject of health. This is an extra-hazardous proceeding. The key to health is in your own possession. Study your own case and take care of yourself.

What the world needs now are health experts, not disease specialists

Ask the first physician you meet if I am not right on this, and it is ninety-nine to one hundred that he will corroborate everything I say—even the unpleasant facts about himself.

An American Philosophy

THE American Philosophy had its germ in the minds of Jefferson and Franklin.

It is founded on the Science of Economics.

¶ Just here, in order that we may speak a common language, a few definitions are in order: Economics is the science of the production, distribution and use of wealth.

Science is accurate, organized knowledge founded on fact.

¶ That which is simply assumed, believed, conjectured, taken on statement, or read out of printed books, is unscientific, no matter how plausible.

All practical businessmen are scientists.

Business is a vocation; philosophy is—or should be—an avocation

To make a business of philosophy is to institutionalize and dilute it, just as to institutionalize love or religion is to degrade and lose them

Religion is philosophy touched with emotion.

Philosophy is our highest conception of life, its duties and its destiny

A religious organization is a different thing from religion. A religious organization is built on a feeling made static, or fear frozen stiff. It then becomes superstition, and is employed as a police system, and is taxed all the traffic will bear.

Modern philosophy is the distilled essence of wisdom that naturally flows from science. Transportation, manufacturing, distribution, advertising, salesmanship, are all variants of business

Each and all are scientific, that is, capable of analyzation and demonstration

Weight, size, color, number, qualities and time are all elements

of science. ¶ Theology is antique and obsolete philosophy. ¶ It never is nor ever was scientific, not being derived from knowledge. Faith is the first item in its formula. Theology comes to us from dogmatic statements gotten from books or the hearsay words of men long dead. Theology is on a par with augury, palmistry, alchemy, astrology and allopath medicine. Science is understood; theology believed.

Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one to another.

Superstition is scrambled science, or religious omelet, flavored with fear

The American Philosophy is one of work, play, study, laughter and love, mixed in right proportion, as a prophylactic 'gainst all human ills. It teaches that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did those earlier civilizations. ¶ The word " education " sometimes stands for idleness, but the American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others.

The world's big prizes, in honor and money, in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys. ¶ The day is dawning!

The Double Life

THE worst about a double life is not its immorality—it is that the relationship makes the man a prevaricator. The universe is not planned for duplicity—all the energy we have is needed in our business, and he who starts out on the pathway of untruth finds himself treading upon brambles and nettles which close behind him and make return impossible. The further he goes, the worse the jungle of poison-oak and ivy, which at last circle him round in strangling embrace. He who escapes the clutch of a life of falsehood is as one in a million

Victor Hugo has pictured the situation, when he tells of a man whose feet are caught in a bed of birdlime. He attempts to jump out but only sinks deeper—he flounders, calls for help, and puts forth all his strength. He is up to his knees—to his hips—his waist—his neck, and at last only hands are seen reaching up in mute appeal to heaven. But the heavens are as brass, and soon where there was once a man is only the dumb indifference of Nature

Safety lies in simplicity and truth.

By Rule of Three

SOME years ago at College I read, on compulsion, a book on Rhetoric. Reasons were to me then as plenty as blackberries, and I recollect that on examination my answers given to this, that, and the other were so glib and trite, and my thesis so amusing, that I carried off a Prize

But during the struggle for prizes that have a value as collateral, the Prize and the Rhetoric were forgotten. Yet Fate decreed it so, and one day last week I met a Harvard youth, whose ambition was Literature, and he was in the grinding turmoil of a Volume. He was studying on compulsion, with intent to work off a Condition, and the book he was reading with such violence was the Rhetoric of my College days. With a flush of pride it came to me that I was a Prizeman, and I offered, out of the goodness of my heart, to tutor the youth, so that after five lessons of an hour each he could grind the Condition to powder.

¶ To prove my fitness, the young man put me through a slight quiz, and alas! all of the beautiful truths and facts of the Rhetoric had slipped me, save this alone: "The three requisites in correct writing are Clearness, Force, and Elegance."

Every address that Professor Adams Sherman Hill, who wrote the Rhetoric, ever gave began with this formula. Mr. Barrett Wendell, Heir-Apparent to his ideas and Chair, does the same; and the Shock-headed Youth, who occupies the same relation to the professorship that the infant Duke of York does to the throne of England, always settles himself in his seat with his elbows on the table, coughs gently, and prefaces his lecture by saying to the admiring Freshmen: "Gentlemen, the three requisites in correct writing are Clearness, Force, and Elegance." Professor Hill has in one book, by actual count, twenty-seven different propo-

sitions that he divides into three parts. I have forgotten them all save the one just named. This statement I never can forget. I hold it with a deathless grasp that defies the seasons and sorrows of time: for there are things burned so deep into one's soul that the brand can never be removed; and should reason abdicate, I'll gibber through the grates of my padded cell at each pitying passer-by, "The three requisites in correct writing are Clearness, Force, and Elegance."

For years I have repeated this fetching formula on every possible occasion; and up to this date I have managed to drown the rising voice of conscience by the specious plea that a double standard of truth is justifiable in the present condition of society. In morals I have been a bimetalist.

But after reading *On Compromise,* by John Morley, I am convinced that this juggling with the Eternal Verities is what has kept the race in darkness these many cycles; and I now admit the truth which I have long withheld, that Professor Hill's three Requisites are gross humbuggery. I boldly state that Professor Hill does not know what the "Requisites" are; and I am sure that I do not. In fact I am looking for them anxiously; and should I ever find them, I'll do as Shakespeare did—keep them to myself. I say further that inasmuch as Professor Hill does not know them, the Heir-Apparent and the Shock-headed Youth in the rush-line for the Chair cannot possibly be expected to know: so none of us know.

Not only is Professor Hill's formula rank error, but it is in direct opposition to truth. I bundle his crass creed with Dr. Hall's Universal Self-Treatment, Professor Loisette's Scheme of Mnemonics, and the Brown-Sequard Recipe for Perpetual Youth.

¶ Professor Hill, with the help of his students, has compiled three books on Rhetoric; Mr. Barrett Wendell has published two. Students at Harvard are expected to buy these books. There are three thousand students at Harvard. These various books

are practically one, for they all teach that "a parenthetical remark must be enclosed in parentheses, dashes or commas," and that "every sentence should have at least one verb." These things are explained to men who have had ten years of solid schooling in order to fit them for College. Professor Hill recommends Harvard students to buy "that well written work on Composition by Mr. Barrett Wendell," and Mr. Wendell modestly says, on page 8, line 18, of his biggest well written work: "Professor Hill's books are the most sensible treatment of the art of composition that I have yet found in print." The last three chapters in Mr. Wendell's well written work bear the following startling titles, respectively: *Clearness, Force,* and *Elegance.* Harvard Freshmen know Trigonometry, Physics and "one language beside English," and various other things, but it is left for Professor Hill to sell them a book which explains that "a sentence may end either with a period, interrogation point or an exclamation mark!" Do you say that the public school system is to blame for such a condition? My answer is that if Harvard required her students to know the simple rules of Rhetoric before being admitted to the University, it would be done ☙ ☙

Mr. Hill fills the Boylston Professorship of Literature and Oratory at Harvard University, but with all the many thousand students who have been under his care he has probably never given impulse to a single orator, nor materially assisted one man with literary ambition. The reason is that he is teaching things that should have been known to his pupils years before. There is a time to teach things as well as a way. Instead of arousing animation Professor Hill reduces it. So sympathy is made a weakling and imagination rendered wingless. I have examined many compositions written by Harvard students, and they average up about like the epistles of little girls who write letters to Santa Claus. The students are all right—fine

intelligent young fellows—but the conditions under which they work are such that they are robbed of all spontaneity when they attempt to express themselves. Of course I know that a few Harvard men have succeeded in Oratory and Literature, for there are those so strong that even Cambridge cannot kill their personality, nor a Professor reduce to neutral salts their native vim

The rules of Rhetoric should be taught to adolescence; then when the boy goes to college he has tools with which to work. "When did you learn your letters?" I asked a six-year-old youngster yesterday. "I allus know'd 'em," was the reply. And the answer was wise, for the kindergarten methods teach the child to read, and he never knows when or how he acquired the knowledge. As a healthy man does not know he has a stomach, so he should write without knowing a single so-called rule. And as the Froebel methods are fast making their way in all departments of learning, I expect this will soon be so. But the colleges lag behind, and Harvard (very busy fighting "Co-Ed—") still tries to make statues by clapping the material on the outside.

Professor Hill knows the futility of his methods, for in his last work he puts in several disclaimers to the effect that he "does not undertake to supply men with ideas." That confession of weakness is pitiful. Professor Hill should surround his students with an atmosphere that makes thought possible. By liberating the imagination of his pupils, ideas would come to them. But as fire will not burn without oxygen, so thought cannot exist in the presence of Mr. Barrett Wendell. Both he and his Superior are strong in way of supplying cold storage—that's all.

¶ In lecturing on Literature and Oratory these men sit at a desk. And often, becoming weary, they sprawl over the table like a devil-fish seeking its prey. This, I believe, is the usual Cambridge method. But there is one exception to this rule at Harvard, and that is Professor Kittredge, who being nervous and cannot sit

still, paces the platform and shoots the lecture over his shoulder. When a student is called on to recite, Professor Kittredge often opens a box of withering sarcasm that acts like chlorine gas on the poor fellow who is trying to recite. But it makes the rest of the class grin like death's-heads. Harvard knows no general plan for cultivating the imagination, inciting animation, or furthering ambition. All is suppression; fear, and this repression often finds vent in rowdyism outside of Harvard Yard. The seven youths who under Professor Hill mark the themes, hunt only for errors and lapses. The tendency of this negation is intellectual torpor and spiritual death.

If any one should ask Mr. Barrett Wendell what he thought of the Herbartian idea of developing the God within, the Assistant Professor would first calmly light a cigarette, and after blowing the smoke through his nose, would fix on his presumptuous interlocutor an Antarctic stare that would freeze him stiff. ¶ And let me say right here that toward Harvard's teachers I bear no malice. In showing Professor Hill's books to be puerile and profitless, and in depositing the Heir-Apparent in the ragbag of oblivion, I have no sinister motive. And if from this time forward their names are a byword and a hissing, it is only because the Institution which they serve has stood in the way of Eternal Truth. These professors of rhetoric, prospecting on the mountain side, thinking they had found the Final Word, builded tabernacles and rested—all forgetful of the avalanche. ¶ "Clearness" is never found in literature of the first class. Clearness, according to the Professor, means a simplicity that makes the meaning plain to all others. But this is only pabulum for the Sophomore intellect. The great writer is only clear to himself or those as great as he.

The masterpieces of Art are all cloud-capped. Few men indeed ever reach the summit: we watch them as they ascend and we lose them in the mists as they climb: sometimes they never

come back to us, and even if they do, having been on the Mount of Transfiguration, they are no longer ours.

In all great literature there is this large, airy, impersonal independence. The Mountain does not go to you: you may famish out there on the arid plain and your bones whiten amid the alkali in the glistening sun, but the majestic Mountain looks on imperturbable. The valleys are there, with the rich verdure, and the running brooks where the trout frolic, and the cool springs where wild game gathers, but what cares the Mountain for you! Ecclesiastes offers no premiums to readers, Shakespeare makes no appeal to club raisers, Emerson puts forth no hot endeavor for a million subscribers: all these can do without you.

¶ Rich lodes run through this Mountain, and we continually delve and toil for treasure. And in spite of the pain and isolation and the privation that is incident, and the dangerous crevices that lie in wait, we secure a reward for our labor. Still we do not find the fabled " pockets " that we seek—it is always something else. From Columbus searching for a Northwest Passage to the rustic swain who follows with such fidelity the wake of a petticoat, all are the sport of Fate. We achieve, but die in ignorance of the extent to which we have benefited the Race. And like the man who rode the hobby all his life, and whose friends discovered after he was dead that it was a real horse and had carried the man many long miles, so are we carried on steeds that are guided by an Unseen Hand.

All sublime Art is symbolistic. What is the message the great violinist brings you? Ah, you cannot impart it! Each must hear it for himself. The note that is " clear " to all is not Art. When Charles Lamb pointed to the row of ledgers in the office of the East India Company and said, " These are my works," he was only joking; for he afterward explained that ledgers, indices, catalogues, directories, almanacs, reports, and briefs are not literature at all. These things inspire no poems; they give no glow.

The province of Art is not to present a specific message, but to impart a feeling. If we go home from the Lyceum hushed, treading on air, we have heard Oratory, even though we cannot recall a single sentence; and if we read a poem that brings the unbidden tears and makes the room seem a sacred chancel, we have read Literature. The Master has imparted to our spirits a tithe of his own sublimity of soul.

For the good old ladies who prick the Bible for a message, I have a profound sympathy: the Sacred Page fits man's every mood, and this is why it is immortal. That which is clear is ephemeral. Symbolism requires interpreters, and lo! colleges spring up with no other intent than to train men to explain a Book; for the Saviours of the world all speak in parables. They see the significance of Things and voice a various language. The interpreter makes the symbolist immortal, and the symbolist makes the fame of the interpreter. If Turner had been "clear," Ruskin might still be Assistant Professor. All Holy Writ from Moses to Whitman is mystical. The writer has breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, that impalpable, elusive Something which we forever seek and which forever escapes us.

Of course, I would not have a writer endeavor to be mystical—this would be positively base; but I would have each man who feels that he has something to say express himself in his own way, without let, hindrance, or injunction from writers on rhetoric, who having never produced anything to speak of themselves, yet are willing for jingling coin to show others how.

"What do you do when you are preaching and can't think of anything to say?" asked a Fledgeling of his pastor.

"I just holler," was the answer of the experienced Exhorter.

¶ With half a million preachers in the United States, with families to keep on an average salary of five hundred dollars, I do not blame them for "hollerin';" neither do I censure editors who have to fill three columns each day if they often "holler:"

as an economist I might advise a man to "holler," but as a lover of literature I cannot conscientiously do so.

I have a clerical friend who, being much before the public, is often called upon unexpectedly to reduce moral calculi. Being a man of force, and not a man of power, he never says, "I do not know," but always boldly faces the problem after this manner: "My friends, this subject naturally divides itself under three heads: firstly," * * * Here he states some general commonplace for the first head, and casts about in his mind for the other two; having secured them, he launches forth with much emphasis on some other theme and carries all before him. His swashing and marshal manner makes him everywhere a great success; he is considered one of the most powerful men in his denomination ❧ ❧

And I am fully convinced that a painstaking show of system is one of the first essentials in making a favorable impression. We are like the Hebrew salesman who called on a firm who occupied a sixth floor and who, on starting to show his samples, was promptly kicked down stairs; having arrived at the first landing a second man took him in hand and kicked him one flight further; this was continued until his battered form reached the sidewalk, when he picked himself up and admiringly exclaimed "Mein Gott! vot a system!" So when a rhetorician flashes his "heads" and "divisions" and syllogisms and analyses and figures (that do not lie) upon us, we are so lost in bedazzled admiration that we can only lift up our hands and say, "My God! what a system!" ❧ ❧

Good work never comes from the effort to be "clear" or "forceful" or "elegant." Clear to whom, forsooth? and as for force, it has no more place in letters than has speed.

Power in Art there surely is, but power is quite a different thing from force. Power is that quality by which change is wrought; it means potentiality, potency. The artist uses only

a fraction of his power, and works his changes by the powder that he never explodes; will force means movement, action, exertion, violence, compulsion.

Literature is largely the result of feeling. The "hustler" is a man of force; very, very seldom is he a man of power; still rarer is it that he is a man of feeling. The very idea of force precludes tender sensibility and delicate emotion. If I should write on a scrap of paper, "Hate is death, but love is life," and drop the slip into the street, there might be power in the words, but surely there is no force.

And as for elegance, let him who attempts it leave all hope behind; he is already damned. The elegance of an act must spring unconsciously from the gracious soul within. There is no formula ❧ ❧

In letters, "clearness" should be left to the maker of directories, "force" to the auctioneer, and "elegance" to the young man who presides at the button counter. Were I an instructor in a Commercial College, I might advise that in business correspondence there should be clearness and force and elegance; but if I were a Professor of Literature and Oratory, I would not smother inspiration in a formula. I would say, Cultivate the heart and intellect, and allow nature to do the rest. For while it is still a mooted question whether a man's offspring after the flesh are heirs to his mental and spiritual qualities, it is very sure that the children of his brain are partakers in whatsoever virtue that his soul possesses.

The teacher who teaches best is not he who insists on our memorizing rules, but he who produces in the pupil a pleasurable animation. We learn only in times of joy and in times of grief. The teacher who can give his pupils pleasure in their work shall be crowned with laurel, but grief—grief is the unwelcome gift of the gods alone!

Let the writer have a clear conception and then express it so

it is at the moment clear to his Other Self—that Self that looks on over the shoulder of every man, endorsing or censuring his every act and thought and deed. The highest reward of good work consists in the approbation of this Other Self, and in that alone; even though the world flouts it all, you have not failed. "I know what pleasure is," said Stevenson, "for I have done good work."

An Experiment in Communism

SOME years ago I was one of a syndicate of twenty-eight men that bought a tract of ground on a waterside near a certain large city.

We did not purchase this land on speculation: we secured it for the sole and exclusive purpose of establishing thereon homes for ourselves. We divided our beautiful woodland up into plots and were assigned our portions by lot. And then we began to beautify our acres—that is to say, we cleared off the brush and trees, removed the stumps and bowlders, and leveling the ground, we purchased lawn mowers, terra-cotta dogs and cast-iron flower vases ☙ ☙

And we erected "cottages," some of which had many rooms with spacious fireplaces, and wide verandas, and observatories, and north windows built on angles so to catch the beams of the rising sun, and from which his last lingering rays could be seen as he sank, a golden ball, into the waters of the lake.

The whole scheme was ideal, and we named our little city Arcadia. We were to have our own homes, yet live as one happy family; with the sacred silences of the forest we were to have the advantages of the city. No member had been admitted who was not guaranteed respectable by three members, and the two men who organized the Association each vouched for the other. No bonds were given that the wives were women of tact and good temper, nor were assurances demanded that the numerous children were reasonably well behaved—we took all that for granted. We only insisted on this: That the couples should all have been legally married and the children all born in wedlock. That these conditions were complied with can be proven; and in several cases they were.

And we were very happy.

There were twenty-eight men and twenty-eight women and many children; besides these there were maid-servants and man-servants. We had a public dining hall which at first all patronized; and on those first summer days we were all very gracious and dignified and polite.

But there was one man in our Association who, when the day was warm, appeared at meal-time in shirt-sleeves. And once a lady at our table allowed her baby—a dimpled yearling—to crawl across the festive board to its papa who sat on the other side, and after this my wife preferred to prepare meals in our own house, rather than avail herself of the advantages of communal feeding ❧ ❧

Several of the ladies in our Community were musical, one or two painted china, others did "fancy work." One had been an actress, and when she proposed getting up private theatricals a sharp line of demarcation was struck between those who believed it was wicked to go to the theatre and those who considered the stage elevating. And it was then I discovered that several of our members were Methodists; and soon, after a little investigation, I ascertained that in theology we ran the gamut from an infidel who denied everything, to Close Communion Baptists who boasted of their credulity and hesitated at nothing. Yet for the most part we were Agnostics—with liberal leanings and Orthodox wives, but once stirred up we drew the most hair-splitting lines twixt tweedledee and tweedledum; and these lines caused a coolness to spring up between families, so certain mothers cautioned their children not to play with certain other children ❧ ❧

We had a chapel where two or three gathered themselves together on each Wednesday night. On Sundays there were "Union Services" led by pastors from the city, invited by different members, and all except the directly interested kept away so as to discourage " the opposition."

In our membership was one Jewish family who "kept" Saturday very punctiliously in satin and broadcloth. And they kept Sunday too—by opening beer bottles on their front verandas and inviting in the infidel and his wife. These good people had a little pen of geese in their back yard and at certain times a dark man whom they called "Koheleth" used to come and kill the geese for them, and the feathers blowing onto the lawns of others, the others protested, for they did not like feathers on their lawns

And some perceiving that there was danger of our community growing apart, gave progressive euchre parties to cement the social bonds. At the first meeting there were no refreshments and we went home at ten o'clock. At the next meeting we had a solo and there was lemonade and cake and we stayed until eleven; soon we had coffee, ice cream, lemonade and cake and cheese straws and we stayed until twelve. Shortly after it came the turn of our Jewish member and we had all the items on the menu that had been on the menu before, with *pate de foi gras,* oysters and "yellow label" added, and we did not go home till morning. For when the refreshments were served we were surprised by the strains of an orchestra hidden behind a bank of ferns in an adjoining room, and at this some one suggested "doncing" and we "donced." The refreshments were served by colored men brought from the city, there were also flitting about several old Afro-American aunties in white caps and aprons who afterwards, I understand, did the dishes. In the kitchen, perched on a sawbuck, was a keg of lager on tap in deference to several members of Teutonic origin, and others of Teutonic proclivities. ¶ Many guests found their way to the kitchen. ¶ Now the Oppenhimers (for it was they) had carried the matter of entertainment to aphelion, and the next week we had a Longfellow Talk and this was followed by a Dickens Party, which marked the perihelion of our social orbit.

But I saw that nearly all who attended these entertainments were hopelessly bored; they strived hard to look pleasant at the time, but on the morrow many asked me quietly if I did not consider the whole thing abominably managed. And the question arose in my mind: Why did these twenty-eight families, so totally unlike, come together in this way? Women practically make society—in the society column sense—so I looked to the women for a reason and I found that these women did not come together in this way because there was any affinity between them, but the one point in common was that they all had diamond earrings and sealskin sacques.

I discovered that every woman on the ground had a sealskin sacque and I perceived that nearly all of these sacques were new or had been worn at most but a few years, so I concluded that the husband's income was formerly less—in short the happy husband of the woman in sealskin had recently struck pay gravel. This was the case with me and on further investigation I found that it was the case with all others. We wished to get in society and we had all made the break together. Our society was founded on a purely financial basis. Having about the same incomes, we all had bitten at the same bait.

¶ In fact on quiet questioning, I found that the highest income among our members was thirty-five hundred dollars and the lowest twenty-five hundred dollars. Practically we were a plutocracy. This view of the case was fully corroborated shortly after by the fact that two of our members falling heir to large fortunes abandoned the Idyllic Association—one for Newport and the other for Saratoga, and the places that knew them once knew them no more forever. Then another man got struck by a financial blizzard: his income was suddenly cut down to a thousand a year, and the air no longer agreeing with his wife's lungs he sold out cheaply. But the places of each of these three men were taken by others who were making about three thousand

dollars per annum. And so after a year I saw that without fail if a man's income went over four thousand or under twenty-five hundred we lost him.

About this time wheat dropped ten points and my cash balance appeared in red ink at my banker's. I held on for a few months by my eyebrows, and when my wife was forced to trim over her last summer's hat, and make over my trousers for the boys, we could no longer hide our shame, and we moved back to the city by night and took our old quarters over the grocery. This happened ten years ago. Last summer, in disguise, I visited and found Arcadia still in a flourishing condition. But the minimum of income required now to hold out is four thousand dollars instead of twenty-five hundred as formerly. There is less discord than at first, and I am sure that the mental misery endured by the members is much reduced. For time adapts men to environment ❧ ❧

Thus I see the infidel of Arcadia is no longer blatant, nor are the Baptists now severe. The Methodists dance and the Presbyterians play cards; the pork-packer wears his coat in the dining hall; the Jewish family have their geese killed away from home; and the good people with German proclivities have their beer delivered by the grocer in boxes, marked books, and they drink it indoors instead of popping corks on the veranda at the passer-by. The Law of Reversion to Type is doing its perfect work. As a dozen varieties of pigeons put together in a loft will in a few years all change to a plain slaty-grey, with no distinguishable difference between individuals, so have the residents of Arcadia reverted to a type. And if there are no pronounced virtues in Arcadia neither are there flagrant faults. All voice the same words when approached; all make the same movements under any certain set of conditions; and very dull is the psychologist who cannot anticipate any and every opinion they may express.

The jarring pains of life are reduced to the minimum; the problems are solved—all are content—for a smooth lawn with terra-cotta dogs gives a peace to the possessor that even religion cannot lend

The Confessional in Letters

IN THE year 1848, Ralph Waldo Emerson of Concord, Mass., made a lecturing tour through England. Among the towns he visited was Coventry, where he was entertained at the residence of Mr. Charles Bray. In the family of Mr. Bray lived a young woman by the name of Mary Ann Evans, and although this Miss Evans was not handsome, either in face or figure, she made a decided impression on Mr. Emerson.

A little excursion was arranged to Stratford, an antiquated town of some note in the same county. On this trip Mr. Emerson and Miss Evans paired off very naturally, and Miss Evans of Coventry was so bold as to set Mr. Emerson of Concord straight on several matters relating to Mr. Shakespeare, formerly of Stratford

"What is your favorite book?" said Mr. Emerson to Miss Evans, somewhat abruptly.

"Rousseau's *Confessions*," said the young woman instantly.

¶ "And so it is mine," answered Mr. Emerson.

All of which is related by Moncure D. Conway in a volume entitled *Emerson at Home and Abroad*.

A copy of Conway's book was sent to Walt Whitman, and when he read the passage to which I have just referred he remarked, "And so it is mine."

Emerson and Whitman are probably the two strongest names in American letters, and George Eliot stands first among women writers of all time; and as they in common with many Lesser Wits stand side by side and salute Jean Jaques Rousseau, it may be worth our while to take just a glance at M. Rousseau's book in order, if we can, to know why it appeals to people of worth

The first thing about the volume that attracts is the title. There is something charmingly alluring and sweetly seductive in a confession. Mr. Henry James has said: " The sweetest experience that can come to a man on his pilgrimage through this vale of tears is to have a lovely woman 'confess' to him; and it is said that while neither argument, threat, plea of justification, nor gold can fully placate a woman who believes she has been wronged by a man, yet she speedily produces, not only a branch, but a whole olive tree when he comes humbly home and confesses."

Now here is a man about to 'fess to the world, and we take up the volume, glance around to see if any one is looking, and begin at the first paragraph to read:

" I purpose an undertaking that never had an example and the execution of which will never have an imitation. I would exhibit myself to all men as I am—a man. * * * * * * * * * *

" Let the last trumpet sound when it will, I will come, with this book in my hand, and present myself before the Sovereign Judge. I will boldly proclaim: Thus have I acted, thus I have thought, such was I. With equal frankness have I disclosed the good and the evil. I have omitted nothing bad, added nothing good. I have exhibited myself, despisable and vile when so; virtuous, generous, sublime when so. I have unveiled my interior being as Thou, Eternal One, hast seen it." Now where is the man or woman who could stop there, even though the cows were in the corn?

And as we read further we find things that are " unfit for publication " and confessions of sensations that are so universal to healthy men that they are irrelevant, and straightway we arise and lock the door so as to finish the chapter undisturbed. For as superfluous things are the things we cannot do without, so is the irrelevant in literature the necessary.

Having finished this chapter, oblivious to calls that dinner is

waiting, we begin the next; and finding items so interesting that they are disgusting, and others so indecent that they are entertaining, we forget the dinner that is getting cold and read on.

¶ And the reason we read on is not because we love the indecent, or because we crave the disgusting, although I believe Burke hints at the contrary, but simply because the writing down of these unbecoming things convinces us that the man is honest and that the confession is genuine. In short we come to the conclusion that any man who deliberately puts himself in such a bad light—caring not a fig either for our approbation or our censure—is no sham.

And there you have it! *We want honesty in literature.*

¶ The great orator always shows a dash of contempt for the opinions of his audience, and the great writer is he who loses self-consciousness and writes himself down as he is, for at the last analysis all literature is a confession.

The Ishmaelites who purvey culture by the ton, and issue magazines that burden the mails—study very carefully the public palate. They know full well that a "confession" is salacious: it is an exposure. A confession implies something that is peculiar, private and distinctly different from what we are used to. It is a removing the veil, a making plain things that are thought and performed in secret.

And so we see articles on "The Women Who Have Influenced Me," "The Books that Have Made Me," "My Literary Passions," etc. But like the circus bills, these titles call for animals that the big tent never shows; and this perhaps is well, for otherwise 't would fright the ladies.

Yes, I frankly admit that these "confessions" suit some constituencies better than the truth; although, the fact that the writers of such confessions practice careful concealment of the truth that they have hands, senses, eyes, ears, organs, dimensions, passions, is a wise commercial stroke. You can prick them

and they do not bleed, tickle them and they do not laugh, poison them and they do not die; simply because they are only puppets parading as certain virtues, and these virtues the own particular brand in which the subscribers delight.

¶ One excellent publication increased its circulation by many thousand when it ran a series of confessions of great men wherein these great men made sham pretense of laying their lives bare before the public gaze. Nothing was told that did not redound to the credit of the confessor. The "Formative Influences" of sin, error and blunders were carefully concealed or calmly waived. The lack of good faith was as apparent in these articles as the rouge on the cheek of a courtesan: the color is genuine and the woman not dead, that's all.

And the loss lies in this: These writers—mostly able men—sell their souls for a price, and produce a literature that lives the length of life of a moth, whereas they might write for immortality. Instead of inspiring the great, they act as clowns to entertain the rabble

Of course I know that Rousseau's *Confessions*, Amiel's *Journal* and Marie Bashkirtseff's *Diary* have all been declared carefully worked out artifices. And admitting all the wonderful things that scheming man can perform, I still maintain that there are a few things that life and nature will continue to work out in the old, old way. I appeal to those who have tried both plans, whether it is not easier to tell the truth than to concoct a lie. And I assiduously maintain that if the case is to be tried by a jury of great men, that the shocking facts will serve the end far better than sugared half-truth.

When Richard Le Gallienne tells us of the birth of his baby and for weeks before how White Soul was sure she should die; and Marie Bashkirtseff makes painstaking note of the size of her hips and the development of her bust; and poor Amiel bewails the fate of eating breakfast facing an empty chair; and Rousseau

explains the delicate sensations and smells that swept over him on opening his wardrobe and finding smocks and petticoats hanging in careless negligence amid his man's clothes; and all those other pathetic, foolish, charming, irrelevant bits of prattle, one is convinced of the author's honesty. No thorough-going literary man, hot for success, would leave such stuff in; he would as soon think of using a flesh brush on the public street; these are his own private affairs—his good sense would have forbade ❧ ❧

A good lie for its own sake is ever pleasing to honest men, but a patched up record never. And when such small men as Samuel Pepys and James Boswell can write immortal books, the moral for the rest of us is that a little honesty is not a dangerous thing. ¶ And so I swing back to the place of beginning and say that while even a sham confession may be interesting to hoi polloi, yet to secure an endorsement from such minds as that of Emerson, George Eliot and Walt Whitman, the confession must be genuine.

Fashion in Letters and Things

PERIODICITY exists throughout all nature. Day and night, winter and summer, equinox and solstice; years of plenty and years of famine, commerce active and business depressed; volcanoes in state of eruption, then at rest; comets return, eclipses come back, the striae of one glacial period are deepened by those of another, and the leg o'mutton sleeves that our grandmammas wore in the thirties are again upon us

When the hounds start game in the mountains, the hunter knowing that the deer moves in a circle, stands still on the runway, biding his time. So no one need wail and strike his breast if his raiment is out of style: all such should be consoled by the fact that the fashion is surely coming back.

Mode in dress is only an outcrop of a general law. Why does fashion change? Because it is the fashion. The followers of fashion—that is to say, civilized men and women—are not content with being all alike. Esquimaux and Hottentots never vary their styles. But people in the temperate zones are intemperate and desire to excel—to be different from others—distinctive, peculiar, individual. Very seldom is any one strong enough to stand alone, so in certain social circles, by common consent, all overcoats are cut one length—say, to come just above the knee. Then this overcoat is gradually lowered: to the knee, just below the knee, to the ankle—until it conceals the feet. Then an enormous collar is added, which when turned up and viewed from behind completely hides the man. But this thing cannot last; it is not many days before the same men are wearing overcoats so short that the wearers look like matadors ready for the fray.

Ladies wear hoops; the hoops expand and expand, until the

maximum of possibility in size is reached. Something must be done! The crinoline contracts until these same ladies appear in clinging skirts, and the pull-back lives its little hour. Then the former width of the dress is used to lengthen it. The skirt touches the ground, trails two inches, six, eight, a foot, two feet. Its length becomes too great to drag and so is carried, to the great inconvenience of its owner; or in banquet halls pages are employed. But this is too much, a protest comes and two hundred women in Boston agree to appear on the streets the first rainy day in skirts barely coming to the boot top. "Dress Reform" societies spring up, magazines become the organs of the protestants and the printing presses run overtime.

The garb of the Quaker is only a revulsion from a flutter of ribbons and towering headgear. From Beau Brummel lifting his hat with great flourish and uncovering on slight excuse, we have William Penn who uncovers to nobody; the height of Brummel's hat finds place in the width of Penn's.

All things move in an orbit.

Even theories have their regular times of incubation. They are hatched, grow lusty, crow in falsetto or else cackle; then they proceed to scratch in the flower beds of conservatism to the hysterical fear of good old ladies, who shoo them away. Or if the damage seems serious, the ladies set dogs—the lap-dogs of war—upon them.

"The sun do move;" Brother Jasper is right. All things move. And when matters get pushed to a point where they fall on t'other side, a Reformer appears. The people proclaim him king, but he modestly calls himself "Protector." He is spoken of in history as the Savior of the State.

There are only two classes of men who live in history: those who crowd a thing to its extreme limit, and those who then arise and cry "Hold!" A Pharaoh makes a Moses possible. The latter we write down in our books as immortal the first as infamous.

This is true of all who live in history, whether in the realm of politics, religion or art. History is only a record of ideas (or lack of them) pushed to a point where revulsion occurs. If Rome had been moderate, Luther would have had no excuse. ¶ Literature obeys the law; its orbit is an ellipse. The illustrious names in letters are those of the men who have stood at aphelion or perehelion and waved the flaring comet back.

The so-called great poets are the men stationed by fate at these pivotal points. And as fires burn brightest when the wind is high, so these men facing mob majorities have, through opposition had their intellects fanned into a flame.

More than thirteen decisive battles have taken place in the world of letters. And the question at issue has always been the same: Radical and Conservative calling themselves Realist, Romanticist, Veritist or What-not struggling for supremacy. ¶ Term it "Veritism" and "Impressionism" if you prefer—juggle the names and put your Union troops in gray, but this does not change the question.

The battle between the two schools of literature is a football game. The extreme goal on one side is tea-table chatter, on the other an obscure symbolism. "The difference is this:" said Dion Boucicault, "when Romanticism goes to seed it is 'rot;' when Realism reaches a like condition it is only 'drivel.'" ¶ In literary production why should we hear so much about the dignity of this school and the propriety of that. Men who fail to appreciate the individual excellence of a certain literary output, declare it to be without sense and therefore base. In letters they assume that a style is wholly good or it is wholly bad. They make no allowances for temperament; they would have all men speak in one voice. ¶ Yet liberty need not result in disorder, nor can originality serve as a pretext for boozy inaccuracy. In a literary production the bolder the conception the more irreproachable should be the execution.

There is a tendency for thought to get fixed in set forms, and this form is always that which has been used by some great man. For any one to express thought and feeling in a different way is blasphemy to the eunuchs who guard the tents of Tradition. ¶ Writers of different schools exist because their style fits the mind of a certain style of reader. The sprightly, animated picturesqueness, the play of wit and flights of imagination are only a full expression of what many faintly feel. Thus their mood is mirrored and their thought expressed: hence they are pleased ❧ ❧

In fact the only reason why we like a writer is because he expresses our thought in a way we like. And the reason we dislike a writer is because he deals in that which is not ours. We of course might grow to like him, but the process is slow, for according to Herbert Spencer we must hear a thing six hundred times before we understand. If we comprehend a proposition at once, it is only because it was ours already. If the portrayal of a situation in fiction fascinates us, it is because we (in fancy or fact) have gone before and spied out the land.

There must be more than one school of literature, because there is more than one mood of mind: just as in religion there must be many sects. We worship God not only in sincerity and truth, but according to the temperament our mothers gave us.

The emotional "school of religion" finds its votaries in Methodism: Methodism fits a certain mind. The stately dignity of the Ritualist is a necessity to a certain cast of intellect. And until we get a church that is broad enough, and deep enough, and high enough to allow for temperament in men, "church union" will exist only as an abstract idea.

Until we have a school of literature that will combine all schools and give the liberty to a full expression of every mood, there will be a warfare between the "sects" that give free rein to imagination and the sect that, having no imagination, merely describes.

When one school driven by the jibes and jeers of the other tilts to t'other side, a heavy man will start the teeter back, and he is the man we crown.
And let us ever crown the heavy man when we find him.

A Projected Reform

I MAINTAIN that any person who exercises a laborious function ought to be well paid for it by the public that he serves. Of course he need not be provided a private car nor dine at Sherry's nor amass riches enough to make him insolent and priggish. And so while he need not be made rich beyond the dreams of avarice he should be placed beyond the dread of want, simply because he cannot do good work otherwise. I feed my horse well so he can work—why should I put my preacher on half rations? And yet country clergymen are obliged to dispute the sheaf of wheat with the parishioner; to plead with and pray with him and threaten him and cajole him into giving a tenth of his peas and beans that the church may live. These preachers hate and are hated; their lives are embittered by continual petty quarrels that engross the mind as much as they embitter it; and hate is both contagious and infectious. Being poorly paid, and living under a Damocles sword of popular favor, they are in ill condition to express the Christian virtues of patience, good-will, and resignation. No man can be resigned on half rations.

In East Aurora there are five clergymen on half rations. The highest salary promised is nine hundred dollars, the lowest four hundred and seventy-five. None of these salaries are paid to date, and the only way deficiencies are ever made up is by heroic effort in way of church fairs, and entertainments that do not entertain. And East Aurora is simply a type of twenty thousand other villages. All of these clergymen fear, despise and are jealous of each other by turn. Each winter when "Union Services" are held there is a fine scramble for the converts, with many heart-burning accusations and counter accusations; all disposed of however, when the south wind blows and lambkins

gambol on the green, by the converts going back to the world, the flesh and the devil. For they were only converted on the outside ☙ ☙

Yet these five preachers are all good men, or would be if they were made free. As it is they are in bonds to the Chief Pew-Holder, with danger of foreclosure if the wind veers east and his sciatica twitches. I know them all; I greet them cordially and they take me by the hand and call me brother. I contribute to the support of all because they are all good fellows and I want to help 'em out. But at the same time, I know it is like baling out the ocean—an impossible task; and besides I'm not quite sure that it is necessary to bale out the ocean.

I said that I am on friendly terms with these five clergymen. I have so many kind friends, all over the United States (the world for that matter), and they send me so many green McKinley dollars, and gentle thoughts and hopeful letters that I find it easy to be generous. For kindness is something we receive and have to pass along in order to keep it. I am on the best of terms with all my neighbors. They pound me on the back in merry jest, addressing me as Pard and Old Boy. Each of these five clergymen come to me at times and I act as father confessor. I give them advice and occasionally shekels.

¶ Not long ago the pastor of the Sadducees came to me by night and told me he had prayed for me daily for a year; and now he had come to urge me to give my heart to Jesus. He said that morally I was the best man he knew, that—

"Hold on," I said, "Hold on! how about the Doctor over the fence?" ☙ ☙

"That's so, I forgot; yes—the Doctor was at my house when the twins were born. Then he came in the night when they had the croup and again when I sprained my leg. And when I sent him word to send his bill he sent a five-dollar bill. He knew that our lecture course was boycotted and that threw me into

debt. But he is an infidel like you—I pray for you both."

¶ Then the preacher twisted in his chair, coughed, stroked his whiskers and began over again by insisting that I kept the moral law as no man did in the whole township: I did not chew nor smoke nor cheat nor lie nor play cards or billiards. But as I failed to acknowledge my Savior before men, I was pulling others down to hell. The youth of the village and for three stations up the road, pointed to me and said, "Why lookee! there is Mister Side Talks, he doesn't go to church—that is, he don't go to nothin' but a Universalist Church and that don't count!" Wouldn't I kneel right now and 'sperience a change, giving my heart to Jesus?

Then I had to say, "Come, Brother! Let's not talk in orotund or roll our r's, or be lachrymose; let's be natural and simple and frank and honest—there's no one listening!"

So we sat down and had a nice little chat. He told me of how three old women in his church had formed a trinitarian Gunpowder Plot to oust him, and also how the Chief Pew-Holder was disgruntled because he quoted Emerson, and was going to withhold subscriptions. I gave him freely of advice, as I always have advice on tap. He arose to go, declaring I was the only friend he had in the wide world, the only one to whom he could go in time of need. And further if it snowed during the night we would go together on the morrow and hunt rabbits, for one of his parishioners had given him a dog. I gave him a dollar to pay the dog tax and he went his way.

"What did he want—to borrow two dollars?" called a voice over the banisters, after I had closed the door.

"No, he only wanted me to pray for snow so we could hunt rabbits tomorrow—Come down here, please, I have a Big Scheme!"

¶ "Wait 'till I put on my blue gown and I'll be there!"

So She came down and I stirred up the coals in the fireplace and piled on the hickory wood. We two sat with feet on the fender

and watched the flames crackle and sputter. They sobbed, sighed, sang, caressed, laughed, prayed, moaned; became ironical, plaintive, cruel, dejected; then warm, generous, ardent, humble and settled down to a genial glow; and I explained the Big Scheme. 'Twas this:

Join forces with the Three Old Women who were working up the trinitarian Gunpowder Plot, invite in the Doctor and oust the whole five preachers from the town.

"How nice," said She, "but what would they do?'

"That's none of our business—do they preach for the same reason that Richard Harding Davis writes, because he is not strong enough to work? Let 'em go to work in a saw mill!"

¶ "All right, let 'em go to work in a saw mill—go on!"

"Then we will take the money we paid the five and hire one really strong preacher. Unite all the singing people in the neighborhood, get Signor Polidri to come out from Buffalo twice a week to train them; bring together all the people in the town and have them work together for a mutual good and thus put a stop to this continual strife of sects that gives birth to so much hate. You see it is all rivalry and competition now. Competition is devilish but co-operation is God-like.

"Why, we will have just one beautiful Temple—a temple dedicated to the Good, that is to God. It shall be cool in summer and warm in winter, and the mellow light shall steal in through richly colored windows. This church shall be open seven days in the week and be for the benefit of everybody—high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned. The preacher shall be free financially, mentally and spiritually; and every one can have a creed of his own and yet be welcome. And then there shall be a public library and free baths with a swimming pool for the boys and a gymnasium for the girls and every one, and an art gallery and a—

"But stay! you must not breathe a word of this in the *Philistine*."

"Why not, pray? I'm only talking to you to get the article in shape."

"Of course, that's understood. But if you print it the five preachers will get together and pass a resolution that you go off and find a job in a saw mill!"

"Oh, but 'tis safe from them in the *Philistine;* you know that of all our ten thousand subscribers the Doctor is the only one in East Aurora!"

"That's so; well, you might just give out a hint about what we are going to do, and then when we get the Temple built and all the people united, working for Truth and Beauty, you can write another article explaining to the world just how we did it. Ah, there's Baby awake, bless her little tootsy wootsy wee tummy small! it's time for her Bottle!"

A Wonderful Newspaper

IT CERTAINLY marks an epoch in the onward and upward march of humanity when a daily newspaper can be issued in the United States, and attain a paid circulation of two hundred fifty thousand copies daily, without printing scandal or retailing the details of murders, suicides, calamities and sudden death.

About three years ago, when the Christian Science *Monitor* of Boston was first discussed, it was prophesied that a paper of this class would only be run at a positive loss to the publishers. ¶ Let any one examine the advertising pages of the *Monitor* today and he will be convinced that this newspaper is on a solid paying basis

A great many of its subscribers are not members of the Christian Science denomination, but they prize this newspaper, because it gives the things that a man of intelligence wants to know, and it omits all of the things which he does not want to know—those which are purely negative. If calamity and disgrace overtake an obscure person, the regulation "yellows" flash the news in black and red headlines, while the joys and successes of even superior people go unmentioned.

The one man to smother with silence and forgetfulness is the murder gent; and the Christian Science *Monitor* certainly gives all such absent treatment.

The *Monitor* tells of crop conditions and gives market reports; treats of college and school education; the building of roadways and the extension of railway lines; gives records of new inventions, discoveries, and plans for social betterment; relates the principal happenings at Washington in a political way; briefly states the foreign news, and puts us in touch with the big doers and thinkers all over the world, and tells us what they

are doing and saying. In fact, the things going on that are worthy and beautiful and right have mention and encouragement. News to this paper means good news.

Accidents, calamities, despair, woes, villainies, strife, crime and mischief find no mention in the Christian Science *Monitor*. Neither do its editors air their personal grievances, and try to get even with their enemies with the aid of the linotype and the glue-roller. There is nothing about the *Monitor* that reminds you of the *Arizona Kicker*.

Were it not for the name of the newspaper you would never know it was issued by a religious body. Religion to the Christian Scientist is not something foreign to his work. It is a part of his daily life

One thing sure, the Christian Science *Monitor* has no competition. So far, it is an absolute monopoly, without stepping on the tail of the Sherman Act. It has the field to itself. No other publisher in America has endeavored to issue a similar publication, or one patterned after the general policy that the *Monitor* is following.

That the world upholds the *Monitor*, however, pays for it, and supports it, is one of the happiest signs of the time. Now that the *Monitor* has proven to publishers that it pays to be decent, I expect to see the day when every large city will have at least one clean, sane, sensible newspaper, devoted to the good, the beautiful and the true.

Politics and Headgear

YOUR attitude towards the world is symboled by your hat.

So we have the Quaker, who was born with his hat on and never removes it, even in the presence of royalty, and Beau Brummel, who was always lifting his hat with flourishes and gladsome salaams.

We show our respect, or lack of it, by touching our hatbrim with one finger, or making the motion as if we were going to lift the hat

In the presence of certain individuals we uncover and stand with hat in hand.

Old Doctor Johnson once stood in the rain for an hour, bareheaded, hat in hand, on the spot where forty years before he had short-changed an apple-woman to the extent of tuppence, and then very naturally called her a bad name when she accused him.

¶ The cocked hat of the Little Corporal is unforgetable.

General Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," devised a most expressive lid, which was brought out again and made good use of as a campaign prop some years later.

Now comes the startling news that President Taft, having been presented a most impressive Stetson, wore it with éclat and things through Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and on to the Pacific

Wherever he appeared wearing this high-crowned, broad-brimmed brain-top he was received with an enthusiasm which was entirely lacking where the beaver was not in evidence.

¶ Americans have no use for a crown as a decoration for the sky-piece of their Chief Executive, but they glory in a hat that expresses individuality.

Gladstone made famous the Inverness cape, but he had a special

reason for adopting this peculiar form of garment. Instead of standing on the rear platform, a thing you can not do on the English railroads, you stand in the door of your car. There is just room in the doorway for one individual, especially if he is the size of Taft. Gladstone, standing in the door of his car wearing his long Inverness cape, looked bigger than he was. As he stood there he shook hands with thousands, with the help of his secretary—a lean, lank, long-armed Scotchman—who stood behind him and pushed his red Scotch hands out under the cloak worn by his chief. All the time Gladstone's own hands were in his trousers-pockets, and he was shaking hands with the multitude, bowing, smiling, passing out the political platitudes, and, let us hope, winning votes.

On one occasion his hat worked havoc with the scheme. Suddenly a gust of wind came and lifted the lid while he was shaking hands with the proletariat, and he reached out two more hands and grabbed his hat, and a guard who was on to his job, signaled the engine-driver to " let 'er go ! "

Murphies, Spuds and Praties

SEVERAL big shipments of Irish potatoes have recently arrived in New York City from Scotland, paying a stiff duty to Uncle Sam. ¶ But before you begin to get the wickershams, by saying that America is looking to Europe for food, suppose we get the facts.

These potatoes were sold at an advance of something like fifty per cent on market price and shipped to the West to be used for seed. I bought a bushel and had to pay three dollars in good hard-earned mazuma.

The United States imports oats from Norway, and has for years, but potatoes from Ireland have made a thousand editors throw double Arabs

And now a bigger cargo still is coming direct from Ireland, to be distributed throughout the United States for seed purposes. ¶ If we get Irish and Scotch folks for seed purposes, why not spuds

The Irish potato is strictly an American product. These same merry colonists who took tobacco over to England carried with them potatoes

But potatoes were not raised in Ireland to any great extent until about one hundred fifty years ago. The transplanting was a lucky stroke for Ireland. The climate and soil there were eminently adapted for raising potatoes. The potato saved Ireland from starvation and turned the tide from misery to a life that produced quite a number of White Hopes.

And I guess it is a fact that the land which will produce good potatoes will also produce good men.

Ireland has kicked up a dust in a political way quite beyond her size, measured in square miles. Transplanted Irish rule the world. Transplanted potatoes feed the world.

And this move of bringing potatoes from across the sea for seed purposes in America is eminently scientific.

Maine has two great crops, potatoes and politicians, and I trust no one will dispute me when I say Ireland has the same. ¶ Potatoes require a soil with more or less clay and gravel, and not too rich in loam. In other words, potatoes are like folks—they require a certain amount of difficulty and hardship. ¶ And another feature in which they are like humans: they need a change of environment. They "run out" when seed is planted over and over from one locality, just as families die from want of transplantation and transmigration. In Illinois we used to save the little scrubby potatoes to plant, and the good ones we sold or ate. The result was, we soon were raising scrubs. That is what happens to society in war-time—we breed from the unfit, and that is the real curse of war. Ask Andy!

Plenty of educated folks do not know that the seed of the potato is not the tuber or root which we eat. Potatoes flower, and bear a little black seed in a pod or ball. To get a new breed, we have to plant the seed, not the "eye." And here again you find a case where genius does not reproduce itself. The "eye" will give you the same sort of potato, but the seed harks back to a former ancestor, and may give you something totally different. To fertilize the flower of a potato-vine with the pollen of some one particular breed is a delicate operation. Then to plant the seed and pick out certain tubers and plant these requires great patience and much time. You thus see why and how certain potatoes may be cheap at a dollar each.

Small potatoes and few in a hill means probably an ill-bred potato, where the poorest have been used for seed. The Divine Energy that takes the special form called a potato is very particular at times. It has its likes, dislikes, preferences, prejudices, glooms and joys. ¶ Some potatoes cross with others most happily, and others are grouchy, glum and unsociable.

Potatoes like a change of soil and climate. They have a passion for migrating. In Idaho and in Greeley County, Colorado, they raise such crops that I dare not tell you the truth as to how many bushels per acre, for fear you would put me in the overcrowded Ananias Club. But at a risk, let me say that six and seven hundred bushels to the acre are not unusual. But these tremendous crops are mostly raised from seed carried from Maine, just as the finest roses in California are slipped in Monroe County, New York. Transplanted to a more favorable soil, with more water and sunshine, the new product is twice the size of its parents.

For several years this increase will be noted, and then the breed gets tired, languishes, grows small, becomes sickly and has to be abandoned. A rotation of crops, or a moving from field to field, is the only thing that will keep one kind of potato from running out. Potatoes from Maine are sent to Texas and all Southern States for seed purposes. Potatoes in the South will run about a hundred bushels to the acre. The potato does not like hot weather, but a Maine potato planted in the South will often jump the yield from a hundred to two hundred bushels an acre.

¶ The Roycrofters raise several thousand bushels of potatoes each year. The little spuds or the irregular, crooked ones we cook in big boilers and mash up with middlings for the hens and little pigs as Winter feed.

The hens lay eggs and the pigs evolve into sausage. And spuds, eggs and sausage, rightly combined with ozone, produce Roycroft literature.

A Modern Barn

A HUNDRED years ago, a barn of any kind that was shelter for an animal, and kept it from freezing, was a good barn.

Milk that sustained life was all that was required.

¶ Milk was Milk. Those who had it to use were nourished. The rest were half-starved. The cattle were sheltered in Augean stables, but there was no Hercules to cleanse them. Cows stood knee-deep in barn litter.

Cattle were shut into a stable, dark and unventilated. Doors were closed and fastened. The little openings which were called by grace "windows" had no glass in them. No sunlight ever came into the stable.

A wide-open bucket was used to milk in, and the restless, unhappy cow had the freedom of her untidy tail.

The milk was often set on a shelf in the stable, behind the cows, until it was convenient to take it into the house.

Now, when we are demanding better people, and better food in order to nourish better people, we require sanitary barns. We insist upon pure milk, and in order to have it, we build hygienic barns, great, big, roomy barns, automatically ventilated, where the fresh air is pouring down in front of the cows all of the time, the bad air is perpetually drawn out from the floor so that the cows are breathing pure air. We are giving our most careful attention to the food that we give the cows. A balanced ration, clean, wholesome, appetizing, is furnished.

¶ Not long ago a breakfast-food was advertised in this way: "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you think." This is not a discussion to prove whether this is true or not, but men who take care of cows know that the milk shows what the cows eat

Men of science have spent much time and thought on the question

of diet for milch-cows. There are as many balanced rations for cows offered on the market as there are breakfast-foods for human beings. Men are as cautious in selecting what they shall feed their cattle as they are in giving medicines to them.

No matter what the farmer may have for his dinner, or how it is cooked, he insists what the cows are fed shall be clean, wholesome, appetizing. He talks fluently of tonic qualities and lacteal-producing grains. He is discriminating with regard to ensilage, harvesting his corn-crop more carefully than his garden-products. On the merits of clover and alfalfa, compared with timothy and straw, he is well informed.

The cattle give a quick response which he can understand, and though he is dull with regard to his own care and his and his family's food, he provides well for his stock.

Fresh air, good, pure food, fresh water—these are the necessary requisites for good cows and good milk.

The stable must be made of cement, metal and glass. The paint must be washed and sterilized, and parts of the stable must be whitewashed frequently.

The sunlight must shine upon the cows whenever there is sunshine ❧ ❧

The litter must be collected and carried out frequently—carried at least a hundred feet from the barn.

The cows must be curried, brushed, washed, and always treated with kindness.

The men who do the milking must be clothed in white and must be clean ❧ ❧

The milk must be taken direct from the cow to a room where no pollution can enter, and be kept from contamination from the time it is carried into this milk-room.

Milk suffers contamination sooner than any other food. Direct consumption was Nature's plan for milk. It is not a food which was intended for transportation. So when we take advantage

of the cow's maternal instinct, and pervert its use to our own selfish purposes, we are doing an unnatural thing.

One must be very clever to outwit Nature, so pure milk is rare. Every pitcher of cream and glass of milk on your table that is palatable and delicious has been handled with care and produced with great pains.

We are not only applying intelligent labor to land, but to all land animals, their food, their care, their home.

Cleanliness may be second to godliness for men—but I am sure that for cows, cleanliness comes first.

Playing Second Fiddle

THE leader of the orchestra is always a man who has played second fiddle. Self-effacement may be a token of genius quite as much as affirmation, aggression and positivism.

When you have nothing to say, you had better not say it. When you do not know what to do, it is well not to do it.

"That country is governed best that is governed least," said Thomas Jefferson.

"The teacher who maintains the best discipline is the one who keeps his discipline out of sight," said Horace Mann.

There is a time to act and there is a time to refrain from action.

¶ I remember a certain ball game wherein one of the captains was continually rushing over to the umpire making protests.

¶ Finally the umpire took off his mask, tossed it on the ground, threw his chest-protector after it, and in a voice needlessly calm said to the obstreperous captain: "Say, Bill, I want to ask a favor of you. I wish you would go over to that bucket, take a drink of water, then take a chew of tobacco, and then sit on that bench until I send for you. Just make yourself look like a piece of the landscape!"

And there was something in Silk O'Loughlin's attitude and voice that made the captain follow the advice.

The game proceeded—and the obstreperous, fearing, meddlesome captain's side won.

Andrew Carnegie once went to his head ironmaster, Bill Jones, and said: "Bill, I am going to Europe. I have stood this multiplicity of detail just as long as I can, and I have got to have a rest. I know that my going will throw a lot of extra work on you, but Bill, do you know, when I am aboard of a steamship bound for Europe, and the ship goes down the Narrows and heads out.

into the ocean, and the land at last disappears, I am then for the first time, perhaps in months or years, supremely happy." ¶ And Bill smilingly answered: "Mr. Carnegie, when you are aboard of the ship bound for Europe, and I know that that ship has disappeared from the sight of land, then, Mr. Carnegie, I am supremely happy."

It took a month for Mr. Carnegie to get the full import of the remark, but when he did he issued an order that Bill's salary should be raised five thousand a year. At least, that is what the legend relates—all as told by Mr. Carnegie, himself.

For ten years and more John D. Rockefeller never once visited Twenty-six Broadway. Mr. Rockefeller was big enough not to interfere with H. H. Rogers. And if he used Rogers, without Rogers knowing it, so much the more to the credit of both. Together they would have clashed. Separated they were strong. ¶ The chef who knows his business is a tyrant of the kitchen. He accepts no suggestions, and brooks no interference from anybody, and when the proprietor of the hotel enters the chef's preserve he has to have a passport. But if the proprietor is a wise man he keeps away from that particular chef and lets him bear the burden of responsibility.

Good housekeepers make the whole family walk the chalk-line; that is the price we pay for getting the work done.

Clarence Barron, of Boston, who owns one of the finest herds of milch-cows in the world, once thought that he would just sit down under a record-breaker and milk a pail of milk. He got the milk all right, but he also got such a calling down from the superintendent that he did not return to the cowbarn for a month. And Clarence was big enough to stand it, because the man who had charge of the cows was an artist in his line, and the owner knew he could forego any little personal satisfaction as an expert milker for the sake of the extra-good work that that cow gazabo was doing for him.

When Leonardo da Vinci was painting the picture of *The Last Supper,* the prior of the monastery used to have a way of putting his head in the door and asking, " How soon will this picture be finished? "

And one day Leonardo said: " It will be finished just as soon as I can get in one more character. Please hold that position, for I am painting you in the picture as the Devil." Michelangelo worked under six different Popes, and all of these kissed his big toe, and counted it joy.

The pride of the artist in his work, the confidence of the specialist that he knows exactly what he is doing—these things evolve a sort of seeming supercilious self-confidence which often appears more or less insulting to the outsider. Nevertheless, if you are going to get the best work out of H. H. Rogers, you must let him have his own way.

Small men always want to help stir the broth and have a hand in the pie.

A big businessman in Chicago said to me the other day, " When I hire a man as general manager of a department and he starts in the first week to turn the whole thing upside down I know that I have made a mistake and got the wrong man."

I was once in the office of the John Lee Mahin Company and was shown figures representing business done for the ten preceding years. One year the business was nearly doubled, and I asked how this had happened.

And the answer was, " Oh, why, that is the year the Ol' Man went to Europe!"

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, E. H. Harriman came to East Aurora and spent two days at the Jewett and Hamlin Stock Farms. He bought fourteen head of trotters, and incidentally he hired a driver—an East Aurora boy, known to the world as " Billy Andrews."

Billy did Harriman mighty good service. But Harriman never

took one of his own horses out on the Speedway without Billy's express permission. ¶ Harriman would no more butt into Billy Andrews' bailiwick than Billy would have thought of advising Harriman to go out and water the stock.

Each man respected the other man's genius, and that is the way they got along.

James J. Hill once went to call on his neighbor, the Governor of Minnesota, and the Private Secretary said to Mr. Hill, "The Governor is in conference on a very important matter, and I think you had better call again tomorrow."

And Mr. Hill, whose time is worth a million dollars a minute, said: "My name is James J. Hill. Just run along now and tell the Governor that I am here and have got to see him." And the man replied: "The Governor told me not to send any cards in to him, and if you were the Wizar of Oudh, I would not take your card in. You can not see the Governor, and that is all there is about it." ¶ Very naturally Mr. Hill was a bit peeved. The secretary thought his visitor would explode—he didn't. No man can prophesy what James J. Hill is going to do.

But the actual fact is, a month later that particular private secretary, who served as the secretary to the Governor, was promoted to the position of Private Secretary to James J. Hill, at double the salary he was getting in his former job.

It is a great thing to go a little slow, and at times take a drink of water, sit on a bench, and make yourself look like a piece of the landscape ❧ ❧

Our friends in Washington who are endeavoring to make the world over would do well to sit at the feet of Silk O'Loughlin. ¶ Things would be all right in this country if it were not for the unfaltering faith of political academicians in their own infallibility. ¶ The whole business fabric has learned the lesson that truth is an asset and a lie is a liability. We are all trying to be good—for the full and sufficient reason that it pays.

Organization

THE mobs that tore up the first railroads in England, and the fine scorn of John Ruskin for "the iron horse," were the results of a belief that this newly discovered power was going to enslave the people. So they wanted less power, not more. The occasional misuse of power is no excuse for making war on power.

My father tells of a time when he changed cars seven times going from New York to Chicago. The journey took three days and three nights. And it would be the same now were it not for combination and organization.

Organization is the keynote of success.

Our best talents in America are being used in the lines of creation,—production, building, distribution—transportation. ¶ That bright spot in history called the "Age of Pericles" was simply a lull in the war spirit, when Greece turned her attention from war to art and beauty.

Through the genius of America's businessmen we will yet make the "Age of Pericles" the normal, and the glory that was Greece will manifest itself all over this continent. ¶ Energy, taking the form of human units, combines according to certain natural laws. ¶ Economics is as much under the domain of Nature as are the tides and the movements of the planets. Ignorance of the laws of economics is the one thing that destroyed the old civilizations, and limits ours. One hundred fifty years ago, practically all manufacturing was done in the homes in the form of handicrafts

The invention of the steam engine removed the handicrafts from the home to the factory. With the help of the machine, one man can now do as much as eighty could one hundred fifty years ago.

We have twenty million workers in America, and these are equal to the work of one billion six hundred million, one hundred years ago. Here we find a vast increase in the production of wealth. To use this wealth for the good of all the people is the problem that confronts us.

Don't be afraid that any one is going to take his wealth with him when he dies! The unfit are always distributing it, and killing themselves in the process.

Economics is an evolving science. We will never get to the end of it. Ideals attained cease to be ideals, and the distant peaks beckon

Combinations that increase economic production should be encouraged, not forbidden. What this world needs is more wealth, not less.

The possible evil in the " Trust " is not in its organization, nor in its bigness, nor in its success. It is threefold: first, corruption of public officials to obtain special privileges denied to competitors; second, the consequent oppression of the competitor and the consumer; third, watering of stock and then extorting excessive profits to pay dividends on such stock.

These evils the law must cure without destroying co-operation, or discouraging enterprise, or impeding progress. All intelligent businessmen are working to this end.

Fuzzy Wuzzy Fads

F all the Fuzzy Wuzzy Fads for the improvement of mankind none are so fuzzy wuzzy as the "Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews." This society expends about $150,000.00 in England and the same amount in America each year; the money being supplied by Nice Men like Mr. Rockefeller. If the average Christian were a better citizen than the average Hebrew I would join hands with the meek and lowly Pefferites who fan the fad and put my Shoulder to the Wheel. But the facts all point the other way. Among the Jews there are very few paupers and drunkards; and the only Jew I ever knew who kept a saloon was one who had been Christianized. Statistics in penology show that in proportion to population only one-fifth as many Jews as Christians are in State Prisons. The Jews comprehend the moral code and obey it in a way that set us all a fairly good pace, and yet the men who raise money for the Society point to Fagin as the true type. And as one thinks on this funny society of well intentioned but awfully serious people, he cannot but wonder how much that man Charles Dickens had to do in forming a belief among Sewing Circles that Jews are "wuss" than other folks? After Dickens had made Fagin he found he had outdone it a bit, and to hold the average good he fashioned another Jew, but this did not wipe out nor dilute Fagin.

Then there are in America two alleged humorous papers that doubtless have tuppence worth of influence in the formation of popular conceptions. And yet a casual perusal of the pages of *Puck* and *Judge* will reveal to the discerning person that the publication of these papers is only possible through political subsidy, cigarette advertisements and whiskey announcements. *Puck* and *Judge* own in partnership the model of a wooden

Jew that they run out every morning and take in at night. The people who buy *Puck* and *Judge* are mostly jealous and embittered competitors of Hebrew merchants; and after they are done with their green, blue and yellow literature they mail it to their customers in the country. There it serves as tracts, and the wax-works Jew is duly pointed out by zealous Baptists as a fair sample of the kind of men " who crucified our Lord." Goodness me!

Appendenda

THE Wise Men who explain everything tell us that nothing was made in vain. You and I, madam, will not be so presumptuous as to set up our opinions against the Wise Men aforesaid, but I wish to explain that a thing which once perhaps was very useful is now often retained, although the necessity of its being has long since vanished. For instance, there is that little thing with the long name: the appendenda vermiformis. No stork brings a baby but that he brings, too, an appendenda. The baby grows up and the appendenda kills the man—that is to say, kills one out of every ninety-five, if we believe the Wise Men, and of course we must. And now follows a most dire state of affairs; the appendenda is getting wusser and wusser. Formerly we had to obstruct him with a strawberry seed or a bristle from a tooth-brush, in order to arouse his wrath. But now if a man merely thinks appendicitis and thinks it hard, lo! a severe pain strikes him in the right side, his pulse leaps to 96, a cold sweat envelops him, he takes to his bed, and the doctor charges him just two hundred dollars for performing the operation.

¶ But, you say, if imagination can cause appendicitis, why cannot imagination cure it? To which, madam, I answer: While your question might be proper at certain times, it is entirely out of place here, for we are not discussing metaphysics. I have mentioned this subject simply by way of illustrating another point which we will arrive at if you are patient: the subject I am discussing being none less than the sublime one of the Elimination of the Unnecessary.

We now reach the vital point; why does Nature still retain the appendenda? My answer is that Nature does not know it is loaded; the Dame is ignorant, wasteful, reckless, and faulty

in many ways. She is a slattern, as we who love her know full well ☙ ☙

There are rudimentary muscles in the face that were once used for flapping the ears. Men and women who have read books on etiquette no longer flap their ears, but the muscles are there. I once had the felicity of helping dissect the body of a South Sea Islander, and we found several muscles that the professor could give no light on. I mention this fact as it is the only time I ever knew of a college professor acknowledging ignorance; this is what fixed the fact so firmly in my memory.

Possibly in religion there are forms, ceremonies, and figures of speech—theological appendendae, so to speak—things we do not want, yet dare not throw away, which were once significant, but which are now retained only because we do not remember a time when they were not.

The letter "l" at one time was always sounded as in calm, could, would, etc.; so with the "e." But we have ceased sounding the final "e" except in certain instances when we wish to make bad poetry. I might say a word in excuse for the letter "e," though: A smart fellow, in days agone, has shown us how we can utilize it in certain instances to show the sound of a letter preceding. Thus in "car" and "care," "bar" and "bare;" but generally the final "e" is merely a harmless philological appendenda. Harmless, yet costly, as statistics show that it costs the dear people $76,981.50 per year for ink to write this letter in commercial correspondence and bookkeeping alone. This vast sum is utterly wasted, and note the liberality of the computation, for I make no mention of the writers of serial stories. Accepted and rejected MSS. would beyond a doubt swell the grand total to at least $200,000 per annum. This sum if expended in loaves of bread, baked after the French fashion, would make a band extending from New York to San Francisco.

The letter "q" is a superfluous alphabetical appendenda—a

nondescript of the worst sort, and of no more real value for helping express our thoughts in writing than one of the Chinese wordsigns would be. It never ends an English word, and cannot begin one without the aid of the letter "u," being invariably followed by the mentioned letter in all words belonging to our language. The man doesn't live that can tell the why of the peculiar relation of the letters "q" and "u," or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original "q," when sounded just as it is today, was made without the cue, the character much resembling the English sign for pounds. "K" and "w" gives us the sound of "q" as in the word "quilt."

No language should be burdened with the letter "h." The Greeks showed the sound of the aspirate by a simple mark. Even now, Englishmen use or omit the sound of this letter at will. They call it "haich," and speak of a "orse" or a "hass," as the notion strikes them, or as their grandfathers taught. The letter "aich" must go

Our alphabet would be just as well off or better, with twenty-four letters instead of twenty-six, and what a saving in child-life to have to learn but twenty-four letters? Nine per cent of all teachers in the kindergarten departments of our public schools could be discharged and the money used for increasing the salaries of principals. ¶ However, madam, we are all obliged to accept life with an appendenda. The muscles for flapping our ears are also insisted on, but their use is now elective under Republican forms of government. The law of the land compels us to commit to memory an alphabet of twenty-six letters. ¶ And I now reach at last the summum bonum of this panegyric: Why not form a Pan-American Society for the Abolition of the Superfluous? It must be done. I will be its first president, madam, if you will nominate me!

Is It Worth the Cost?

THE subject is rather complex, dearie, so I'll have to explain it to you. The first point is that there is not so very much difference in the intelligence of people, after all. The great man is not so great as folks think, and the dull man is not quite so stupid as he seems. The difference in our estimates of men lies in the fact that one man is able to get his goods into the show window and the other is not aware that he has either show window or goods.

"The soul knows all things, and knowledge is only a remembering," says Emerson. This seems a very broad statement; yet the fact remains that the vast majority of men know a thousand times as much as they are aware of. In the silent depths of subconsciousness lie myriads of truths, each awaiting the time when its owner shall call it forth. And to utilize these stored-up thoughts you must express them to others; and, to express well, your soul has to soar into this subconscious realm where you have cached these net results of experience.

In other words, you must "come out"—get out of self—away from selfconsciousness, into the region of partial oblivion—away from the boundaries of time and the limitations of space. The great painter forgets all in the presence of his canvas; the writer is oblivious to his surroundings; the singer floats away on the wings of melody (and carries the audience with her;) the orator pours out his soul for an hour, and it seems to him as if barely five minutes has passed, so wrapt and lost is he in his exalted theme

When you reach the heights of sublimity, and are expressing your highest and best, you are in a partial trance condition. And all men who enter this condition surprise themselves by the quantity of knowledge and the extent of the insight they possess.

And some going a little deeper into this trance condition than others, and knowing nothing of the miraculous storing up of truth in the cells of subconsciousness jump to the conclusion that their intelligence is being guided by a spirit not their own. When an individual reaches this conclusion he begins to wither at the top, for he relies on the dead, and ceases to feed the well-springs of his subconscious self.

The mind is a dual affair—objective and subjective. The objective mind sees all, hears all, reasons things out. The subjective mind stores up and only gives out when the objective mind sleeps. And as few men ever cultivate the absorbed, reflective or semitrance state, where the objective mind rests, they never really call on their subconscious treasury for its stores. They are always selfconscious. A man in commerce, where men prey on that kind, must be alive and alert to what is going on around him, or while he dreams, his competitor will seize upon his birthright. And so you see why poets are poor and artists often beg ❧ ❧

And the summing up of this sermonette is that all men are equally rich, only some through fate are able to muster their mental legions on the plains of their being and count them, while others are never able to do so.

But what think you is necessary before a person comes into possession of his subconscious treasures? Well, I'll tell you: It is not ease, nor prosperity, nor requited love, nor worldly security—not these, dearie; no.

" You sing well," said the master, impatiently, to his best pupil, " but you will never sing divinely until you have given your all for love, and then been neglected and rejected, and scorned and beaten, and left for dead. Then, if you do not exactly die, you will come back, and when the world hears your voice it will mistake you for an angel and fall at your feet." And the moral is, that as long as you are satisfied and comfortable, you use only the

objective mind and live in the world of sense. But let love be torn from your grasp and flee as a shadow—living only as a memory in a haunting sense of loss; let death come and the sky shut down over less worth in the world; or stupid misunderstanding and crushing defeat grind you into the dust, then you may arise, forgetting time and space and self, and take refuge in mansions not made with hands; and find a certain, sad, sweet comfort in the contemplation of treasures stored up where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal ❧ ❧

And thus looking out into the Eternal, you forget the present and enter into the Land of Sub-Consciousness—the Land of Spirit, where yet dwell the gods of ancient and innocent days. Is it worth the cost?

Fagin, the Jew

ONCE there was a certain German metaphysician—one of those recluse philosophers who spend their lives in a garret wrestling with the Unknowable—who had need of a lion in his scheme of things, and never having seen a lion he evolved one out of his inner consciousness. ¶ The result was a beast such as was never seen on land or on sea

When Charles Dickens evolved from his inner consciousness the character of Fagin the Jew, he constructed a Jew such as was never seen on sea or land.

Dickens was the son of a man who was never out of debt; he was brought up in poverty that bordered on mendicancy, and the idea was instilled into his childish mind that men who loan money are thieves. Ergo: Jews loan money—find your moral! ¶ And so when Dickens, barely twenty-six years old, evolved Fagin, he not only made him a thief but he made him keep a kindergarten for thieves. And what did Fagin steal?

I'll tell you what he stole. He stole handkerchiefs, dirty, second-hand pocket handkerchiefs. Then there is a second Jew in "Oliver Twist," and he is only a loon who talks through his nose.

But not long after Oliver Twist appeared, Dickens found a whole hornet's nest buzzing about his ears. With the plumbers' wives and gasfitters' daughters and farm hands, Fagin was accepted without question; but lovers of books were grieved for Dickens' own sake that he should have so blundered. Dickens, you know, does not call Fagin, Fagin, or Mr. Fagin, or Moses Fagin—it is always "Fagin, the Jew"—and more often it is simply "the Jew." ¶ Forster, the critic, and best friend Dickens ever had, wrote to him begging him to undo the mistake he had made. He called Dickens' attention to the fact that the founder of the Christian

religion was a Jew—the man we confuse with the Maker of the worlds—this man was a Jew, and to portray a thief as a Jew and always call him "Jew" was a lapse that could not pass unforgiven by either a Jew or Gentile who loved good art.

¶ Dickens then rushed into print with a card to the effect that he respected and honored the Hebrew religion and the Jewish people as well—that Fagin was simply a Jew by nationality as he might have been a Frenchman or an Irishman. And then he tried to make a distinction that no living man ever yet has been able to make—the difference between the Hebrew race and the Jewish religion.

Long years after, this card was slyly quoted both by Renan and Taine as evidence of the ignorace of English authors.

To further show his faith in the Jews, Dickens sent a check for fifty pounds to a Hebrew hospital; and continued to do so for several years. And so sharply did his mistake rankle in his heart that when he wrote his next novel he pictured a Jew who was quite too virtuous for any use.

The character of Riah in "Our Mutual Friend" is on the order of Little Willie who never told a lie, that we used to read of in our Sunday School books.

The saintly Riah was so poor he could scarcely get enough to eat: he not only had no love of money but he actually hated the chink of silver. Riah worked for a Christian at twelve shillings a week. He swings as far to one side as Fagin did to the other. And to me a Jew who toils for a Christian for indifferent board and clothes that are so-so, is as despicable an object as is Fagin who stole so many pocket handkerchiefs that London was reduced to the dire straits of wiping its nose on its coat-sleeve.

The Jew needs no apologist—just leave him alone and he'll take care of himself in any clime. All he asks is justice and an equal chance. Yet I do not claim that the Jew is a paragon of virtue; I have seen Jews that were pretty bad.

The Jew may love money, but I wish to emphasize the fact that he is not a thief. He has common sense enough to know that thieving does not pay, it's a poor scheme, and there are better ways of accumulating gold.

No one of Dickens' friends felt the sting of his mistake in the creation of Fagin more than he did himself. But once put forth, the book could not be withdrawn. Yet like all of our blunders it worked for good. It brought Dickens to the realization of the sterling worth and value of the Hebrew character.

He lived to see a Jew hold first place in the British Government, a position carrying with it more power than that of King. He lived to know that not a single government of Europe could go to war until the Jews were consulted. He lived to see and know that Jews stood with the very first in the realms of art, music, literature and philosophy; and had he lived a few years longer he would have seen a Jew inaugurate a system of philanthropy so splendid that the ethical world uncovered in token of his honor.

Better Than Men

"BETTER than Men," is the title of a book by that fine Philistine, General Rush C. Hawkins. The book is about Dogs, Horses and Men, and if you imagine that General Hawkins is not acquainted with all three, just read his book and find your mistake. General Hawkins' idea is not an original one, for Rip Van Winkle touched the hem of the subject when he patted Schneider's head and remarked "Dogs vos better than vomen, anyway." Walt Whitman goes deeper when he says:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd.
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.
So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possessions.

"Man is a detached portion of the Divine Life," says Chunder Moozamdar. Like a planet flung off by the sun, and following its own orbit for a time, he will return again to the central mass from whence he sprung. Man is a lonely creature. In his heart there is a craving for sympathy and companionship, and the unrest that drives him on and on is only a search for his own.

Leonardo da Vinci felt sure that the love of animals was a manifestation of this same desire. Unconsciously man often turns to a horse or a dog and finds in the brute a complement for his own nature that he never does in his own kind. And so Leonardo, the sanest and least morbid of men, could see no distinction in the "divinity" of life in the man and the divinity of life in the beast.

The loyalty of the dog for his master so excited the admiration of a certain man in Italy, a long time ago, that as he walked through the field his faithful dog with him, a prayer came to his heart that he might be as loyal and unselfish in his service to God as the dog was to him. The idea grew upon him, and he explained it to several other men, and they formed a society, calling themselves—Domini Canes—literally the Dogs of the Lord. Soon the name was written "Dominicans," and Dominicans it is, even unto this day. And I wish to emphasize the fact that the original idea of the Dominicans was not one of abjectness, but loyalty ❧ ❧

The beast makes no demands upon you. His affection and loyalty are complete, he has no sinister motives, he holds nothing back. The proud, strong horse that carries me over the miles and responds with his entire nature to my slightest wish, rests me as no man who argues ever can. My dog whines piteously if left behind, and only asks to go that he may be near me; he runs ahead and then barks for an encouraging word, and getting it leaps and quivers in pure joy; and I lift my heart in gratitude for the privilege of life and health and conscious oneness with the Life that is Universal.

The Ex-Libris Collector

LIFE in this world is a collecting, and all the men and women in it are collectors. The only question is, what will you collect? Most men are intent on collecting dollars. Their waking hours are taken up with inventing plans, methods, and schemes whereby they may secure dollars from other men. To gather as many dollars as possible and to give out as few is the desideratum. But when you collect one thing you always incidentally collect others. The fisherman who casts his net for shad always secures a few other fish and once in a while a turtle, which enlarges the mesh to suit and gives sweet liberty to the shad. To focus exclusively on dollars is to secure jealousy, fear, vanity, and a vaulting ambition that may claw its way through the mesh and let your dollars slip into the yeasty deep.

Ragged Haggard collects bacteria; while the fashionable young men of the day, with a few exceptions, are collecting headaches, regrets, weak nerves, tremens, paresis—death. Of course we shall all die (I'll admit that), and further, we may be a long time dead (I'll admit that), and further, we may be going through the world for the last time—as to that I do not know—but while we are here it seems the part of reason to devote our energies to that which brings as few heartpangs to ourselves and others as possible. We are here, and some day we must go, and surely we would like to depart gracefully.

Now, I do not know exactly why men collect bookplates. But I think I have traced out a very little of the psychology of collecting. And first I would call your attention to the fact that no one ever went off, secretly and by stealth, and collected bookplates, as a miser hoards and gloats over his gold. The collector's cast of mind is totally different from that of the miser.

The miser loves the gold for its own sake—the collector loves a bookplate for what it suggests. In other words he does not love a bookplate at all. He may think he does, but he doesn't; he holds it in solution and when the time is ripe he sheds it as a snake sheds its skin; whereas, the miser hoards till he dies, and dying, clutches.

Witness, if you please, Mr. James Fraser Gluck collecting autographs and such trifles industriously and intensely for years, paying out thousands of dollars, and then one fine day presenting the whole collection to the Buffalo Library. And this while he was a young man. Dozens of such cases could be cited to prove that the mania sits lightly, and like the whole material world is of small account to the man who can get off at a distance and take a good look at it.

No collector ever evolved the craze alone; he is exposed and catches it. Where you see one man collecting, around the corner you'll find another. The psychic basis of collecting is human sympathy, and not a mere lust for possession. You collect because some one you admire collects although I do not ask you to confess this before men. You exchange plates and at the same time you exchange courtesy, kindliness, and mutual good-will. Having the bookplate of a collector you are pledged to that man by a tie which is very gentle, yet very strong. He does not dictate to you, nor rob you of your time, nor intrude his personality upon you, but from out of the unseen now and again comes a cherry message (and a bookplate) and you send back good-cheer and kindly greetings—(and a bookplate, for some one has sent you duplicates).

And thus the circle grows until all 'round the world you count your friends and brothers, held together by the mystic bond which binds men who love the same things and are engaged in like pursuits. Then beyond this you are linked to the past by the plates you own of men now dust, and you know, too,

all the men who have wrought and traced in lines of beauty, and thought and felt and suffered and enjoyed. You know them all—you know their successes and defeats, their hopes and sorrows. You do not say that Holbein and Hogarth were, you say they are, for you have their work:—they are immortal. And so you confuse the dead and living in one fairy company, and although you detect varying degrees of excellence, for none do you hold contempt, of none are you jealous—none do you envy. From them you ask nothing, upon you they make no demands, save that their friendship shall be frank, free, unselfish, and unsullied ❧ ❧

It is not at all necessary to meet a collector face to face in order to hold sweet converse. By their plates ye shall know them. And so I have avoided meeting my dear friends, more than once, that the delicacy of the relationship should not be disturbed. But sometimes I break the rule, and being in New Haven not long ago I called on Mr. W. F. Hopson. In the yard back of his house, Hopson has a pretty little studio, made of matched pine, and the whole thing must have cost him fifty dollars. The light comes in from the roof, as it does in the Church of the Madeleine and the Chapel of Pere la Chaise, save for a beautiful north window which was evidently pinched by Hopson from some Italian chapel, although he swears differently. Together we called on Mr. George Dudley Seymour and Mr. Everett E. Lord. Seymour has posters, and china, and bookplates, and brocades, all representing the beautiful handiwork of men long dead. Lord has a collection of prints which cost him ten thousand dollars, gathered over the space of twenty years. But the point I wish to make is that as the treasures were brought out and shown, the comments brought out the names of Woodbury, Bolles, Allen, Dodge, Shir-Cliff, Woodworth, Ellsworth, Gobeille, Mack, Humphreys, French, Rhead, and all those other choice spirits, who are my friends, and whose presence in my thoughts

takes the bitterness out of life and gives a solace when all my hopes seem gone. The friends of these men are my friends, too; so we were as brothers.

Then the next day I went on up to Hartford and saw Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, who has an absurd head of hair and many bookplates; and then on to Boston where I called on Mr. John P. Woodbury, who has a long white beard and a grace and dignity which make you think of Michael Angelo's Moses. Mr. Woodbury has a great collection of French's bookplates, and others galore, the most valuable collection of "The Compleat Angler" in the world, and extra illustrated books and first editions until it would make you dizzy to tell you of them. And whom did we talk about as we looked at the treasures? I'll tell you—we talked of Bolles, Stone, Dering, Allen, Dodge, Shir-Cliff, Woodworth, Ellsworth, Gobeille, Rhead, Humphreys, French and all those other friends who are both his and mine. Mr. Woodbury is nearly the Ideal Collector:—he has lived his three score and ten, but his eye is as bright as a boy's, his complexion as fair as a baby's, and he carries with him the perfume of the morning and the lavish heart of youth.

And so a fad which gives joy without headache, peace without stupor, and friends who are not rivals, is worth cultivating; at least I think so. Its basis is human sympathy, and its excuse for being is—bookplates.

Dianism

THE National Purity Association, whose headquarters, paradoxically, are at Chicago, has recently issued a pamphlet called "Dianism." A marked copy has been sent me by an Elderly Lady who seems to assume that I am good raw material for the N. P. A.

There is a great temptation right here to be first jocular and then sarcastic; explaining that I have no need to join an Association in order to remain chaste as ice and pure as snow. But I'll waive all that and just seriously refer to one of the sentences in the Elderly Lady's preachment. "It is a well-known fact that according to statistics one-fourth of all women and one-half of all men are what are known as 'fallen.'" The statement may be a fact and it may not, but my protest is against this falling back on "Statistics" as a finality when the truth is there are no statistics on the subject. It is just one person's opinion. And I would be nearer truth if I should say, "According to statistics all reformers are perfectly willing to state a positive untruth, that they know is an untruth, in order to bolster their cause."

Recently in Zion African M. E. Church at Louisville, I heard the pastor discuss this same theme and he declared that "over two hundred per cent of all crime am caused by adulteration, as shown by statistics."

Let us face the simple fact that there are no statistics and never can be as to the number of "fallen" folks.

But there is one other use, more flagrant than all others, made of mythical statistics to prove a case. The *"Voice"* newspaper has a standing item in capitals that reads thus: "Ninety per cent of all poverty and crime, according to statistics, is traceable directly to strong drink." The gentleman may be right: but

as to statistics. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician, says, "There can be no reliable statistics compiled on the 'drink problem' or other questions dealing with social habits." Science comprehends that crime and unthrift spring from a great variety of causes. A man of weak will takes to drink and commits crime: the preacher says, "See what strong drink does!" But when the preacher puts it down in print that this man's crime is directly traceable to drink he forgets that he is logically bound to show what the man's career would have been had he been an abstainer. All dishonest men are not tipplers. God knows there are reasons enough why a man should not indulge in strong drink nor dally in the ways that lead to death. But let us not cheapen our case with untruth, nor back up a cause that needs no apology with statistics that have no existence, save in our mind's eye. Selah!

Building of Roycroft

THERE was a time when the farmers about East Aurora were fairly rich, but that was in the long ago. To talk now about "the independence of the agrarian population" is a fine piece of irony. In journeying through the country, when you see a house with a touch of art about it, fences in repair, outbuildings painted, and a barn that is not declining into innocuous desuetude, you may safely assume that the owner is some city man, playing at agriculture. "I had the best farm in the county," said Horace Greeley, "but it took all of my income to make it so."

So reduced are the farmers of New York State that no first-class insurance company will assume a risk on farm property. Farmers are considered a bad moral risk, it being rightly assumed that a man in financial straits is in no position to dally concerning such trifles as meum and teum. To insure a farmer's barn is to invite the man to borrow money and invest in kerosene. Not one farmhouse out of forty in New York is insured, simply because the inurance companies decline to do business with farmers. Last week I was shown a circular letter sent out by "The Agriculturist Insurance Company," of Watertown, N. Y., wherein its agents were ordered to write no more policies on farm property under any consideration; and the anomaly comes in when we consider that this company was organized in 1866 for the special purpose of insuring agriculturists against loss by fire.

Yes, the farmers around East Aurora are poor. To a great degree they are reduced to a state of trade and barter; and cold cash is a thing that seldom gladdens their eyes. A year ago should you have tramped with me across an East Aurora farm you would have said the chief crop was bowlders.

This is not quite so much so as it was.

And this is why: When we built our big fireplace in the new Shop out of bowlders, the result was so pleasing that I just said to Billy Kelly, who did most of the work, "Billy, this Shop is getting too small for our force, let's put up an entire building of field stones. Will you stand by?"

"I'll not only stand by for a year or two, but I'll stick by the Roycroft Shops until I die of old age," solemnly answered Billy. Now Billy Kelly is one of the few men in this world whom I know who speak the truth. Sammy the artist is possessed of a tropical imagination, the Red One often indulges in fancy's flight, and Ali Baba is an awful liar. But Billy Kelly is truthful.

"John," said Billy, "you draw the plans, and give me the boys, and we 'll put up that building." Billy always calls me "John"—most every one around the Shop does, because that is n't my name. It all happened when a man from Buffalo drove up in a fine buggy and seeing me running the lawn mower, called, "I say, John, you—hold my horse a minute!"

I went over and held the horse. The man went inside and asked for Fra Elbertus.

"That's him out there holding your horse!" was the answer. But never mind that. We were talking about Billy Kelly and the new building to be made out of bowlders.

"Put'er there, John," says Billy.

So we shook hands on it; and straightway I wrote an advertisement to insert in the "Blizzard," offering to pay one dollar a load for field stones. The next morning after that advertisement appeared the stones began to arrive.

The second morning there was a procession of loads, and wagons loaded with bowlders were seen coming to town from every direction. Most of the farmers were suspicious and insisted on having their money on the spot; so Baba was provided with a shot bag of silver dollars, and to each man he gave his due. The Baba also availed himself of the buyer's privilege, and rubbed

a little good advice into the farmers as to the advantage of giving honest measure and providing good stones. One man caught bringing shale was well damned, and pointed, personal, derogatory remarks were made concerning his ancestry.

But every day the stones arrived and Ali Baba was kept busy as a black ant inspecting the goods, and holding the agrarians up to quality and quantity.

No crops were being planted—every one was hauling stone. "I allus heard John was a bit off," said one farmer, "an' now I know it." And this man made hot haste to move his crop to market ere "John" was declared dangerous and locked up.

The farmers hauled stones.

They hauled fifteen hundred and forty-seven loads, and that was all the stones they could afford to haul at a dollar a load. It was all the stones that lay within the dollar limit, which was two miles from town. They could haul three or four loads a day, if the distance was not much over two miles, but when stones got so scarce that they had to be hauled, say, three miles, then two loads was a day's work. ¶ The next man who buys bowlders in East Aurora will have to pay two dollars a load—I have bulled the market on nigger-heads.

Bowlders come in limited editions, and Ali Baba says it will be at least twenty years before another crop can be grown.

In the meantime, with the help of the "boys," which means the printers and artists, working odd hours, Billy Kelly has erected a beautiful building from the field stones—the stones rejected of men. Billy and the boys didn't do quite all the work alone—they had some help from the gang that hangs around the station, but all the printers had a hand in it.

Beside having enough bowlders for the Library building, just completed, we have enough hard-heads to make the Roycroft Phalanstery. ¶ The plans are all completed, and Billy and the boys began on the foundation last week.

The Lecture Lyceum

I WONDER if you are old enough to recall the Lyceum days of Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Horace Greeley, and George William Curtis? How we saved our pennies all summer to buy tickets and anticipated the coming event for weeks and weeks; and after the great man had come and gone, how we lived it all over again around the family table!

But the lecture lyceum is dead now, very dead. Various worthy efforts are made from time to time to revive it; and at the end of the season there is a nice little deficit to be made up out of the private purses of the zealous promoters, and many heartburnings and feminine anathemas because "the people in our town are so dull and stupid."

But this is not a local condition—it exists everywhere from Boston to San Francisco, and the fact that it does is to the credit of the intelligence of the people. For the truth is that instead of men of mind, men of convictions, men with a message, the so-called Lecture Bureaus have foisted upon the public "entertainers" who string together a lot of stale jokes and trite truisms and call it a lecture. These men have never done anything in the world really worth while, and go into the scheme simply for a little cheap glory and the dollars they get out of it. They never offend any one by the boldness of their utterances, they never challenge outworn customs and beliefs, they never strike conviction home—they only make the unthinking laugh and the judicious grieve.

We buy tickets simply because we wish to help "raise the mortgage on the parsonage;" "buy a piano for the high school:" or "help the public library;" and then we give the tickets to the hired girl and her beau, and they go and hear the able address on

"Apron Strings," "Shams," "Clams," "Fools," or "Boys and Girls—Nice and Naughty."

The Lecture Bureaus are purely commercial speculations, and the men who manage them are usually without either taste or discernment. They have simply placed a wrong estimate on the intelligence of the public, and have given us Mellin's Food until we have grown aweary. You cannot fool all of the people all the time. The People are hungry for truth: education and intelligence are marching to the front, and the fact that minstrel monolog will no longer pass is, I repeat, a most hopeful sign. ¶ When the walls are razed even with the ground, then there is opportunity to start afresh and build a worthy structure. ¶ And my firm belief is that these ministerial endmen will soon be hooted entirely from the platform.

And then possibly a Man will come out of the Great Silence, and we will go and hear his Message, and our hearts will warm within us for days thereafter as we ponder on the things we heard when in that potent presence. And our work will be lighter, and our companions nobler, and someway God will seem nearer, because we have seen and heard one of His Messengers.

Abolish the Sermon

AMONG my good friends I count a Methodist Minister at Buffalo. This man takes *The Philistine* and reads it religiously.

Not long ago I met him and he said, "You know, of course, that I do not agree with you on every point!"

"Certainly," I answered.

"But I like to hear you preach, for it acts on me as a sedative!" I continued ☙ ☙

He smiled, we grasped hands, and were as brothers.

This particular preacher soothes and rests me; others stimulate me, and some there be who irritate my soul and bring many wicked thoughts to the surface. So true is the latter clause that I hesitate long before going to church to hear a preacher I do not know, for I am aware that to run the risk of having all spirituality joshed out of one, is not wise.

Under right conditions church-going is to be commended. You must be very careful, however, and either visit the church during weekdays or at such other hours when the preacher is not there, or else attend only such houses of Worship where the clergyman is warranted deckle-edge and free from wood filler.

Intellectual sermons and appeals to logic, I am inclined to think, do little good. As for myself, I feel I would now be a better man had I never heard a single sermon in all my forty hard winters. The preachers who have rubbed me the wrong way of the fur, are the men, who, at the Last Day, will be held responsible for my chief shortcomings.

The dim light of churches, the softly playing organ, the chanting voices, have often melted my spirit into an attitude of worship—all to be dashed with ice-water when a large, whiskered Jack-in-the-Pulpit would pop up and deliver a homily on "The Futility

of the Darwinian Hypothesis," or "Immersion the only True Mode of Baptism."

Twiddle I my thumbs ever so diligently, count one thousand backward, or repeat Ben Ezra's prayer—it was no use—my soul was in revolt.

The Jack-in-the-Box had robbed me of my Heaven and separated me from the Divine.

There was a time when men may have gone to church for instruction: it is not so now. We have a Public School System, Free Libraries and periodicals galore. We do not go to church for mental excitation, but for spiritual elevation and to be healed of our soul-hurt. And to the end that our souls may be cured, I plead that the sermon shall be abolished, and that reliance be placed solely on music, poetry, the stately responsive ritual, and an increased beauty in the House of God.

Sorrows of Success

TO RISE in the world, in spite of popular illusions, is by no means an unmixed blessing. The young proletarian, playing happily in his native gutter, scarcely realizes this. So soon as he begins to think at all about himself, his teachers begin the evil lesson of ambition; he lifts his eyes to the distant peaks, and the sun is bright upon them and they seem very fair. The garrulous Smiles comes his way with stories of men who have "got on"—without a word of warning against the sorrows of success. No one warns him of the penalties. Every one speaks of climbing as though it were bliss unspeakable. And so the youngster, finding his limbs are stout and the strength is in him, starts confidently enough, by the way of book or barter, as his tastes incline. Let the epic Smiles tell of the career of those who win. Let no one tell of those who fall, who drop by the way with bodies enfeebled by overstudy, underfed; or who are lost amidst the fogs of commercial immorality. Our concern is with those who win, to whom a day comes when they can see their schoolmates far below them, still paddling happily in the gutter; can look down on venerable heads to which they once looked up, and turning the other way, behold the Promised Land. One might think it would be all exultation, this Nebo incident, the happiest of all possible positions in the sad life of man. It may be, even, that the man from below tells himself as much.

His means for horse exercise came when his nerve for it had gone. The wine of life does not wait. After all, the man he has ousted had drunk the best of the cup; for the conqueror, the dregs. That is the disillusionment of the successful proletarian. Better a little farm, a life of old-fashioned work, love, and a tumult of children, than this Dead Sea fruit of success. It is fun to struggle, but tragedy to win. "Success is hideous," says

Victor Hugo. Happy is the poor man who clutches that prize in the grip of death and never sees it crumble in his hand.

The Worries of an Editor

FEW people realize the responsibilities and mental worries of an editor. Scarcely ever do I receive a MS. that I do not have to work over before it can be used. For instance, a short time ago, I received from Mr. Bolton Hall a letter and manuscript. Here is the letter. We will call it

EXHIBIT NO. I.

"To tax land values is the panacea for all economic ills."—Henry George.

BOLTON HALL,
Counselor at Law,
Trinity Building,
Rooms 128 and 130, 11 Broadway
July 5, 1899.

Elbert Hubbard, Esq.,
East Aurora, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:

I enclose a short story which has been "despised and rejected of men" who edit magazines. Nevertheless, I think it is good, and that the reason it fails to catch on is that a certain incident is indelicate. If you find it available I would be glad to have you use it, and anyway, I would be glad to know how it strikes you.

Yours sincerely,

Bolton Hall.

And this is the story Mr. Hall sent. We will call it

EXHIBIT NO. II.

A BROTHER'S KEEPER

"Help, help, help!" The bank director throws up his arms and the water chokes his cry. He comes to the surface again and sees for a second time the broken dock, the huge confusion—a stout lady held afloat by the air under her skirts, her feet kicking beneath the silk—the new launched ship; he gasps for breath and takes the water in; it is as though a strangling hand is on his throat—it seems as if he were floating gently through the air—he feels a buzzing in ears, then, quietness and dreams—such dreams; they come and go.

A strong man wanders wearily, foul-smelling and unkempt. He looks in vain for work, every one refuses him. He fumbles in the offal for a scrap of food and drains the beer kegs. At last he finds a ragged plot of land and breaks the soil—he borrows a little seed and tools: his plants begin to sprout. A policeman takes him roughly by the arm, and scuffling, strikes him with his club and throws him into a cell, and as he locked the door, the policeman's face comes into the light—the face is the director's own—he screams, "It was not I did that, the land was mine by law. It was the court that dispossessed"—

The director feels the rescuers lift his arms.

A handsome boy is reeling down the street, shouting a maudlin song. An old man leads him on—they look alike. A door opens in a low street and both go in; there are lights and wine, bottles and dice: the lad drinks; he is getting stupid now, the old man turns the lad's pockets inside out and throws him in the street. The blood spurts from the boy's ears and the old man looks around. God! it is the bank director's face—he shrieks, "It is

my only son, I gave him every thing he asked. What more was there that I could do? I had no time"—

The bank director understands that men are putting warm things to his feet.

On a cot lies a little child: its eyes are burned by fever, and its pinched lips crack. Its mother totters home, she is so tired; but light is in her eyes, for in her pail is the food and in a tiny packet the costly medicine that the infant needs. Behind her glides a thief; in the packet he pricks a hole and into the pail he drops a deadly drug. The mother looks about—the medicine has been lost, she thinks. Tears are in her eyes, but she gives the baby what she has. A quiver shakes the little creature's frame. The mother shrieks, the thief looks proudly around. The director sees the face his own—"I never could do that. I got my profits by the laws the same as other men. It was the tax that took"—

The bank director knows that men are rubbing his limbs.

A bare, mean room, and across the bed a girl, partly undressed. Beside the bed a man in his underclothes. The girl's cheeks and neck down to her little breasts are crimson with shame, and she is crying timidly. She sobs "Mama," then stops. The man turns angrily, his face is the bank director's face. "I never did such things as that. It is want that drove her to that life. I could not help—Ha, these are no dreams!"

"It is no use," said the doctor, "he is dead, quite dead probably from shock. What a loss he will be to society!"

—Bolton Hall.

Mr. Hall is a son of the late Rev. Dr. John Hall, the gifted

clergyman who received the largest salary ever paid to a preacher in America. Mr. Hall is a graduate of Yale, an alumnus of the Harvard Law School, and I am told, holds the degree of Ph.D. from Columbia University.

You will see by reading the sketch as submitted that it lacks synthesis and literary perspicacity. So after reading the MS. I wrote Mr. Hall the following letter which we will call

EXHIBIT NO. III

Office of
" The PHILISTINE "
East Aurora, July 9, 1899.

Mr. Bolton Hall.

Dear Sir:

I must thank you for the privilege of reading your fine manuscript. The conception is very good and the idea of interlacing physiologic, psychologic, sociologic, economic, domestic and pornographic problems is most adroitly worked out. The scheme of giving the thoughts of drowning men is not new, but as a student of medicine I was interested in the phenomena of the drowning of your Bank Director; then my attention ranged to the realm of sociology and economics; finally you ran me up against an extra choice bit of realistic libidinosity. In matters of this kind I suggest you follow closely to the lines laid down by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Hamlin Whidden, and Col. Michael Monahan. Do this and I feel sure you will yet receive the recognition your genius deserves. Success in literature comes slowly and I always advise my young friends not to expect too quick a guerdon. Let your mind blossom gradually.

Putting your hero in a Ypsilanti combination suit is all right and the reference to the chamber is a smooth piece of work—worthy of a Zola. Had I written the story I probably would have made it bucolic and laid the scene in the clover—but yours

is better. Your plan of making economics salacious is a good stroke. Of course you have kept a copy of the story, so I'll retain the MS. sent, and ask you to rewrite the sketch and enumerate other points of anatomy, and raiment (or lack of it) besides those mentioned. As it is I am sure that any reader, male or female, will be impressed with the pornographic feature to the exclusion of all else. Of course this is what you intend, and you lead up to it skillfully. But I think I would rivet attention by a proper use of such expressions as "lissome," "sylph-like," "inviting," "rapturous," "blissful," and "divine."

On inquiry, I do not find that bank directors are given much to lubricity, so there is really no weighty reason why your hero should be a director. In fact, I believe directors are usually chased. I myself am a bank director. If it were necessary to preserve the poetic unities I would not hesitate, but if you please, do not make it a bank director—make it, say, a janitor. We have many directors on our list who buy our books and you of course know it would be bad policy to run the risk of offending them

This bank director of yours was probably a married man—you infer as much—but if the stout lady with the wind under her skirts is his wife it would be well to make it plain. It would tend to interest widows, and of course you know our magazine is not a run for any single class. We have many widows on our lists

And lastly, may I ask if the word "Mama" is used to designate the female parent of the girl, or is it an anatomico-philogical pleasantry, and is there any reason why you should not spell it "Mamma?" If you will amend the MS. as described I will be glad to accept it, remitting you at usual rates.

Yours Fraternally,

THE EDITOR.

I have not yet received a copy, revised according to my suggestions, so am obliged to print the original story exactly as Mr. Hall prepared it. Mr. Hall is a very busy man, for besides his business as an attorney he is also a reformer. It is expected, though, that the amended manuscript will be here so the story can be presented in its revised form in our next issue.

The Jiners

TO MARGUERITE: No, I do not belong to a Church, nor to any Secret Society.

I do not belong to anything, except the East Aurora Hook and Ladder Company.

Why should any one who is free, belong?

Of course I am a member of the Society of the Philistines, but as I can resign at any time if there appears an item in the Magazine I do not like, it cannot be said that I really belong. To belong implies that some one has a rope to your foot. And furthermore, I do not want anyone to "belong" to me. I would hold my friend only by the virtue that is in me—by the attraction of the worth that is in my soul.

Still, I might belong to a Secret Society if there was wisdom to be gained thereby that could not be gotten in any other way.

¶ But mark you this, dearie, there is no Secret Society that has corralled truth. Truth is in the air, and when your head gets into the right stratum you know it. No one can impart it to you until the time is ripe, and when the time is ripe for you to know, you do not have to ride a goat in order to understand. God's Eternal Truth is not to be secured that way.

Darwin says the herding instinct in animals has its base in fear.

¶ Sheep and cattle go in droves, while a lion simply flocks with his mate—and lets it go at that. Frederick Nietzsche writes in his Third Essay on the "Genealogy of Morals": "Prompted by a desire to cast off depression and impotence, the sickly and weak instinctively strive for gregarious organization. Those who wish to lead have always fostered fear, encouraging this tendency to herd, promising protection and offering to impart valuable knowledge in return for a luxurious livelihood."

The Jiner instinct in man is a manifestation of weakness, not strength. It is a clutch to get something for nothing, a grab at

good which you have not earned. ¶ By going with a gang you hope to grow wise. But while wisdom has sometimes come to men in solitude, it is not to be found in the crowd. I am opposed on principle to secrets. Is truth a thing to hide in a ginger jar on a high shelf? You are welcome to all the good I can impart, and if you are in possession of truth that the world needs and you keep it back, you are not my kind.

But the fact is, you can't.

In years agone, when every man's hand was against his neighbor, it was proper and right for men to unite with other men in order to stand against a common foe. Clan fought clan with tooth and nail, and to despoil and rob and kill was the right of him who could—and to further this sort of thing, Secret Societies with their shibboleths and passwords and signs and grips came into being ❧ ❧

Secret Societies are a product of savagery, and the fact that they exist is proof of our origin. All men are my brothers, not just those who belong.

Of course I do not claim that Secret Societies are savage institutions now. On the contrary they are quite toothless, innocent affairs where men meet for frolic and good-fellowship. As social institutions they are all right: but bless your soul! they have no "secrets." ¶ The answer to that last remark, I know full well is, "How do you know, since you do not belong?"

And so I will say, well, I know the men who do. They are pretty good fellows, too. One of them who has attained the 48th Degree in Something owns the farm next to mine, and in summer we often go swimming together in the creek. When we stand upon the bank, stripped, ready to dive off into th' ole swimmin' hole, I'll defy Herr Tuefelsdroch, or any of his disciples, to tell which biped holds in his epidermis the Great Secret Doctrine.

Does my neighbor possess Spiritual Truth that I do not?

No, dearie ❧ ❧

He is a nice man, but he is not in possession of any great South African Spiritual gems. If he were it would make him round-shouldered to carry them. And the virtue of my neighbor lies in the fact that when we are alone together, he confesses that all his jining has given him no insight into the mystery of things. He jines out of pure sociability.

Then there are various other worthy men in town who belong to lodges. I know two dozen of them or more. I have known some of them for twenty years, and have been with them under every vicisstiude of life. I buy oats and hay of them; and when they bring me potatoes the scrubby ones are often in the bottom of the bag. I meet these Jiners at the grocery, or the station when we go down to see the four-o'clock train come in; I often pitch horseshoes with them, and surely I would be base to insinuate that there was anything wrong in their Secret Society doin's

All the point I wish to make is that they are not much beyond me in esoteric truth, for I usually turn the bags of tubers out on the barn floor before I make a price on them.

One reason why I criticize Secret Societies is that they, for the most part, exclude women. If a thing is good, the man who would hide it away from the woman he loves is only a 2 x 4; and if a thing is no good and he pretends to her it is, and keeps it on a high shelf, he is still a 2 x 4—and both are aware of it.

Very much has been said by the Funny Press about attending Lodge and the consequent marital infelicity that sometimes follows; but the joke is founded on a very grim and lamentable fact. Secret Societies tend to separate the sexes in their mental occupations, and this is the most grievous count that can be brought against them.

Men and women should commune intellectually: to lovey-dovey is not enough. To only lovey-dovey is to hate afterwards. Where men and women meet only to lovey-dovey, society is essentially

barbaric; and where the males monopolize, or think, or pretend to think, that they monopolize wisdom, there is small hope for progress. Man cannot advance and leave woman behind. And the one point of congratulation in this whole Secret Society business is that Secret Societies have no secrets that are worth a tuppenny damn. The wisdom that is among them is free to any man or woman who can absorb it.

I have met a few men and women in my lifetime who were in possession of valuable Spiritual Truth. And I knew it, not from what they said, but because there shone from their faces a light, and from their persons there went a radiance, and in all their actions was a dignity that gave their words weight.

But these rare beings did not "belong"—they were themselves, and they were great because they were.

Into their souls there had been absorbed a goodly meed of the Divine Spirit ❧ ❧

Let's keep the windows open to the East, be worthy, and sometime we shall know.

The Better Part

I AM an Anarchist.

All good men are Anarchists.

All cultured, kindly men; all gentlemen; all just men are Anarchists.

Jesus was an Anarchist.

A Monarchist is one who believes a monarch should govern. A Plutocrat believes in the rule of the rich. A Democrat holds that the majority should dictate. An Aristocrat thinks only the wise should decide; while an Anarchist does not believe in government at all. ¶ Richard Croker is a Monarchist; Mark Hanna a Plutocrat; Cleveland a Democrat; Cabot Lodge an Aristocrat; William Penn, Henry D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott and Walt Whitman were Anarchists.

An Anarchist is one who minds his own business. An Anarchist does not believe in sending warships across wide oceans to kill brown men, and lay waste rice fields, and burn the homes of people who are fighting for liberty. An Anarchist does not drive women with babes at their breasts and other women with babes unborn, children and old men into the jungle to be devoured by beasts or fever or fear, or die of hunger, homeless, unhouseled and undone ❧ ❧

Destruction, violence, ravages, murder, are perpetrated by statute law. Without law there would be no infernal machines, no war ships, no dynamite guns, no flat-nosed bullets, no pointed cartridges, no bayonets, no policemen's billies, no night sticks, no come-alongs, no hand-cuffs, no straight-jackets, no dark cells, no gallows, no prison walls to conceal the infamies therein inflicted. Without law no little souls fresh from God would be branded "illegitimate," indelibly, as soon as they reach Earth. Without law there would be less liars, no lawyers, fewer hypocrites, and no Devil's Island.

"The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain;
The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is nought but the power of a song.
The dreams that our fathers dreamed today are laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.
Let us hope no more, nor dream, nor prophesy, nor pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way;
And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind old fashions die."

¶ I do not go quite so far as that—I'm a pessimistic-optimist, dearie,—I believe that brutality tends to defeat itself. Prize-fighters die young, gourmands get the gout, hate hurts worse the man who nurses it, and all selfishness robs the mind of its divine insight, and cheats the soul that would know. Mind alone is eternal. He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps. My faith is great: out of the transient darkness of the present the shadows will flee away, and Day will yet dawn.

I am an Anarchist.

No man who believes in force and violence is an Anarchist. The true Anarchist decries all influences save those of love and reason. Ideas are his only arms.

Being an Anarchist I am also a Socialist. Socialism is the antithesis of Anarchy. One is the North Pole of Truth, the other the South. The Socialist believes in working for the good of all, while Anarchy is pure Individualism. I believe in every man working for the good of self; and in working for the good of self, he works for the good of all. To think, to see, to feel, to know; to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you

the highest good. They will bring you the love of the best, and the esteem of that Sacred Few, whose good opinion alone is worth cultivating. And further than this, it is the best way you can serve Society—live your life. The wise way to benefit humanity is to attend to your own affairs, and thus give other people an opportunity to look after theirs.

If there is any better way to teach virtue than by practicing it, I do not know it.

Would you make men better—set them an example.

The millenium will never come until governments cease from governing, and the meddler is at rest. Politicians are men who volunteer the task of governing us, for a consideration. The political boss is intent on living off your labor. A man may seek an office in order to do away with the rascal who now occupies it, but for the most part office-seekers are rank rogues. Shakespeare used the word politician five times, and each time it is synonymous with knave. That is to say, a politician is one who sacrifices truth and honor for policy. The highest motive of his life is expediency—policy. In King Lear it is the "scurvy politician," who through tattered clothes beholds small vices, while robes and furred gowns, for him, covers all.

Europe is divided up between eight great governments, and in time of peace over three million men are taken from the ranks of industry and are under arms, not to protect the people, but to protect one government from another.

Mankind is governed by the worst—the strongest example of this is to be seen in American municipalities, but it is true of every government. We are governed by rogues who hold their grip upon us by and through statute law. Were it not for law the people could protect themselves against these thieves, but now we are powerless and are robbed legally. One mild form of coercion these rogues resort to is to call us unpatriotic when we speak the truth about them. Not long ago they would have

cut off our heads. The world moves. ¶ Governments cannot be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing, and the ideal government will arrive when there is no government at all.

So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionaly kill theirs. So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced, hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men.

Governments imprison men, and then hound them when they are released.

Hate springs eternal in the human breast.

And hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in God's pure sunshine.

And the worst part about making a soldier of a man, is not that the soldier kills brown men or black men or white men, but it is that the soldier loses his own soul.

I am an Anarchist.

I do not believe in bolts or bars or brutality. I make my appeal to the divinity in men, and they, in some mysterious way, feeling this, do not fail me. I send valuable books, without question, on a postal card request, to every part of the earth where the mail can carry them, and my confidence is never abused. The Roycroft Shop is never locked, employees and visitors come and go at pleasure, and nothing is molested. My library is for any one who cares to use it.

Out in the great world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness, and then struggle for life in the deep water. Society jigs and ambles by, with a coil of rope, but before throwing it, demands of the drowning one a certificate of character from her Pastor, or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday

School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal. Not being able to produce the document the struggler is left to go down to her death in the darkness.

A so-called "bad woman" is usually one whose soul is being rent in an awful travail of prayer to God that she may get back upon solid footing and lead an honest life. Believing this, the Roycroft principle is to never ask for such a preposterous thing as a letter of recommendation from any one. We have a hundred helpers, and while it must not be imagined by any means that we operate a reform school or a charitable institution, I wish to say that I distinctly and positively refuse to discriminate between "good" and "bad" people. I will not condemn, nor for an instant imagine that it is my duty to resolve myself into a section of the Day of Judgment.

I fix my thought on the good that is in every soul and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you, that if you have never known the love, loyalty and integrity of a proscribed person, you have never known what love, loyalty and integrity are.

I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves; and so mayhap, they, of their own accord will choose the better part—the ways that lead to life and light.

As to Advertising Books

ONE of the mysteries of this world is why one book will reach a sale of a hundred thousand copies and another one equally good falls flat. ¶ There was "Ships that Pass in the Night" that outsold any book of its day—gone now, like ships that pass in the night. It wasn't a bad book, nor so very good; just such as five hundred girls who have had their souls quickened, and wits sharpened, and hearts bruised by a little experience, write every year. Books like that are written hot off the bat, as my friend Mr. Dooley would say. And all good things are so written, although, of course, it would be a mistake to assume that all things so written are good. Yet the presses of a dozen publishers ran overtime and could not supply the demand for Beatrice Harraden's book.

Well, what sold it? Newspaper advertising?

No, dearie, newspaper advertising does not sell books; newspaper advertising sells some things, but not books. To simply announce that you have Soulheaver's poems may be good policy, for possibly some one is looking for Soulheaver's works, but no amount of praise added to your advertisement will cause a stranger to invest in Soulheaver. Columns of puffery by paid "reviewers" does not sell books. I've had a paper with a hundred thousand circulation give one of my books a lavish write-up of a full column, and the stuff did not fetch a single order.

On the other hand, a few weeks ago I received six orders in one day for a book from the comparatively obscure town of Humboldt, Iowa, and all were traceable to a certain young woman who read from the volume at a teachers' convention.

It seems this young woman had the confidence and respect and affection of her auditors. Her recommendation carried weight. When she said, "I hold in my hand a book; it is so good

that I want you to enjoy it with me," immediately there was a desire in the hearts of several in that little audience to own a copy of that identical book; for that which could minister to the wants of this strong, discriminating, yet gentle girl, they felt must be worth while. These kind folk who bought my book because a discerning young woman recommended it, in their turn sold a hundred copies. They possibly were not aware of it—but they did.

There is a fellow by the name of William Hawley Smith, who could play Cyrano de Bergerac without an artificial beak, but whose generous heart is so big that his nose is an insignificant pug in proportion. He, too, could fight and compose a ballad at the same time, pinking you at the l' envoi. ¶ When Hawley Smith and Zangwill met in Chicago, the Dreamer of the Ghetto fell on the neck of Smith, cried for joy, and exclaimed, "At last! Thank God, I've found a man as homely as myself!"

Hawley Smith has analyzed the problem of education as thoroughly as did Jean Jacques Rousseau and practiced it a deal better; and if he had not allowed his compass to go off ten points in deference to the Methodist Church, would have written as deathlessly. But had he written as well as he could, like Jean Jacques, he might have asked for bread and been given a pile of stone—after he was dead.

Hawley, he once read from one of my books and simply told the audience that in his opinion the work was not so bad as it might be, and the next day every bookdealer in that town was wiring Putnam's Sons to "Send by first express," etc. This shows how some folks regard Hawley Smith's opinions. ¶ The Sons wrote to me asking if I had been out blowing my horn. I replied, " No, and even if I have it would have made no special difference in sales—it's all the fault of De Bergerac Smith." ¶ The Sons replied by wire, " Engage Bergerac ten years' contract his own terms."

By the way, Hawley Smith wrote a book that has sold well over a hundred thousand copies, and has done more to evolve education in America into common-sense lines than anything Pestalozzi ever printed. This little book has been a world-mover—I will not tell you its title—you are to be pitied if you do not know it—and yet the author never got a dollar out of it. When he wrote it, publishers sniffed at it, others mocked, one took it as a gift and told the author he was welcome to look in the show windows whenever he passed by, and all the icicles on the cornice were his if he cared to climb up and get them.

But let us go back, ere we stray, and say, Bergerac could not be hired to boom books; and if he could, his recommendation would be worthless. His word is only valuable because it is not for sale. The advertisement that secures recognition and really sells the book cannot be purchased—it cannot even be asked for—but must spring spontaneous from the sympathetic heart. To request it would be to lose it, for like love, it goes to him who does not ask for it, and passes in silence all those who plot, scheme and lie in wait. It goes only to the worthy: but alas! the worthy sometimes—aye, often, pine away of heart-hunger, and there is no hand to caress, nor gentle voice to soothe; and youth flies fast, and recognition comes only when it is no more desired, and when the presence of cool, all-enfolding death—strong deliveress—is more grateful than the applause of men.

Good horseshoe nails are always good nails, but what is good in literature is all a matter of taste. There is no standard. You like it because you like it, and if certain other people praise a thing it is a good reason why you should let it severely alone—or buy it. It all depends upon who this person is.

When you read a column of unsigned puffery in the "Tribune" about Jingle's latest novel you are not influenced in Jingle's favor even in the estimation of a hair, for you do not know the writer. If the reviewer's style is bad, or you think it is, you

probably inwardly vow you will never read Jingle under any conditions, because Jingle has pleased a man of bad taste, and this is a fit excuse for eschewing Jingle.

In advertising a book I would rather quote the reviewers who damned it, than those who were lavish in their praise. Books well damned often boom, but books merely praised in print—bah! Who wants 'em? When a book is damned in print the damnation is sincere, but fulsome flattery is usually the work of some fellow who never read the volume—and all prospective buyers know it. Unscathing criticism of a work indicates that it is a bible to some, and thus are averages held good.

My own ambition is to write a book that will be excluded from the mails; and then my fortune will be made. If John Wanamaker again comes into power, I think I can fetch it.

A book booms in the market, usually because one friend recommends it to another. No person can read a book secretly and by stealth, and then gloat over it alone. A woman may discover the only pure baking powder and chuckle over her rich find—keeping the secret to herself so as to make other housewives envious of her biscuit, but she can never read a book and like it (or dislike it) and keep the fact to herself.

All book-lovers have chums, and the pleasure of reading is to pass this joy along to another. Lovers always read together, and the chief joy of loving a woman is to read to her, or have her read to you. To mix it mentally with a good woman who has phosphorous is paradise enow. The books that have boomed have usually been those that have been spurned by publishers and gone a-begging, and yet publishers are often very shrewd men. The sale started, nobody knows just how. The only book I have mentioned by name in this article was thought so little of by publisher and author that it wasn't even copyrighted, and to name others that have boomed in spite of publishers would be merely to deal in the tritest kind of truism. Cast about in your

mind and recall incidents to suit. ¶ No advertiser has ever had the talent to force a thoroughly bad book upon the market and make it sell. Ten thousand dollars invested in newspaper advertising will start an inquiry for any nostrum or brand of goods, but a moribund book can never be galvanized into life. ¶ What men call " luck " or " chance " is the result of law not understood. And the luck that makes a book "go" is regulated by a law that no advertising expert has yet been able to control. Mystery enshrouds it all.

The man who by his genius can blow this mist away and place his hand upon the law that controls the popularity of a good book, shall have riches and honor and undying fame.

Pay As You Go

OLD Zeke Crosby who, as every one knows, lives out on the mile-strip, three miles northwest of East Aurora, was down to see me yesterday. ¶ Zeke often drops in to make me a friendly call, but the particular thing that brought him this time was my little item about lawyers, in a late number of *The Philistine*. It pleased the old man immensely, and his approval pleased me, for Zeke has a son who is a lawyer—and a good one. The young man, who lives in Chicago, has made a decided success of his profession, and has the confidence of all who know him.

It would have been a very natural proceeding on the part of old Zeke to have denounced my screed on lawyers as libelous—and all that. But he did not. On the contrary he anticipated that my item would bring down on my head a torrent of abuse, not only from the local bar, but from adjacent towns as well.

And so that I might be properly fortified, my friend has, with much labor and great pains, written out his experience with two Buffalo lawyers

Old Zeke expects me to print his statement entire with names and dates, times and places.

And when he reads this, I trust he will pardon me for not doing so—for to even print the truth is regarded under certain conditions as libelous. Very briefly stated, Zeke's Complaint No. 1 is that in 1897 he sold two loads of hay to a Buffalo lawyer, who is also very well known in East Aurora. Hay was low, only $7.50 a ton, but he had to sell it in order to get money to pay taxes.

After the hay was delivered the bill was presented, and the lawyer said he would mail a check. He has n't mailed the check yet. Since the hay was sold, hay has been up to $14.00 a ton.

The lawyer now laughs at Zeke when the old man asks him for

the money, and declares his coachman paid for the hay when it was delivered ❧ ❧

Case No. 2 is a matter of butter, eggs, chickens and vegetables supplied to a lawyer's family during a space of two years. The footings are over three hundred dollars, with seventy-five dollars paid on account. Old Zeke knew the people were rich, and had delayed putting in a bill because he wanted the money all at one time to lift a mortgage. He fully expected it would be paid on request, but now the bill is repudiated. They declare the eggs he supplied were bad, the turnips woody, the potatoes rotten, and that all of his spring chickens were hens old enough to vote. ¶ When the old man attempted to defend his good name he was ordered from the premises, and soundly abused by the lawyer's wife. On refusing to go, the woman rang for a stable-man and ordered the man-servant to kick old Zeke into the street. The hostler took Zeke by the arm and induced him to go, and when in the alley, he gave the old man a dollar out of his own pocket, apologizing for his share in the matter, and declared by way of extenuation, that he just had to make a show of putting old Zeke out or lose his job.

Well, what does all this prove? Nothing at all, save that two men, who are accidentally lawyers, have treated a generous and kindly old man with gross injustice. Lawyers are not all bad and all deadbeats are not lawyers, but some lawyers are rogues and all lawyers are officers of the Court—servants of the Goddess, who, being blind, never sees anything of their rascality.

To us who are young and tough and mixing in the world, Old Zeke's troubles all seem slight and trivial.

If I should print the names and pedigree of that family on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., who were fed by this old farmer for two years, and who then turned upon him and abused him cruelly, it would not secure his money. And should I go with St. Gerome-Roycroft and play roughhouse with their kitchen, do up the

servants, black the eyes of the honest lawyer and scare the Lady of the House into hysterics, it would do no good, and the Saint and I might get six months apiece for interesting ourselves in matters that are none of ours. Well, it does n't make much difference! Let the great lawyer who owes Zeke for two loads of hay, laugh the old man into babbling embarrassment; and let the proud Lady of the House who has taken on undue adipose at his expense screech at him that " he is a nasty old thing." Who cares! The old man has passed his three score and ten—he is living only by God's grace. His children are all grown up and gone—his work is done. Let him go home to his weed-covered farm and tell his old wife his troubles, and together let them cry salt tears down their wrinkled cheeks—it won't help their failing eyesight any, I tell you that. Who cares? The neighbors will come in before long, and then go down-town and send telegrams to Chicago, Cleveland and Des Moines, and in three days they will form a procession and head for the cemetery.

I 'm not sure just what the unpardonable sin is, but I believe it is this disposition to evade the payment of small bills.

The folks who abused Old Zeke Crosby are not " bad " people. On the contrary they move in the best circles of society, belong to the Presbyterian Church and are eminently respectable. They lack imagination, for if they could understand the misery, the worry and the pain they cause, it is not at all probable they would inflict it. They fire the farmer out—and forget him. To them, that is all there is of it.

Now if they are unjust to a helpless old farmer, they are also unjust to others. Doubtless, dressmakers, grocers, butchers and other plain people suffer at their hands in the same way. Their lives are so full looking after the mere machinery of life—so filled with selfishness, that they ride right over other folks, and no matter how many are crushed beneath the wheels of their chariots, they know nothing of it. Yet they go "slumming," belong

to missionary societies and contribute to college settlements. ¶ Does not " Society " in its society sense, breed just this dead, cruel, thoughtless indifference? It does seem so, for even in our little town the only deadbeats are those who are in the "set." Ask the grocer, the liveryman, or the butcher who are the folks that contract bills and never pay, or pay when they please, and he will tell you they are the aristocrats. The carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths and farmers look you squarely in the eye, speak to you frankly face to face, and if they promise to pay you Saturday night, and cannot, they come around and tell you why. I have been despoiled of hard-earned dollars and had my reputation ripped up the back when I ventured to ask for my own, but never excepting by those who have a Thursday.

If you wish to lessen the worries of the world and scatter sunshine as you go, don't bother to go a-slumming, or lift the fallen, or trouble to reclaim the erring—simply pay your debts cheerfully and promptly. It lubricates the wheels of trade, breaks up party ice, gives tone to the social system and liberates good-will.

Pay as you go.

Especially pay the people who work by the day and toil with their hands. A dollar means much to the man who spades your garden—never humiliate the man by making him ask for his dollar. Give it to him immediately the work is done, and if he did well, tell him so. When the woman who crouches over a sewing machine for you, all day long, brings the garment home, pay her all you owe, and do not add to her troubles by exercising the prerogative of the one who is paying over money, to flaunt out either insulting remarks or insulting manners.

The gentleman shows his true nature in his treatment of social inferiors; and of all damning sins, the withholding of money due a working man is the worst. Let us pay as we go. And the cheerfulness and good-will we give out with our money will in turn be given out by those we pay it to. Pay as you go.

Personality and Hats

PERSONALITY reveals itself especially in headgear. Fashion decrees that all men who do not have their hair cut to a certain length, and in a certain way, shall be anathema, and without the pale. Now the man of spirit rebels against this universal attempt of society to make all men look and act alike. Wild animals are alike, and with them there is no progression. You cannot tell one wild pigeon from another, and in jack rabbits all personality is completely ironed out. This is what society is constantly trying to do for her members—make them revert to a type.

But the strong man knows that progress is only obtainable by the exercise of individuality. He thinks as he pleases, writes as he feels, expresses himself in his own way, and confronts ossified social smugness by letting his hair grow long, when society's edict has ordered it short. Further than this, he glorifies his dome of thought by covering it with a peculiar hat. To wear a hat just like everybody else does is to outwardly acknowledge that your head thinks the same thoughts that all other heads think. If you have reason to believe that you have a peculiar head, you adorn it in a peculiar way. To wear a hat that is long out of fashion, or one devised by your own genius, is to throw down the gauntlet to the bourgeoisie, and say: " Behold! As I now cover my thinkery with a hat different from the one you prescribe, so do I think thoughts that to you are impossible." It is with our hat that we bestow homage, placate our enemies, or affront our foes.

To attractive young women, pretty widows, or parties rated in R. G. Dun & Co., ZXXX, or above, we raise our hats with a flourish and completely uncover the thinkery; to unattractive maidens or married women who are known to be needlessly happy in their domestic relations, we just barely lift the hat; to

vinegar-faced virgins who abjure the fluffiness of the fluffy shirt-waist, and to all those on moderate salaries, we merely jerk the hand toward the brim of our hat, and let it go at that. Then, of course, there is a round of people at whom we merely stare, leaving the hat to sit firmly on our head.

So, from Beau Brummel, who lifted his hat with great flourish to titled and illustrious nobodies, to William Penn who was born with his hat on, and never uncovered, even to King George, we run the whole gamut of symbolism of heart attitude with the hat.

¶ Personality first reveals itself in the hat.

Woman lures with her hat—a bonnet beckons.

The hat is purely a secondary sex manifestation. What the rooster's comb and wattles are to the cock o' the walk, the hat is to man. With the hat we signal, apologize, or defy. Strong men do not allow Mrs. Grundy to select their hats.

In the matter of hats Ali Baba of East Aurora is a connoisseur. He has every sort and condition of hat except the fashionable hat. If fate sends him a hat that smacks of fashion, he quickly gives it away to some needy person, for Baba is philanthropic, and always gives without grudge the things he does not want. But of eccentric, peculiar and idiosyncratic hats Ali Baba possesses many, and they are very dear to his heart. In fact, to be exact, Ali Baba is the owner of two hundred and forty-one hats. As other men collect bookplates, postage stamps, violins, brocades, or books, so does Ali Baba collect hats. It is his one weakness. And through his collecting is he linked in a bond of brotherhood to all other collectors, the round world over.

Many collectors spend fortunes securing their own particular faddish spiritual tipple. There was my dear friend, Irving Browne, for instance, who practiced law only that he might secure old prints, and who at last died poor through his mania for collecting. Then there is Colonel Krauth of Pittsburgh, who expends ten thousand a year for cancelled postage stamps, and lives in a garret

on one meal a day in order to gratify his craze. And so I might name many others who are sane on all subjects, save this one of collecting ☙ ☙

But Ali Baba is sane on all subjects, and yet he is a collector. He has not paid out a single shilling for a hat in fifty-three years. This fact supplies stern and undeniable proof of his sanity.

Not long ago a man was arrested in New York for sitting in the window of his room and expectorating down on the sidewalk, to the great danger, and certainly to the annoyance of the passers-by. The fact was clearly proven in court, and the neighbors sought to have the man declared insane and sent away on account of his so-called vicious habit.

His attorney, however, in the summing up, observed to the Learned Judge: " Your Honor, they say my client is insane, and they try to prove it by showing that he sits in the window of his room and spits down on Broadway. But this fact I hold is the highest proof of sanity. On the other hand, your Honor, should my client go down on Broadway and spit up into his window, there might be grounds for doubting his mental balance." * * * ¶ The man, I believe, was discharged.

So surely we cannot accuse Ali Baba of lack of mental balance in collecting hats, for his hats cost him nothing. And this fact cannot be truthfully stated of another single man on the whole line of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad, from Buffalo to Emporium. The way Ali secures his hats, and adds to his growing collection, may be worth relating for the edification of the young. ¶ In every household there is going on a constant accumulation of the unnecessary. Certain of these items are broken crockery, glassware, old corsets, shoes, bustles, bottles, tin cans, and hats. To get rid of these things twice a year in one fell swoop is quite a problem. They cannot be burned, to bury them costs much labor, and so they are usually carted off to some swamp, or precipice and dumped.

In East Aurora are several fashionable families, who, of course, secrete quantities of the unnecessary items named; and these people are the clients of Ali Baba. Twice a year he gathers up their old plunder and transports it in his trusty wheelbarrow to a certain outworn sand pit, and dumps it—first carefully eliminating all hats.

This process has been going on for many years, so it can easily be seen how Baba's collection grows. Very few people ever wear out a hat. The fashion changes—Knox looks after that—and society demands that her votary invest in headgear, and he does. ¶ Thus does Baba thrive. Every day in the year when he goes forth to his labors he dons a new hat. His collection includes everything in hats from dinky derbys of the vintage of 1843, with insignificant little apologetic brims, to proud and lusty belltop tiles with fur on them two inches deep. Every conceivable sample of head-covering is shown. Baba could supply a St. Patrick's Day parade, or fit out a Congress of Social Reformers. ¶ Of all the poems which Ali Baba loves best he lingers longest over these lines written by his friend, Mr. Stephen Crane, entitled:

SOME THINGS

The impact of a dollar upon the heart
Smiles warm and light,
Sweeping from the hearth rosily upon the white table,
With the hanging cool velvet shadows,
Moving softly upon the door.
The impact of a million dollars
Is a crash of flunkeys
And yawning emblems of Persia
Cheeked against oak, France and a sabre.
The outcry of old beauty
Simpered at by pimpled merchants
To submission before wine and chatter.

Silly rich peasants stamp the carpets of men,
Dead men who dreamed fragrance and light
Into their woof, their lives.
The pelt of an honest bear
Under the feet of a cryptic slave
Who speaks always of baubles
Forgetting place, multitude, work and state;
Champing and mouthing of hats,
Hats.

The Collector

MY HEART goes out to the collector. In the soul of the collector of old books, swords, pistols, brocades, prints, clocks and book-plates, there is only truth. If he gives you his friendship it is because you love the things that he loves; he has no selfish wish to use your good name to further his own petty plans—he only asks that you shall behold, and beholding, your eyes shall glow and your heart warm within you ❧ ❧

Inasmuch as we live in an age of the specialist, one man often collects only books on one subject, Dante for instance; another, nothing but books printed at Venice; another, volumes concerning the stage, and still another devotes all his spare time to securing tobacco pipes. And I am well aware that the man who for a quarter of a century industriously collects snuff-boxes, has a supreme contempt for the man who collects both snuff-boxes and clocks. And in this does the specialist reveal that his normal propensity to collect has degenerated. That is to say, it has refined itself into an abnormality, and from the innocent desire to collect, has shifted off into a selfish wish to outrival.

The man who collects many things, with easy, natural leanings towards, say spoons, is pure in heart and free from guile; but when his soul centers on spoons exclusively, he has fallen from his high estate and is simply possessed of a lust for ownership—he wants to own more peculiar spoons than any man on earth. Such an one stirs up wrath and rivalry, and is the butt and byword of all others who collect spoons. Prosperous, practical, busy people sometimes wonder why other people build cabinets with glass fronts and strong locks and therein store postage stamps, bits of old silks, autographs and books that are very precious only when their leaves are uncut; and so I will here endeavor to explain.

¶ At the same time I despair of making my words intelligible to any but those who are collectors, or mayhap to those others who are in the varioloid stage.

Then possibly you say I better not waste good paper and ink by recording the information, since collectors know already, and those who are without the pale have neither eyes to see, nor hearts to incline.

But the simple fact is, the proposition that you comprehend on first hearing was yours already; for how can you recognize a thing as soon as it comes into view if you have never seen it before? You have thought my thought yourself, or else your heart would not beat fast and your lips say, " Yes, yes! " when I voice it. Truth is in the air, and when your head gets up into the right stratum of atmosphere you breathe it in. You may not know that you have breathed it in until I come along and write it out on this blank sheet, and then you read it and say, " Yes; your hand! that is surely so, I knew it all along! " and so then if I tell you a thing you already know, I confer on you the great blessing of introducing you to yourself and giving you the consciousness that you know. ¶ And to know you know is power.

And to feel the sense of power is to feel a sense of oneness with the Source of Power.

What were we talking of?

Oh, yes, collectors and collecting.

Men collect things because these things stir imagination and link them with the people who once possessed and used these things. Thus through imagination is the dead past made again to live and throb and pulse with life. Man is not the lonely creature that those folks with bad digestions sometimes try to have us believe. We are brothers not only to all who live, but with all who have gone before ❧ ❧

And so we collect the trifles that once were valuables for other men, and by the possesssion of these trifles are we bounden to

them. These things stimulate imagination, stir the sympathies and help us to forget the cramping bounds of time and space that so often hedge us close around. The people near us may be sordid, stupid, mean; or more likely they are weary and worn with the battle for mere food, shelter and raiment; or they are depressed by that undefined, brooding fear which civilization exacts as payment for benefits forgot, so their better selves are subdued. ¶ But through fancy's flight we can pick our companions out of the company of saints and sinners who have long turned to dust. I have the bookplates of Holbein and Hogarth, and I have a book once owned by Rembrandt, and so I do not say Holbein and Hogarth and Rembrandt were: I say they are.

And thus the collector confuses the glorious dead and the living in one fairy company; and although he may detect varying degrees of excellence, for none does he hold contempt, of none is he jealous, none does he envy. From them he asks nothing, upon him they make no demands. ¶ In the collector's cast of mind there is something very childlike and ingenuous.

My little girl has a small box of bright bits of silk thread that she hoards very closely; then she possesses certain pieces of calico, curtain rings, nails, buttons, spools, and fragments of china—all of which are very dear to her heart. And why should they not be? For with them she creates a fairy world, wherein are only joy and peace and harmony. Quite an improvement on this!

Yes, dearie, quite.

Meissonier, the artist, began collecting very early. He has told us that he remembers when five years of age, of going with his mother to market and collecting rabbit's ears and feet that he would take home and carefully nail up on the wall of the garret. And it may not be amiss to here explain that the rabbit's foot as an object of superstitious veneration has no real place outside of the United States of America, and this only south of Mason's and Dixon's line. The Meissonier lad's collection of rabbit

ears increased until he had colors enough to nearly run the chromatic scale. Then he collected pigeon's wings in like manner, and if you have ever haunted French market places you know how natural a thing this would be for a child. The boy's mother took quite an interest in his amusements, and helped him spread the wings out and arrange the tails fan-shape, on the walls. They had long strings of buttons and boxes of spools in partnership; and when they would go up the Seine on little excursions Sunday afternoons, they would bring back rich spoils in way of swan feathers, butterflies, "snake-feeders" and tiny shells. Then once they found a bird's nest, and as the mother-bird had deserted it, they carried it home. That was a red-letter day, for the garret collection had increased to such an extent that a partition was made across the corner of a room by hanging up a strip of cloth. And all the things in that corner belonged to Ernest—his mother said so

Ernest's mother seemed to have had a fine, joyous, childlike nature, so she fully entered into the life of her boy. He wanted no other companion. In fact, this mother was little better herself than a child in years—she was only sixteen when she bore him. They lived at Lyons, then, but three years later moved to Paris. Her temperament was poetic, religious, and her spirit had in it a touch of superstition—which is the case with all really excellent women

But this sweet play-time was not for long—the mother died in 1825, aged twenty-four years. I suppose there is no greater calamity can befall a child than to lose his mother. Still, Nature is very kind, and for Ernest Meissonier there always remained firm, clear-cut memories of a slight, fair-haired woman, with large open grey eyes, who held him in her arms, sang to him and rocked him to sleep each night as the darkness gathered. He lived over and over again those few sunshiny excursions up the river; and he knew all the reeds and flowers and birds she liked best, and

the places where they had landed from the boat and lunched together were forever to him, sacred spots.

But the death of his mother put a stop for a time to the collecting. The sturdy housekeeper who came to take the mother's place, speedily cleared " the truck " out of the corner and forbade the bringing of any more feathers and rabbit's feet into her house—well, I guess so! The birds' nests, long grasses, reeds, shells and pigeon feet were tossed straightway into the fire-place and went soaring up the chimney in smoke. The destruction of the collection did n't kill the propensity to collect, however, any more than you can change a man's opinions by burning his library. It only dampened the desire for a time. It broke out again after a few years and continued for considerable over half a century. There was a house at Poissy " full to the roof tiles " of books, marbles, bronzes and innumerable curios gathered from every corner of the earth; and a place at Paris filled in like manner, for which Ernest Meissonier had expended over a million francs.

In the palace at Paris, when the owner was near his three score years and ten, he took from a locker a morocco case and opening it showed his friend, Dumas, a long curl of yellow hair; and then he brought out a curious old white silk dress, and said to the silent Dumas, " This curl was cut from my mother's head after her death, and this dress was her wedding gown."

A few days after this Meissonier wrote these words in his journal: " It is the 20th of February—the morning of my seventieth birthday. What a long time to look back upon! This morning at the hour when my mother gave me birth, I wished my first thoughts to be of her. Dear mother, how often have the tears risen to my eyes at the remembrance of you! It was your absence —the longing I had for you that made you so dear to me. The love of my heart goes out to you! Do you hear me, mother, calling and crying for you? How sweet it must be to have a mother, I so often say to myself."

Cheap Products Make Cheap Men

IN a recent issue of "Town Topics" I find this item

"The Roycroft Shop has issued a volume of Essays on Socialism. The book is printed on hand-made paper, with rubricated side-heads, and richly bound. The price is two dollars. How the cause of Socialism can ever be benefited by the production of a work such as only the rich can buy, is quite beyond the ken of an average man."

Had the writer of the above item done the authors and publishers of the book the honor of reading it before reviewing or criticizing it, he would have found himself fully answered. His criticism shows such a pitiable thoughtlessness that it would be a waste of time to answer it, were it not for the fact that the man reveals a condition of density so prevalent it is classic.

The point the critic makes is that the book sells for two dollars, whereas, if the price were twenty-five cents, it would be within the reach of many more people. But the volume did not cost this carping critic even the pittance of twenty-five cents: it was presented to him, and yet so far as he is concerned, it has wholly missed its mission. It has fallen flat. And whether it were sold at twenty-five cents or given away, the fact that in all its beauty it has made no appeal to the man, is pretty good proof that the question of price to some people is irrelevant—those who really desire the book can and do purchase it.

His question though, still remains unanswered, and so I will say, Socialism does not consider it desirable to supply cheap stuff to anybody. The Socialist aims to make every manufactured article of the best quality possible. It is not how cheap can this be made, but how good. Make it as excellent as it can be made to serve its end. Then sell it at a price that affords something more

than a bare existence to the workmen who put their lives into the making of it. In this way you raise the status of the worker—you pay him for his labor and give him an interest and pride in the product. Cheap products make cheap men.

Socialism should be practical—not a mere airy, fairy flight of fancies, and it is practical when you set men and women to work making goods of a kind and quality that affords them a satisfaction in their handiwork, and a good living wage. You have given the workmen a joy, and you have given them a good living; and surely society has been benefited. And beyond this the people who purchase these goods get a satisfaction in their possession that the owners of stuff made in sweat-shops never know. The hope of Socialism is to eventually replace competition by co-operation

Whenever you hear of a manufacturer cutting the wages of his employees ten per cent, it is never because the consumer is too poor to pay a fair price for the article. Not at all! It is simply one manufacturer trying to drive out another, and he is grinding his helpers to the quick in order to do it. More than this, he is probably adulterating and cheapening his product at the same time in every possible way. And to stop such a wrong and wasteful policy is the hope and aim of Socialism.

Socialism is simply the Golden Rule unlimbered.

A good book, strong, durable, legible, honest in every fibre, really gives a joy and satisfaction to some people—not many possibly, but a few. Such a book gives no joy to the man who does the literary page in " Town Topics." He saw nothing in the sumptuous volume, for beauty is in the eye of the beholder; the book cost him nothing, and I now see it was a mistake to send it to him, for he neither read it, nor was he able to appreciate the love that was woven into its making.

Possibly if he had paid two dollars for it he might have had a different opinion.

The sane Socialist (and I am quite ready to admit that Socialists are not all sane) the sane Socialist does what he can here and now to benefit himself by benefiting others. He does not sacrifice himself, but he makes himself free by giving liberty to all he can. He aims to benefit society by treating humanely those who are nearest him. Realizing his limitations, he knows his responsibilities. He is aware he cannot reach all humanity, and he knows further that if he could present every workingman in America a volume of wood-pulp, machine stitched, linotype-set essays by Bernard Shaw on Socialism, the real condition of the workingmen in America would remain the same. And I am not sure but that the rich need enlightenment in sociology quite as much as the lowly.

And so I will recapitulate and answer the question of the "Town Topics" gentleman as to how society has been benefited by the particular book in question:

1.—The workmen who made it found pride and satisfaction in their work

2.—They received a goodly reward in cash for their time and efforts

3.—The buyers were pleased with their purchase, and received a decided satisfaction in its possession.

4.—The authors of the book were gratified to see their thoughts clothed in such fitting and harmonious dress.

5.—Reading the text has instructed some; and possibly inspired a few to nobler thinking and higher endeavor.

Fonetik Spelling

LIVER LEIGH is inclined to wax merry about fonetik spelling; so he reaches for my pate with this stuft klub:

The kwestion iz being askt, "Iz handreiting getting wurs?" We fear ther iz onli wan replei. It iz: As it improovz amung the lower midel klasez, it deteriorates amung the uper serkelz ov sosieti, where it seemz tu be konsidered a mark ov intelektual ajiliti tu spoil gud paper with a mas ov undeseiferable heiroglifiks. Literari men ar the worst ofenderz, but klerjimen run them veri klose.

I quote the above bit of glorified English from dear old Isaac, who persists in calling himself Eizak Pitman, the inventor of fonetik shorthand. I deeply lament the untimely death of Professor Artemus Ward, and the learned Cardinal Josh Billings, our own authorities on the New English. They departed this life before I was able to avail myself of their personal instruction, but as a humble disciple of this great cult, I am sweating over a translation of the ingenious but woefully un-English Shakespeare into the higher Anglified Americanese.

Tew spel, or knot tew spel; dhat iz dhe kwestin;
Hwether 't iz knowblur in dhe mind tew suffa
Dhe kranks and Pitmanfalls ov dhese funetiks,
Or blo tew klowdland awl dheir childish bubbils,
And by a laff-blast bustem?
Tew twist, tew skwirm,
Tew tangle intew snaik-like skews that maik
Uz pheel like purblind phools wiv delirium tremenz
Whenair we trize tew read and kumprehend;
'T iz a meen trik, devowtly tu b damd.
Fer hoo wud bare dhe slips and trips in reedin,

Dhe u's fer o's, dhe k's fer c's and q's,
Dhe pangs ov seein " skool-boi," " Kristain," " kare,"
And awl dhe mummerei ov phancied gane
In strippin Inglish ov itz natral skin,
Clappin pedant-patchez ore itz bleedin flesh,
Hwen we kan lay in loonacy, if we wanter,
Bi simply swallerin Volapuk?

Here's a fellow frights language out of its wits!
Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? My native English must I now forego? The language I have learned these forty years? I can drink with any tinker in his own language, but—hark you—away, you rogue! Thou knotty-pated fool! Art thou mad? Art thou mad?

Folks Out of Focus

IF WE are to believe Charles Dickens, England was peopled not long ago with folks out of focus. All of his exhibits emphasized eccentricity. The humor of the books that captivated mankind lay in the fidelity with which he accented odd angles and queer iterations.

This in passing—and merely to point the assertion that nature does produce new types now and then. We all know the Mormons, who have come to view in the last half century. Here are men who in ordinary course support half a dozen families in a bunch, whereas the average provider often balks at one.

Not many months since, with all the solemnity of a creation, the aristocracy of the New Hollandaise was born. The Lavinias are as real as anything in Dickens, and take themselves as seriously. And how about the Bradley-Martins? and in the near foreground we have the Wawdsworths. The Wawdsworths are not serious. They embody the joy of living. They ride horses with half a tail, hunt the pungent anise bag and caparison their steeds with jingling steel after the manner of the late Nero. They dance through life upon a broad grin. These are the Gauchos of our picturesque age: they have left the tents and caves of pampas and mountains and migrated to the city, living on the usufruct of unbranded mavericks, corraled years agone by thrifty sires. A favorite sport with the new type is the entertainment of horses in parlors. One of the race regularly introduces his famous cob among his guests and high-priced vawses, and it is recorded that in a calendar year the coach animal has n't broken a peach-blow or anything to speak of. Another of the race varies the performance by riding a stallion upstairs, as Napoleon rode to the top of the Campanile at Venice, reversing the achievement of Israel Putnam, very much to the disadvantage at times of an expensive

staircase. These specimens of the new genera of Wawdsworthi live in the chief city on Lake Erie, west of which we are told there is no culture. The commoner variety frequent the swales of Genesee Valley ❧ ❧

Entertainment of man and beast being the purport of their existence, the Wawdsworths take naturally to inn-keeping—some of the varieties of the race have conducted road-houses in the Lake Erie region and there are traditions of a great family fortune made more or less in the ownership of places of hospitality. Livery is another expression of the equine penchant. There are Wawdsworths at the head of the Niagara Valley, that carry passengers every summer up and down the frontier at so much per. A yellow tally-ho is used. This takes off the commonplace edge of business. During the intervals of patronage it is the custom to drive the yellow coach through the meaner parts of the town with much blowing of horns and demonstrations of unprovoked gaiety.

Of course the new race has its rites. There are the ministers of pleasure. They obey her wand and their symbol is *gules ouverte*. The annual harvest-home festivities are held in rustic scenes, like the festival of Ceres. Joy effervesces extensively at these ceremonials. Let me quote from a newspaper of the day a faithful description of one of these sports in the environs of the Lake Erie metropolis indicated:

" The funniest event of the day was the thread, needle and gown race, in which the contestants were the same as in the preceding contest. Each rider selected a young woman for his partner. To each contestant was handed a white nightshirt and an envelope containing a needle, thread and button. At the signal, over the course scampered the ponies and back to the starting point. The riders jumped from their steeds and each rushed to his partner, handing her the envelope containing the needle, thread and button. The ladies sewed on the button at the throat of the gown in a trice. Into his shirt and back on his pony went every rider

and urged his pony over the course again. A comical sight they made in their nocturnal habiliments."

I waive the newspaper's privilege to give the names. All the ladies are mentioned and their sewing compared, and there is a vivid account of how one of the Wawdsworths, named after a great statesman of a past generation, "rode in first, holding the button of his shirt in his teeth so that it should n't come undone."

¶ This is surely carrying the logic of merry living near to its limit. But what a race we would get to glorify this generation withal if we could match the tempered dignity of the Lavinias with the unthinking joy in the life of the Wawdsworths!

Mark Twain and Christian Science

MY FRIEND, Major James B. Pond, has taken occasion to say recently in print: Mark Twain is a genius. It may be so—I have not my briefs prepared just now so to argue the case. However, I wish to call attention to the fact that whenever a ready writer is describing a person who has done things, and runs on a reef for lack of words, after grabbing violently for the right nominative, he contents himself by declaring that the person in question is a genius.

Thus they tell us:

Major Pond is a genius.
Stephen Crane is a genius.
Richard Harding Davis is a genius.
Hamlin Whidden is a genius.
Yone Noguchi is a genius.
Jeannette Gilder, of the Gilder-Family-Robinson, is a genius.
Teddy Roosevelt is a genius.
Paul Laurence Dunbar is a genius.
Michael Monahan is a genius.
Wm. Marion Reedy is a genius.
Sammy the Artist is a genius.
Bolton Hall is a genius.
Geo. H. Heafford is a genius.
James Jeffrey Roche (late of County Down) is a genius.
Old Bill Spear is a genius.
Ali Baba is a genius.

And out of fourteen men who have recently written up the Roycroft Shop, all but one have solemnly stated that I am a genius ❧ ❧

The man who wrote about Roycroft and did not let his visage cream and mantle like a standing pond, then cough and solemnly

say "Colonel Littlejourneys is a genius," was Mr. Charles M. Skinner. Charles the wrestler (with words) is a great man—I was going to say a genius. I have just sent him an inscribed copy of "Time and Chance," bound in full Levant. And so Major Pond says Mark Twain is a genius.

Very well, we will let the statement stand: Mark Twain is a genius and if you will take the pains to read a recent article in the Cosmopolitan Magazine on Christian Science by this same Mark Twain you will see that Mark, the genius, is also something else. ¶ Mark is a very easy Mark.

In writing on Christian Science he has left his guard down in a most pitiable way; and if the Christian Science people do not bang him all over the ring, it is only because they consider him too weak and puerile for serious consideration.

Mark has not studied Christian Science, neither has he ever known or associated with believers in Christian Science; and to go on record concerning things of which he is grossly ignorant stamps the man as on a par, in some ways, with Uncle Billy Bushnell, Old Josh Hoshkins and Rev. Archibaldas Holden of East Aurora

To prove my point, I call attention to Mark's description of a representative Scientist. "She was tall, angular, and had high cheekbones and a high voice. She waved her hands, talked much, pooh-poohed the invalid's statements as to his condition, screamed 'ouch' when she raked her hand on a pin as she declaimed, and finally when she was about to read to him from 'Science and Health,' she dived into her handbag and after clawing over the contents petulantly explained she had forgotten her glasses."

The last-mentioned incident is Mark's crowning blunder, for it is a perfectly well-known fact among all intelligent people that Christian Scientists especially taboo eyeglasses of every sort and kind

And need I explain that the typical Christian Scientist talks little and does not dispute with his patients? I know a great many Christian Science people and I never yet saw one of the angular, slab-sided, high-pitched voice, high cheek-boned, assertive and quarrelsome kind that Mark describes. In fact, the sort of a woman Mark tells about is on the other side of the fence and her cracked voice and her "ouch" are always used to denounce Christian Science, never to uphold it.

Should Mark's "Mrs. Fuller of Boston" ever by any chance become a Christian Scientist, the first lessons she would learn would be to moderate her voice, talk less and discard expletives. But the most inane proposition that Mark brings up is to deny that by the aid of Christian Science, people who are sick get well. A million people in America, of intelligence above the average, are ready to stand up and declare to the contrary.

For myself, I have never had occasion to consult either a physician or a Christian Scientist. I have lived forty years and have never been ill a day and never lost a meal save through inability to find something to eat; but I have seen people grievously ill whom the doctors failed to benefit, but who were claimed back into health and usefulness when they renounced all material medicine and gave themselves into the hands of Christian Science. To deny the benefit of the truths taught by Christian Science is to deny the benefits of love and sunshine. And further, I believe that this same healing principle that Mrs. Eddy claims to have discovered has existed and been known under many names and has been taught by many seers and prophets; but the thing itself is the same. Truth is so mighty that its potency has sometimes turned the heads of those who have taught it.

To a degree Mrs. Eddy has become the victim of her philosophy, and fortunate it will be if death claims her before she makes herself a spectacle. If ten years ago she could have fallen victim to the mad rage of a mob, her name might then have been linked

in loving remembrance with that of the saviors of mankind. Thrice blest was Jeanne d'Arc in that the fagots crackled at her feet (for otherwise Mark Twain would never have known her), and thrice blest was Savonarola that he never lived into babbling senility and brought suit through Quirk, Gammon & Snap against the Ghibellines for defamation of character and infringement of copyright.

Just imagine what the reputation of Jesus would have been had He lived to be eighty and been pensioned by the estate of Joseph of Arimathæa, and then finally died in a Home for Superannuated Ministers!

Still, would not the words He uttered at thirty-two have been as true?

Mrs. Eddy may be a poseur, as Rousseau declares every person who wields a mighty influence is and has been; and "Science and Health" may be so muddy in literary quality that it must be discarded by the next generation; yet, at the bottom there is a great and potent truth in this thing called "Christian Science" which no wise man will deny.

And as for Mark Twain, he has placed a blot on his 'scutcheon by that "Cosmopolitan" article which the years can never efface.

¶ If James Brisben Walker had been his friend and not been swayed into unseemliness by his passion for the dollar, he might have saved Mark the disgrace that comes from talking in public about something of which he is beautifully ignorant.

Only one glimmer of sanity is found in Mark's article—that is where he tells of being found by a Swiss peasant who was looking for a lost ass.

Incompatibility

NOT so very long ago a young woman who was engaged to a Harvard man, eloped with the Harvard man's best man on the morning of the day set for the wedding.

That is to say, the girl proved false to the man she had agreed to wed; and the man with whom she ran away proved false to his friend; and it is probable that two persons who prove false to a third will soon prove false to each other

The man to be congratulated in this matter is the man who escaped matrimony with an absurdly silly woman, by an eyebrow.

¶ The offense of the runaways, to me, is a deal more grievous than if the elopement had occurred a year after the marriage. For then the plausible excuse could have been the very natural (and probably truthful) one that after a year's close relationship, the bond had proven unendurable and to escape its contamination the woman had followed her heart and gone with the man of her choice

But our young lady in question cannot take any high moral ground—she and the best man simply played a scurvy trick on a person who had confided in them.

Now let us view the subject psychologically—put ourselves in the place of these young folks, if you please, and thus see just how they happened to act as they did. We can easily do this, because the wise man contains in himself every quality of the foolish person—he is in fact the foolish person, plus the attributes and characteristics of the wise one. His foolishness is held in check by discretion, and instead of energy being blown about by caprice, it is controlled by judgment. Thus having within ourselves the foolish person we ought to be able to look at him squarely, being so near, and know why he does foolish things.

Putting myself in the place of the best man I see that, leaving the eternal fitness of things and the caution I now possess out of the equation, it would be a great joke and very easy to fly with the bride of the other fellow, provided of course the prospective bride had leanings in the same jolly direction.

From tavern to tavern,
Youth dances along
With an arm full of girl
And a heart full of song.

Such dancing along, with heart full of song, however, does not for an instant presuppose that the boy and arm full of girl must love each other to the exclusion of every other love, and live together until they grow old and gray and toothless and tottering ❧ ❧

These two warm-blooded youngsters down in Cambridge simply forgot what legal marriage means. One thing certain, this best man and this girl had been pretty well acquainted long before. Accidentally they got together on the morning of the wedding for a few moments' conversation. A sudden warm impulse of nature suggested flight, and they flew.

Had they taken thought they would not have done it.

But they didn't think until the next morning.

And then they were married, and the State would not allow them to separate ❧ ❧

The State assuming to say who shall not separate, should also have a little something to say about who should marry.

After all, I do not especially blame the young couple—acted upon the saltness of time, how could they, being what they were, do differently from what they did? We, being what they were, under the same conditions, would have done the same.

But the State could have prevented the whole matter by providing that a man and woman who propose to marry shall give the public thirty days' notice of their intention.

In other words, the old custom of posting the banns would have saved the parents, public and principals the disgrace of the unseemly act.

As it is now, any one can marry anybody by paying a preacher seventy-five cents; but divorce can only be had at the expense of many dollars, and worse—of scandal and disgrace. This is just as it should not be. Marriage should be difficult and divorce easy ❧ ❧

And divorce should be for just one reason.

No, dearie, you guessed wrong, not unfaithfulness; there is something worse than that. It is incompatibility.

When a man and woman become absolutely irksome to each other—when their heads are in a different stratum and they breathe a different atmosphere, and have no common ends or ambitions; when they cannot sit in silence with each other without positive discomfort; when they grope pathetically for a topic for conversation and never find it; when the deeds of the darkness are remembered with shame in the daylight; then it is time that the State should take its heavy hands off and give the man and woman liberty.

Unrelated people give no joy to each other. They never bring out the latent and unsuspected powers that each possesses.

Incompatibility! There is nothing worse. Unfaithfulness is bad enough, but be it said to its credit, it at least implies a relation between people who are compatible.

But a forced relationship between a man and woman who are incompatible is the acme of mortal woes! God and Nature protest against it ❧ ❧

Preachers' Salaries

THE practice of paying salaries to preachers, I think is a mistake. When you pay a man for telling you things, self interest will prompt that man not to tell you anything that may displease you. Patronage in literature is fatal to the highest art, and wages to a preacher, probably, will cause the man to dilute his homily to fit your ears. The men who have led nations out of captivity have never been baited by a quarterly prebend. The clergy should be free, for their own good and ours. Every preacher should join the ranks of useful industry, and thus secure for himself economic freedom. Then when he had a message let him stand up and say it.

That the clergy outranks in intelligence and integrity any of the other learned professions, there is little doubt; but the grim fact remains that under present conditions a preacher, usually, is merely an attorney for the defense—a paid minion—often on half-rations, and therefore powerless to express his better self—preaching only goose-dogma, that a goose is foreordained to be roasted. ¶ In East Aurora is a clergyman whose salary is something less than six hundred dollars a year. In fact there are five other clergymen in the town in a like predicament, for in East Aurora, as in all other country villages, religion is competitive, not co-operative. The result is that the pews of no church are ever all filled, and the pulpit has a fierce struggle to exist. ¶ So grievous has this rivalry been at times that the peace of the community has been threatened. Think of it, in a little town—six churches to heat and light, six parsonages to keep in order, six preachers to pay—and an average attendance in each church of about fifty.

Surely it is a great economic waste, not to mention the fact that this separation has a tendency to develop much ill-will.

So once, in an earnest wish to bring about co-operation and abolish this wasteful competition, I issued a manifesto to the people of the village suggesting we form a Theological Trust, and do away with all churches but one. I offered to be the pastor myself to the whole people, without pay, and that there might be no hardship on part of the deposed preachers, I proposed that they all go to work in the Roycroft Shop.

Do you think they made haste to accept my proposition?

Well, I guess not.

I was denounced in every pulpit, prayed for in every prayer meeting, abused at the grocery, ignored at the Postoffice, proclaimed a varlet at the Woman's Club, vilified at the Railroad Station whenever I went down to see the four-o'clock train come in ❧ ❧

For a month I dared not appear on the street unless attended by Sammy the Artist, Ali Baba, Saint Jerome and the Red One, all carrying goodly truncheons.

But all this is merely by the way: what I wished to say was that one particular church in East Aurora, about a year ago, got in a bad way. The pastor was in debt, and the trustees were being dogged by creditors, some pleading and others irate.

Something must be done.

One of the trustees, whose wife is a member of the church, although he is not, asked my advice in the matter, as preliminary to striking me for a subscription. I promptly advised them to disband. He declared they would not—it was a matter of pride and principle. "We will stick it out—we will stick it out until hell congeals," said my neighbor in a burst of pious enthusiasm. ¶ And he went off.

They were bound to go on, and church fairs having been overworked, grab-bags being temporarily tabooed, chicken pie socials below par, the good people were in a serious quandary as what to do. Suddenly there came to the preacher a bright idea—he said,

"I have it—we will start a cattery."
"A which?" asked a sister.
"We will raise cats."
"Oh!"
"Yes, we will supply cats to all of our newly acquired colonies. I have studied this subject long and I find that wherever there are cats, there, too, is virtue, excellence, loving-kindness and truth; and where cats are not there is perversity, wickedness, lack of culture and laxity. Savage nations have dogs, but cats go only with civilizations, and therefore our duty clearly lies along the line of supplying cats to the sullen peoples. In return we will take cocoanuts, dried fish, hard woods, pearls, precious stones, diamonds, goatskins and guano. Introduce cats and the question of civilization is solved."
Then the reverend gentleman seemed to warm to his argument. It was all a sudden inspiration to him—it came on the minute—but in explaining the subject to others it became luminous to himself. "Yes," he declared "yes, I defy any one to name a civilized country that has not many cats, and I challenge the world to name me a single barbaric nation that has within its borders a single Angora. In Zululand, Afghanistan, or the Feejee Islands are there cats? No, no, no, not one!"
So they started their cat farm back of the parsonage. Almost every family in town contributed a cat, and some gave two. ¶ The enterprise has been running a year with hopeful results. They now have four hundred and thirty-four cats, although so far only a few kittens have been cashed into the ecclesiastical jackpot. At present the market for cats seems a little off.
Personally, I do not wish to cavil, or be unreasonable, or do a thing that might retard the growth of our town. But that a preacher should thrive by betraying an innocent tabby into the clutches of a conscienceless tom, is not right. I call a halt in the name of the Higher Criticism.

Shakespeare, you remember set his face against this thing in Act III, Scene II, of "As You Like It."

Of course there are people in our village who will accuse me of jealousy in mentioning this matter. They will say I am trying to create a Suzerainty and wish to control all industries in the village, and further they will aver I am blocking the progress of civilization. But still I must be mentally free, and true to my better self; and I now solemnly protest against this whole feline business. It is immoral, reprehensible and will be a levin casting contumely on our fair village. The yowling of these cats o'nights is disturbing to the whole art atmosphere of the place, and if the entire four hundred and thirty-four cats escape, as they did once, I will not be responsible for their safety.

It may be that next winter all Roycrofters will wear catskin caps and mittens. I do not say where the skins will come from—this is no threat—I speak only of a potential condition that may arise out of the exigency of local environment. Ali Baba has well expressed it; and although Ali's literary style is slightly vitiated by much reading of Stephen Crane, yet the thought is all right.

¶ "Out under the dewy night: Yowlings and mousings when cold dips the sky.
Tender musings and thoughts disturbed by tremulous tintinnabulations on midnight air,
Have you neither mercy nor justice in you?
Theologians, tabbys, tortoiseshells, toms,
Music at nightfall and at the dread hour of dawn.
Catskin book-covers, full and three-quarters, mittens, tippets, caps,
Kittens galore, Angoras numerous,
Tailless tabbys and sober, serious toms
Intent on fish, and canaries.
Cats for Guam,
Cats for Santiago,

Cats for Mantanzas,
Cats for Ding-Dong,
Cats for Kraatzje,
Cats for the Tagals,
Cats for the Zulus,
Cats for the Matabeles,
The Cat! Sweet symbol of purring domesticity,
Also toast and tea,
The Cat!
Cats."

Wilted Hyacinths

A FADED flower flung from the grated window of a prison cell; it falls at the feet of a passer-by, a woman of the town.

But why should I call her a woman? She is a creature of the night. She belongs to all and to none, her home is a hovel and she lives in hell—a hell of her own preparing.

Once she was courted, flattered, petted, pampered. She had her nightmare of glory when gold was showered upon her, silks rustled, perfumes filled the air, bouquets burdened her table, carriages with footmen stopped at her door. Mansions, servants, joyous suppers, laughter, diamonds, pearls—to do nothing and have everything, this was her ambition.

She has drunk to its dregs the cup of nothingness. She has sought the potion that gives forgetfulness; for abandonment, desertion, death follow as an unerring sequence on all the gleam, glitter and glamour that have gone before.

And now she breathes only the sulphur fumes of Gehenna, and the scant silver that comes her way goes for the drug that brings oblivion

With bloodshot eyes, disheveled hair, and burning thirst she hurries along—watched, hunted, hooted. She draws her tattered shawl closer about her benumbed frame as the cutting blasts of winter, rushing down alleys and from around sharp corners, hunt her out.

The flower drops at her feet.

She stops, looks around, no one is watching, she picks it up—yes, it is a spray of hyacinth. She looks up to see from whence it came, and high up she thinks she sees a hand thrust out from a grated window

Some one is waving a hand to her—to her.

Who can it be—some one has thought of her—some one has sent her a flower!

She brushes her hand across her eyes, as if to clear her misty vision and looks up again.

This time she sees nothing, only the sullen front of a great prison wall, jutting stone, grated windows, stone piled upon stone. ¶ She thrusts the flower into her bosom, and forgetful of where she was going, turns about and hastens to the den she calls home

Some one has thrown her a flower—not the flower such as patronizing women of the Flower Mission bring with tracts and words of advice—not that—a flower from the hand of a man, a man in trouble, a prisoner, disgraced like herself, in bonds. He has thrown her a flower. Who is this "he" of whom she thinks? ¶ Alas she does not know. Years and years, aye, centuries ago, when she wore pinafores and lived with her father, mother, brothers and sisters in the country, she dreamed of this man, this man who would come to her and love her and give her freedom

It is the same dream come back—it is he. He will deliver her from the body of this death. He has flung her a flower. He is in trouble. What can she do to help him!

She is a woman. She is not old. God sent her into life and she has a right to love, to tenderness, to motherhood and a home. No chill of doubt can put out the eternal fire—she loves the Ideal

This is her misery, her disgrace and her crown. Illusions will not fade away, she has prayed and watched and longed for this—some one loves her. He has flung her a flower.

When he is released he will come to her and take her away, and they will leave this life of horror, and fly to the country and make themselves a nest as the birds do.

Some one has flung her a flower.

She belongs to him and him alone. She has loved him all these years. She has waited for him. God knows she has done wrong, but God knows, too, her heart is pure. She appeals to the Higher Law—a power greater than herself has been pulling her down to death—but God knows, God knows! For was it not God who allowed her to be tempted beyond her strength?

Some one has flung her a flower. It has awakened in her the Ideal—she had thought it dead, dead and nailed down with the coffin nails of her crimes.

But no, there is light there yet. She wishes to do penance, to condole, to succor, to sanctify herself to some one, to be kind, to be useful ❧ ❧

The refluxes of the heart are as sure and certain as the march of the planets ❧ ❧

The desires of the heart are fixed stars—clouds may obscure, but wait and you shall see the light.

There is that in souls which never perishes.

Some one has flung this woman a flower and she becomes happy with a horrible happiness. She sees a cottage, warmed and lighted; a kettle singing on the hearth; supper on the table for him who was even now coming to his home, their home, whistling from his work; she sees in the corner a cradle, and she begins crooning a lullaby to a babe that she has never pressed to her aching breast. ¶ Some one has flung her a flower.

In the direst gloom, in the chill of abandonment, in the black of darkest pathways, in the dim, gray light of prison cells where the sun never enters, before stern judges, while policemen leer and men restrain not their evil tongues; beneath the maze of pitfalls; in nights of horror and blackest chaos there is a gleam of light. It grows into a flame. What think you it can be?

It is love—it is the Ideal. It exists even in hell.

God never quite withdraws His Holy Spirit.

Some one has flung her a flower.

The Messianic Instinct

THE late T. Carlyle of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, was not especially deficient in veneration, neither was he given to frivolity, but he had a frankness of speech which only the emancipated possess ❧ ❧

Once upon a time Carlyle sat silently smoking in the gloaming with Milburn, the blind preacher.

Finally, Carlyle broke the stillness with, "Huh! He was a great man, this Jesus of Nazareth, a great man—but He had His limitations!" ❧ ❧

The speaker then puffed four times and added with a grim smile, "There was no Jack Falstaff about Him!"

There was certainly no Jack Falstaff about Francis Schlatter, whose whitened bones were found amid the alkali dust of the desert, a few months ago—dead in an endeavor to do without meat and drink for forty days.

Schlatter purported, and believed, that he was the reincarnation of the Messiah. Letters were sent to him, addressed simply, "Jesus Christ, Denver, Colorado," and he walked up to the General Delivery window and asked for them with a confidence, we are told, that relieved the postmaster of a grave responsibility.

¶ Schlatter was no mere ordinary pretender, working on the superstitions of shallow-pated people. He lived up to his belief—took no money, avoided notoriety when he could, and the proof of his sincerity lies in the fact that he died a victim to it.

Herbert Spencer has said all about the Messianic Instinct that there is to say, save this—The Messianic Instinct first had its germ in the heart of a woman. Every woman dreams of the coming of the Ideal Man—the man who will give her protection, even to giving up his life for her, and vouchsafe peace to her soul.

¶ The terms of endearment one hears at prayer meetings,

"Blessed Jesus," "Dear Jesus," "Loving Jesus," "Elder Brother," "Patient, gentle Jesus," etc., were first used by women in an ecstasy of religious transportation. And the thought of Jesus as a loving "personal Savior" would die from the face of the earth did not woman keep it alive. The religious nature and the sex nature are closely akin; no psychologist can tell where one ends and the other begins.

There may be wooden women in the world, and of these I will not now speak, but every strong, throbbing, pulsing, feeling, thinking woman goes through life, seeking the Ideal Man. Whether she is married or single, rich or poor, old or young, every new man she meets is interesting to her, because she feels in some mysterious way, that possibly he is the One.

Of course, I know that every good man, too, seeks the Ideal Woman—but that deserves another chapter.

The only women in whose heart there is not the live, warm Messianic Instinct, are the Wooden Women, and the one who believes she has already found him. But this latter is holding an illusion that soon vanishes with possession.

That pale, low-voiced, gentle and insane man, Francis Schlatter, was followed at times by troops of women. These women believed in him and loved him—in different ways of course, and with passion, varying according to temperament and the domestic environment already existing. To love deeply is a matter of propinquity—and opportunity.

One woman, whom "The Healer" had cured of a lingering disease, loved this man with a wild, mad, absorbing passion. Chance gave her the opportunity. He came to her house, cold, hungry, homeless, sick. She fed him, warmed him, looked into his liquid eyes, sat at his feet and listened to his voice—she loved him,—and partook of his every mental delusion.

This woman now waits and watches in her mountain home for his return. She knows the coyotes and buzzards picked the scant

flesh from his starved frame, but she says, "He promised he would come back to me and he will, I am waiting for him here."

¶ This woman writes me long letters from her solitude, telling me of her hopes and plans. Just why all the cranks in the United States should write me letters, I do not know, but they do—perhaps there is a sort o' fellow feeling. This woman may write letters to others, just as she does to me, of this I do not know, but surely I would not thus make public the heart-tragedy told me in a private letter, were it not that the woman herself has printed a pamphlet, setting forth her faith and veiling only those things into which it is not our right to pry.

This Mary Magdalen believes her lover was the Chosen Son of God, and that the Father will re-clothe the Son in a new garment of flesh and send him back to his beloved. So she watches and waits, and dresses herself to receive him, and at night places a lighted lantern in a window to guide the way.

She watches and waits.

Other women wait for footsteps that will never come, and listen for a voice that will never more be heard. All 'round the world there is a sisterhood of such. Some, being wise, lose themselves in loving service to others—in useful work. But this woman, out in the wilds of New Mexico, hugs her sorrow to her heart, and feeds her passion by recounting it, and watches away the leaden hours, crying aloud to all who will listen: "He is not dead—he is not dead! He will come back to me! He promised it—he will come back to me! This long, dreary waiting is only a test of my loyalty and love! I will be patient, for he will come back to me! He will come back to me."

Happy Lives

HAPPY lives make dull biographies.

Young women with ambitions should be very crafty and cautious, lest mayhap they be caught in the soft silken mesh of a happy marriage, and go down to oblivion, dead to the world.

¶ For the most part, the women who live in history, are those who were mismated, misunderstood, neglected, abused, spit upon by Fate, scorned. They were sometimes loved, of course, but loved by those who had no business to love them—loved by the wrong man. But the men who loved them were no more potent factors for good in their evolution, than the little men who taunted, harassed, scorned and neglected them.

¶ When a strong and good woman is legally hitched to a mean little man who has n't the ability to share in her dreams, or follow her soul in its moments of aspiration, the little man often gets even by calling her attention to the fact that he is the "boss." And to make the matter clearer, he issues orders, edicts, and formulates rules.

He keeps his own hours to further the idea that he is the master of the house, and all the habits and tricks and customs that he knows are repugnant to the wife of his bosom he introduces on occasion

In short, he is aware of his "rights," and enforces them, not of course with the specific purpose of making the woman miserable—for he is a kind man—but simply for her own good: to discipline her, to teach her her place, and show her what is woman's proper sphere

All this he does if he is respectable, and the family moves in good circles

If, however, they belong to the submerged tenth, why, then the woman may have her throat clutched by coarse, grimy hands, and

her head thumped on the floor, and the household supplies are cut off—the earnings going for black rum when it is red.

¶ The immediate cause of the trouble is that the woman is superior to the man. The man inwardly knows it, and no man is quite at ease in the continual presence of one who is his superior; so all of his efforts are directed towards equalization.

Occasionally the efforts of the man are not without reward, and he succeeds in kicking all the goodness out of her; the woman becomes cold, callous, conforming, hypocritical, and we have a pair of 'em.

In other cases, God being good, the wife dies.

In still other instances, the woman rises superior to her surroundings, and not having a mate to think for her, she thinks for two. Having her responsibilities to meet, she rises to the level of events and her spirit grows strong through exercise. The failings, faults and vices of the man serve as a background on which her mind pictures the ideal. Having no peace here, she seeks peace there, and out of a world of stupid misunderstanding, her soul constructs mansions, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

¶ These are the women who time and time again have dowered their children with their own sublimity of spirit, and given the world its intellectual kings; or in other cases have gone forth and blest mankind by giving out glowing messages of truth and beauty ❧ ❧

The Bronco Buster

A STATUETTE entitled, "The Bronco Buster," done by Frederick Remington, shows a lank, lean horse in a perfect agony of fear. So well has the talented artist done his task that the poor horse seems to be sweating blood at every pore: his eyes are bursting from their sockets, the savage bit is tearing the delicate membranes of his mouth, while the long sharp spur on the right foot of the rider is ripping his hide from ear to tail.

A word with you: In horsemanship I am no mere theorist, writing from the sixteenth floor of a city office building. I own horses, raise colts, and train them to saddle and harness. I have ridden horses since I wore dresses. I have had the sole care of horses on the plains, in pasture, on the track and in the barn; and this I know: the horse is not a savage animal. Whenever a so-called "vicious horse" is found it is one that has been monkeyed with by a "bronco buster."

The process of "busting broncs" is to lasso an animal that has never had a man's hand on it, choke it into submission, clap a saddle on its back, cinch this saddle with two girths until the horse can scarcely breathe, then leap onto its back and by whip, curb and spur, followed up with wild halloing, force the poor beast into a paroxysm of revolt. Then the rider simply sticks until the frantic, fearstricken animal exhausts its strength. To break the spirit of the proud animal is the result desired.

¶ The other way to break horses is to work with them slowly, "fuss" around them, get acquainted with them, and when the animal finds no harm is intended, put the harness on him and drive off. The horse is the most cheerful and willing servant man has, excepting the dog. And if we treated horses with the same familiarity in colthood that we do dogs in puppyhood, in a

few generations your horse would be just as responsive and affectionate as your dog. The horse really wants to serve you: he knows you feed him and care for him and he will be grateful if you give him a chance.

In the village of East Aurora there is a farm where are kept over six hundred trotting-bred horses. Many men are constantly engaged in training colts, and for one of these men to get into a struggle or a fight with an animal is regarded as sufficient grounds for that man's dismissal. The superintendent of this farm tells me that the entire scheme of training must be towards securing the confidence of the animal: keep him cheerful and conserve and develop his courage. To subdue a horse and break his spirit is as villainous a thing to do as to break the spirit of a man, or the heart of a woman. There are now various horse ranches in the west where no " bronco buster " is allowed to set foot. The horses are trained by gentle means. It takes a little more time but gives you a better horse. And then it eases up your conscience—if you have such a thing.

Expression

FIRST place among English philosophers is assigned to Jeremy Bentham, by John Stuart Mill, writing in 1840, and he incidentally mentions that Bentham has but one rival, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

In philosophy there is an apostolic succession. We build on the past, and all the centuries of turmoil and travail which have gone before have made this moment possible. There has never been any such thing as "the fall of man"; for the march of the race has been a continual climb—a movement onward and upward. Were it not for Coleridge and Bentham, we could not have had Buckle, Darwin and Spencer, for the minds of men would not have been prepared to give them hearing. "Half the battle is in catching the Speaker's eye," said Mr. Thomas Brackett Reed; and a John-the-Baptist to prepare the way is always necessary.

Without Coleridge to quietly ignore the question of precedent, and refuse to accept a thing without proof, and ask eternally, and yet again, "How do you know?" Charles Darwin with his "Origin of Species" would have been laughed out of court. Or probably had Darwin been persistent we would have consigned him to the stocks, burned his book in the public square, and with the aid of logical thumbscrews made him recant. Even as it was, the gibes and guffaws of the press and pulpit came near drowning the modest, moderate voice of Darwin; and for a score of years his reputation as a thinker seemed to be trembling in the balance. Yet, today, the man who would seriously attempt in an educated assembly, to throw obloquy upon the doctrine of Evolution and the name of Charles Darwin, would find himself speedily listed with Brudder Jasper of Richmond, Va. The church now, everywhere, has its Drummonds who build on

Darwin and use his citations as proof; and Drummond merely expressed what the many believe—no more.

The man who has dared to think for himself and voiced his thought—the emancipated man—has been as one in a million. What usually passes for thought is only the repetition of things we have heard or been told. We memorize, repeat by rote, and call it thought.

With the Church and State in control of food and clothes, and with spears, clubs, knives and guns ready to suppress whoever seemed dangerous to their stability, it is a miracle that men have ever improved on anything—for progress has been, for centuries, a perilous performance. To question a priest was blasphemy. To reason with a judge was heinous. To think and decide for yourself was to invite torture and death.

And all this was very natural, simply because the Superior Class, who monopolized the good things of earth, were obliged, in order to enslave and tax men, to make them believe that their power was derived from God. And thus were taught the "divine right of kings," the duty of submission, the necessity of belief and the sinfulness of doubt. The source of all knowledge was declared to be a book, and the right of interpretation of this book was given to one class alone—those who sided with and were a part of the Superior Class.

The reason the race has progressed so slowly is because the strong, vigorous and independent have been suppressed, either by legal process, or exterminated through war which reaps the best and lets the weak, the diseased and the coward go.

Those who doubted and questioned have been deprived of food and clothes, disgraced, mobbed, robbed, lashed naked at the cart's tail, burned at the stake, or separated from their families and transported beyond the sea to be devoured by wild beasts, die in jungles, or toil out their lives in slavery.

¶ But still there were always a few who would doubt and a few

who would question; and in the early part of the eighteenth century in England the Government was being put to severe straits to cope with the difficulty. Lying in the Thames were receiving-ships on which were crowded men and women to be transported. When the ship was full, crowded to her utmost, she sailed away with her living cargo. From 1650 to 1750 over forty thousand people were sent away for their country's good. The hangman worked overtime, all prisons were crowded, and the walls of Newgate bulged with men and women, old and young, who were believed to be dangerous to the stability and well-being of the Superior Class—that is, those who had the right to tax others.

Finally, the enormity of bloodshed and woe involved caused a sort of concession on both sides to be agreed upon. Oppression continued will surely lead to a point where it cures itself, and the Superior Class in England, with a wise weather eye, saw the reef on which they were in danger of striking. They heard the breakers, and began to grant concessions—unwillingly of course—concessions wrung from them. The censorship was abolished, reform bills introduced, the rights of free speech and a free press were partially recognized. The clergy, taking the cue, began to preach more love and less damnation. Thus general relaxation was in order to meet the competition of rival sects and independent preachers that were springing up; for although creeds never change yet their interpretation does, and liberal sects do their work, not by growing strong, but by making all others more liberal. ¶ Thus the latter part of the Eighteenth Century witnessed a weakening of both sides through compromise. The schools and colleges were pedantic, smug and self-satisfied, but by giving in a few points they had absorbed the radicals, and the political protesters had been bought off with snug places in the excise. Pretended knowledge passed for wisdom, dignity paraded as worth, affectation and hypocrisy patronized virtue.

And Coleridge appears upon the scene, a conservative, with a beautiful innocence, and an indifference to all pretended authority and asks, " How do you know? "

Some Sonnets

Place, London; Year, 1588.

MOTHER. I still must say his letters are too long by half a mile, and as for sonneting, it strikes me the thing is being overdone.

DAUGHTER. Not if the lines are like these, mother dear! (Reads aloud.)

MOTHER. Surely it is all sweetly flowing! Who would have thought an untaught youth could pen such lines.

DAUGHTER. An untaught youth could never pen such lines.

MOTHER. Ah, I see you pride yourself upon your tutorship!

DAUGHTER. Not I; love is his master. Besides that, he did not write this conceit—just as it is.

MOTHER. I've heard that poetry is a trade and that there be men who write love ditties for their lovesick fellows; but still I hardly think a hireling could pen lines like those.

DAUGHTER. No, no; £ s. d. can ne'er inspire. I wrote the most of it myself.

MOTHER. And to yourself?

DAUGHTER. Of course!

MOTHER. The plan's original, to say the least.

DAUGHTER. Certe, if I know my lover's thoughts, what's the harm if I express them for him?

MOTHER. None, but only you would think to do it. I hope he's grateful.

DAUGHTER. Ah, indeed he is; but I will be honest with you, dear good mother. He wrote the sonnet first and sent it to me. It was very crude. I augmented and corrected it—sent it back with compliments and begged to state that a false rhyme did give me vertigo. He made corrections, craved to be excused, sent it back, and there you have it!

MOTHER. Ah, you do love the smoke of rhetoric. And was it you who first taught him rhyming?
DAUGHTER. Oh, no. He once wrote verses and tacked them on a gate, and—well, the man—a squire—had him arrested.
MOTHER. Were they so bad as that? And the other in your hand, may I hear it?
DAUGHTER. I should be pleased—if it will not tire you.
MOTHER. Oh, no; it refreshes me and takes me back to times when your father and I did much the same, only better!
DAUGHTER. (Reads aloud.)
MOTHER. It is the very essence of song. It describes the youth perfectly; he has a lady's face and scarce a beard. Did he write this himself?
DAUGHTER. Not exactly; I wrote it first and he corrected it.
MOTHER. It looks like a literary courtship. Which put you first, love or poetry?
DAUGHTER. They are one. Come now, why do you jest? You know that love did ever go a'rhyming.
MOTHER. Yes, yes, that's what they say; and how many of these sonnets have you writ?
DAUGHTER. Oh, dozens.
MOTHER. And more to come, I trow.
DAUGHTER. Perhaps.
MOTHER. They seem to grow like weeds.
DAUGHTER. But some weeds bear flowers! All of our English flowers grow wild somewhere.
MOTHER. And you call these the wild, perfumed blossoms of the heart?
DAUGHTER. Yes, that's what I call them.
MOTHER. Well, the phrase is pretty. Now your young gallant is a child of nature—that's all. He knows few books, has never traveled, knows not the ways of courts, speaks not two words of French—correctly—

DAUGHTER. Ah, you now agree with me! And do you not note—he has a language of his own—invents, coins, makes the word if he cannot find it!

MOTHER. Ah, yes, his wit is so in excess at times it should be stopped. I can hardly make him out. He coins the word and makes use of a deal of Warwick slang. It were better if 't were otherwise.

DAUGHTER. Perhaps the world will accept his slang and call it classic ❧ ❧

MOTHER. No, child, you are in love and idealize defects. But have you named the play?

DAUGHTER. Yes, six times it has been christened. At this moment it is " Love's Labor Lost."

MOTHER. And is the play rejected? Sure the name doth fit.

DAUGHTER. That's why we called it so. We are poets.

MOTHER. At any rate, the alliteration's good; it must have cost much effort to bring it forth.

DAUGHTER. Naught is accomplished without effort.

MOTHER. True, but in art the effort should be concealed, else 't is not art. And in this play (at least in such parts as you read to me) you have contorted sentences, double-jointed words, handsprings in phrases, ideas o'erwrought, dear-bought, far-sought, verbal devices, wit dragged in by the ears.

DAUGHTER. At least, you must agree we dragged it in.

MOTHER. Yes, that is something, for oft I 've seen epigram escape before 't was tethered—a handful of tail-feathers, the bird goes free. Yet here it struggles hard. Methinks you have been to a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.

DAUGHTER. And you are willing to allow that we have been to a great feast?

MOTHER. Why, yes; but in this play you ridicule yourselves.

DAUGHTER. And who is there that we do know so well!

MOTHER. True, we are the butt of our own jokes if groundlings only knew it: but tell me, was the play refused?

DAUGHTER. Yes, the judges thought it good at first, but when they found it was written by one who holds horses at the entrance they changed their minds.
MOTHER. And was your pupil grieved?
DAUGHTER. Not he! He laughed about it when he told me, and rehearsed the clown's part, with me as king. That is the way to compose, mother dear: balance the words on tongue—repeat, repeat, repeat, and when the lines strike the proper pace, you know they're right. Homer was blind: a poet should be, for poetry must fit the ear.
MOTHER. Well, now I think there is sense in what you say. But you got the plot for this play out of one of your father's books! Flat burglary as ever was committed.
DAUGHTER. He gave it to me!
MOTHER. The book, of course, and so you steal its contents.
DAUGHTER. The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction robs the sea!
MOTHER. And so you absorb the contents of a book, and then it is your own!
DAUGHTER. Yes, but only the plot I gave; in fact, two plots woven into one, that made the skeleton. Together we clothed it, and he breathed into its nostrils the breath of life.
MOTHER. As for the raiment, if I mistake not, a garment or two were also borrowed.
DAUGHTER. Aye, we take our own where'er we find it.
MOTHER. I see!
DAUGHTER. Wisdom belongs to no time, nor place, nor person.
MOTHER. I know that that is true, my daughter. But now I would speak seriously with you on a serious theme. Is your lover's intent honorable, his purpose marriage?
DAUGHTER. Not marriage, mother!
MOTHER. Speak not in cipher, child; I like it not!
DAUGHTER. My lover has known much trouble.

MOTHER. True, true; I knew the man had suffered. But he is young, and when the priest has said the magic words all marks of care will disappear from his fair face. Think you not so, sweet child?

DAUGHTER. He has been already wed, and by England's law cannot again marry.

MOTHER. What!

DAUGHTER. He is married.

MOTHER. And you have known this—

DAUGHTER. Since first we met.

MOTHER. And his wife—I mean the woman?

DAUGHTER. She is at Shottery; eight years his senior. The marriage, or the bond, I should say, forced upon him before he had reached his eighteenth year. He had to leave, and besides—

MOTHER. And besides?

DAUGHTER. He had stolen deer—the climate was unhealthy.

MOTHER (trying hard to be calm). Daughter you should have told me this before. When your lover comes, tell him I would see him here alone.

DAUGHTER. But you must not blame him. It's all my fault. I've known his history all along.

MOTHER. Sh—did I hear a voice?

DAUGHTER. Ah, 't is he. He 's at the door, and sings, as is his wont. Listen closely, we'll catch the words. There, he begins again—

A VOICE (Singing).

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo! Oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

DAUGHTER (in a whisper). You'll not send him away, mother?

MOTHER. Yes—that is no. I'll not send him away—because—because I'd then be all alone! (Sobs).

DAUGHTER. You think I would go, too?

MOTHER. Yes—for—for you are your mother's daughter. (Holds out her arms; the two women embrace. A knocking is heard at the door).

Society of Sanctified Fists

EVERY religion began simply as a matter of reason," says Max Müller, "and from this drifted into a superstition." Without the basis of reason on which to build, the superstition could not exist. But it is the history of all religions that the ignorant, led on by the designing, use the language of hyperbole, poesy and symbolism as if they designated concrete things. When this is done you have a superstition. It is the simplest evolution, and the sternest, truest, most undeniable, in all the world of thought—this thing of transforming a poetic figure into a literal fact. "Figurative language is the bulwark of the Church," said John Wesley. This accounts for the fact that in all religions there are many men who represent a high order of intelligence: and their belief is made tenable only by placing a mystic and poetic construction upon the creed. Priests, of course, are often caught in the mesh of superstition, but those of the first grade in every land have an esoteric truth for themselves, and leave the gross fact for their followers.

Religions are many and diverse, but reason and goodness are one. It is the business of the prophet and seer to sound this truth again and yet again, lest religion degenerate completely into fetich, and the dervish take the place of the doer.

A few weeks ago I met a bishop of the Episcopal Church who seriously argued that my position outside "The Church" was preposterous—I belonged inside. "Why," said the bishop, "you believe not only that one man was divine, but that all men are; and all of our creed you hold as poetic truth. And this you have a perfect right to do inside the Church, only it is absurd to be getting yourself misunderstood by expressing things that are beyond the average intellectual grasp. If there is any trouble with

your faith it is in that you believe too much. Now be diplomatic and sensible and cease to fight and antagonize. Come home, find companionship in the Church and peace for your soul. And if you think that churchly honors will be a satisfaction to you it can all be arranged." One point in the bishop's plea is worth our while and that is that the heretic is a man with faith plus. The heresy head-hunters are a very stupid lot, and any man who has staked his life on a belief in the love of God and placed no limit on the mercy of the Unseen has ever been game for the theological Rough Riders.

The matter of martyrdom in the good old days agone (and the best that can be said of them is that they are gone) was only a huge misunderstanding. And the tragic joke of it all lies in the fact that persecutor and martyr are cut from the same piece. Both were good men, but they were lacking in humor. The persecutors and martyrs have zeal in excess, and they have surely supplied the Great Aristophanes of Heaven many a laugh by the lightning changes in which they have traded places in the stocks and upon the gallows.

The foregoing remarks were suggested by an Associated Press Dispatch stating that two Zionist missionaries sent out by Rev. John Alex. Dowie of Chicago were mobbed at Mansfield, Ohio. Later I had the felicity of interviewing one of these missionaries who gave his story, with full details as to times and places. ¶ He was caught by the mob, stripped, decorated with green paint, and then chased by sundry citizens, male and female, who carried peach-sprout switches that they used with unction. These ladies and gentlemen of Mansfield, Ohio, who chased the missionary were Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. The Chicago Zionites had simply encroached on their preserve, and they arose and resented it with a " righteous indignation."

The Catholics feel too secure to be troubled by small fry J. C.'s like Dowie, and the infidels, including Universalists and Unita-

rians, for the most part do not care a dam. So it was left for the chaste Dowieites to be hand-illumined and chased by the folks who are very much of their own kidney. That is to say, they were all, chasers and chasees, firm believers in the dogma that Jesus of Nazareth never had but one parent, and furthermore they hold that a belief in this vagary is necessary to save us from eternal damnation.

This brings us up to the "Society of the Sanctified and Righteous Fist," which we translate in our terse and idiomatic way into "The Boxers." The inspiration of this society is religious zeal, reinforced by patriotism, both of which have served as the last refuge for all the really great scoundrels who have ever lived. We meet the Boxers, in turn, by religious zeal, backed up with patriotism. We love our religion and our country, and so do they, and so we fight.

In China there are three religions recognized by the State: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. Confucius lived about five hundred years before Christ. He was not the originator of the doctrines he taught and distinctly protests, repeatedly, against any such assumption. To call him the founder of a religion would be like calling Tolstoy the originator of Christianity—both are merely interpreters. Confucius gathered together the best that was in antiquity in way of philosophy and ethics and applied this philosophy to life. He studiously avoids all reference to the existence and attributes of the divine, but merely states what he believes is best to do while here.

The word Confucius or Kung-fu-tse means "The Holy Master" or "The Exalted One"—the real name of the man himself is lost in the mist. Confucius has often been likened to Socrates, but in fact is a combination of Socrates and Moses, for he founded a minute ritual and made many rules for the conduct of everyday life. He was guided by the "Voice," just as Socrates was by his "Demon" or Moses by the "Lord." All of which means probably

nothing else than that there is a something in the heart of every man which tells him what is right and what not. All good Quaker mothers ask their little children, when a question of conduct arises "What does the Voice say, Dear?" And the child pauses, considers and knows what is right.

Dr. Paul Carus has said that all of the Mosaic laws are simply sanitary, and he has further stated that Moses was merely endeavoring to lead his people out of captivity into physical and mental freedom. He died before his experiment had developed very far, and his followers built up a superstition on his life and works.

Confucius said "To understand yourself is the key to wisdom." Confucius was essentially an individualist, as all wise men are and ever have been. Once one of his followers asked Confucius what he should do in a certain vexed situation. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," was the reply.

Contemporary with Confucius is Lao-tze who taught of the Tao, which means the Way. The word has a peculiar metaphysical meaning and really has no equivalent in English. Tao represents the first cause or guiding principle of life, and is the good angel that carries the lamp and points us the pathway we should follow. The thought is extremely poetic, and symbols all we can read into it. But that there is one best way to live, all agree. There is the right and the wrong, and Tao will lead aright if we will become as little children, cease all violence of direction and have faith in the good. It seems impossible that Jesus did not know of the doctrine of Tao, for He calls himself the Way and uses again and again the thought of gentleness, peace and simplicity, and His philosophy of unselfishness is one with the life and thought of Lao-tze. "I represent the Way, the Truth and the Life," said Lao-tze. Tao was originally simply a religion of reason —it taught the better way. But upon the poetic expressions of Lao-tze priests built a fabric, just as Renan avers that Paul

established a church on the fervent sayings of Jesus. Paul was the founder of the Christian Church, not Jesus; but the orthodox faith was not complete until we had Dante and Milton.

In the first century after Christ, Buddhism was introduced. The Emperor Ming-ti officially recognized it as the third state religion, and since his time the reigning Emperor has regularly been present once a year in the temples of Confucianists, Taoists and Buddhists. In fact the Emperor officially believes in each of the three religions, just as the Queen of England is a Presbyterian in Scotland and an Episcopalian when she returns to England.

¶ Buddhism at the base stands for gentleness, kindness, earnest seeking after light and all that is just and right. It teaches the sacredness of life, so that a good Buddhist is both a vegetarian and an abstainer from all intoxicants. But Buddhism is an exceeding complex and intricate affair to explain—quite as complex as Christianity. Christianity embraces over a hundred recognized denominations, some of which insist on decorating members of rival sects with green paint. In fact, I myself believe in the teachings of Christ most thoroughly, yet the expressed thought that I am a follower of Christ would be met with howls of derision by most of my respectable neighbors and also down the creek as far as Ebenezer. Yet it is a grain of satisfaction to me to remember that Christ was not a Christian; for St. Paul, Dante and Milton were, in His day, yet to come.

But the different kinds of Buddhists in India and China live on very good terms. ¶ To make this fact plain it should be stated that when the Nestorian Christians visited China in the Seventh Century they were greeted by Buddhists, Taoists and Confucians as the "Glorious Teachers," and all began to compare the similarity of their basic principles.

So this happy condition continued until the beginning of the Ninth Century, when the Nestorians had grown strong and established many convents. They owned much valuable property

and occasionally came into collision with the Buddhists who trespassed upon their rights. In some cases bands of men, sort of paid Pinkertons, were hired by the different religions to protect their temples from intruders. The Confucians armed also, very much as England now buys two war ships whenever Russia orders one. So in the year 841 the Emperor Wutung issued his notorious edict abolishing all Buddhists and Christian Convents in China. The Protestant Barons in England drove the Catholic Monks out in exactly the same way, in the Fourteenth Century. ¶ So the Christians and Buddhists had to go from China, and Marco Polo, who traversed China about the year 1270, says he found not a single Christian on his travels. But he did find that the Buddhists, who had slowly returned to China, knew of Jesus of Nazareth and held Him in great esteem, speaking of Him as a "Budh" or a reincarnation of Buddha. And so it is to this day—all the higher sects of Buddhism recognize our Christ as one who taught their gospel. In other words they claim Christ as a Buddhist

Converts to any new religion, or phase of religion, are necessarily men who know little of the history of religions. Men who know all religions have small faith in any. All the great religions had a little beginning. A man of power stands out from the world, regardless of precedent, heedless of consequence and points the Way. His is a religion of reason, and he has always said in substance that righteousness is only a form of common sense, that sin is folly and the best way to help yourself is to help others. He has always been a man of the widest sympathy and most sublime charity. But he is opposed, hated, vilified, misunderstood. Stupidity and hypocrisy confront him, and he speaks in bursts of fevered eloquence—in parable. He feels that his life is guided by a power behind and beyond himself, that he voices universal truth. All strong men feel their kinship to the Godhead, and so express themselves. The truths they utter are never new—they

are as old as fate. But truth is always being corrupted by the ignorant, the selfish and the designing, and so these "Prophets," "Budhs" or "Christs," varying in power and degree, are continually coming to the front and tearing away the veil of superstition and hypocrisy.

After they are gone, their scattered words may be seized upon by the ignorant, and a symbolism is made to stand for a literal fact, and then you have a superstition. Orthodox Christianity is a superstition, and is at once recognized as such by the wise men of China. And there are more philosophers pro rata in China than in America. The Pundit Lalana says that in the East there is an Emerson every four miles. The educated Chinaman knows all we know and all he himself knows beside. The three state religions of China contain every vestige of truth that is to be found in Christianity. Commercially and materially we excel the Chinese, but this is the result of climate, environment and conditions outside of all religion. And trolley cars, long-distance telephones, Maxim guns, palace cars, electrocution chairs, and Hoe multiple presses are the result of conditions absolutely untouched by the spirit of the Man who preached the Sermon on the Mount.

We have all the splendid things I have enumerated, but on the other hand we have mobs that strip women of their clothing on the public street, we decorate Christian preachers with green paint, we burn men at the stake, or cut their carcasses into bits and give them to the crowd as souvenirs. In every large city of America no unarmed man is safe at night; not a day passes but women-thugs rob men on the public streets of certain large cities in daylight; we have poverty, vice, prostitution, destitution on every hand. Half of our population live in the cities: the spirit of Christ has small place in our government, and it is notorious that our cities are governed by the worst. Drunkenness exists to a degree the world has never

elsewhere seen, excepting in England and Scotland. And as it was Schlitz beer that made Milwaukee famous, so likewise much of the wealth and prestige in many of our cities was secured by ministering to perverted appetites.

The idea of such a country as this, where purity, honesty and truth are exceptional, sending missionaries abroad is the very acme of bigoted assumption. The missionaries we send to China never become citizens of China—not at all. They are ever American, English or German as the case may be. They are "foreigners" to the last and never come to fully know or sympathize with the people they are attempting to teach. The result is they only make hypocrites or beggar attachés—"rice converts," as Lafcadio Hearn points out in his most interesting book "Out of the East." If these men really wanted to do good and benefit mankind there is plenty of raw material at home; but their ignorance makes them an easy prey to their zeal, so they go abroad to save the souls of the "heathen." Missionaries do not go abroad to learn—they go abroad with preconceived ideas concerning the "heathen," full of the fallacy that they have the truth and the heathen are without it. To send men to India to learn and then have these men come back and tell us what they learned would be a wise move, but to send men across the sea to unload their ignorance and arrogance is absurd and is bound to make trouble.

It must further be noted that the Chinese never harmed us in the slightest until we invaded their country. We exclude Chinamen from America and yet we raise a mighty howl because they try to exclude us from China. And our grievance against China now is not a matter of "the sacredness of life." Life is not a sacred matter to us at all. We declare war and take life as if it were ours to give. We mow down men with our rapid-firing guns, and then traverse the country, barnstorming, boasting of it. We show pictures of the mutilated and fallen by stereopticon

and in our newspapers without shame. We have killed one hundred Chinamen for every missionary killed by the Chinese, and are so ruthless of life that we palliate the crime by saying a missionary is worth a hundred Chinamen, thus putting a Rialto value upon souls, which act only a Juggernaut of blood could justify

The missionaries are all fully confident that they have a monopoly of truth. Their presence is an affront to a mild and gentle people. First they are tolerated, then feared, when it is seen that they divide house against house and create factions and ill-will. Between the missionaries of different Christian denominations there is ever strife and rivalry. They warn the converts against other denominations. Some of these missionaries or their followers become traders, and commerce enters. Then come foreign soldiers to protect the foreign missionaries and foreign merchants. Russia seizes a province to pay for some fancied indemnity; the French take a concession; the Germans a coaling station; the English a port; the Italians raise a row because they get nothing, and behold Chinese "exclusiveness" grows impatient.

The poor heathen cannot understand why they should not be let alone. They see no special virtue in the pig-eaters who come to force a religion on them which seems no improvement on the one they have. So they organize the Society of Sanctified Fists and after long suffering riot breaks out and the missionaries are either killed or bundled back home. "Vengeance is mine and I will repay," saith the German Emperor.

I can see a grain of excuse in the Boxer movement, but I do not find anything to pardon in the brutality of the Methodist Bishop who says, "We will Christianize China, even if takes a million bayonets and costs a sea of blood." Altogether my sympathies are with the Boxers. And I say to all persons anxious to benefit mankind, Build over against your house—the heathen are at your door. Let him who is without sin cast stones at Chinamen.

About Widows

MY acquaintanceship with widows has been somewhat limited, but from observation and hearsay I am fully convinced that the happiest mortals on earth are ladies who have been bereaved by the loss of their husbands. Widows weep, but through their tears they often smile, and beneath their darksome weeds the heart beats warm and hope is high.

Widows all have good appetites; widows sleep o' nights.

The woman with bloodshot eyes, hectic cheeks, parched lips; and that other one, worn, wan, yellow and spiritless, are not widows. Or if so, the trouble is something worse than death. A widow knows the worst, and the known holds no horrors—only the unknown is terrible.

A widow's soul is full of hope. No crouching uncertainty frights her dreams—she is alone, and loneliness does not consist in being alone,—loneliness is the condition of being chained to a Roman Soldier.

Of course, not all husbands are dogged, bullheaded Roman Soldiers, but some are, and when they die and leave a goodly property, the joy that bathes the soul of the woman who, for the first time in a score of years is free—absolutely free—passes belief

When I said the happiest mortals on earth are widows, I voiced no idle myth.

A woman who is married to a strong, forceful, positive man, who does not comprehend her higher nature, is an absolute slave; her lot is hades, and should she, at the same time, love another man, she is in hell. That is just what hell is for a woman, and there is no other. The henpecked husband finds respite in a hundred ways that society does not vouchsafe to woman, so

his condition is fairly tolerable, but an enslaved woman, being the passive party, suffers a misery beyond imagination.

And now suppose apoplexy, some fine day, sets her free—O ho! She wears mourning, of course, but the grim black veil that covers her face, as she rides behind the hearse, is only to conceal her smiles and mask her deep, abiding peace.

But you say that such a condition as I have just suggested is exceptional, and of course this is true. But the fact still holds, for widows find a gratification in being miserable. One source of satisfaction in all bereavement is that the individual, at first stunned, undone, soon is surprised to find that he rises superior to it. When a woman really discovers that she can get along without a man, a pride in that she is greater than unkind condition fills her heart. This sense of self-reliance gives courage and is usually the first dilution and mitigation of grief.

The wife of America's greatest preacher survived her lord for ten years, and she once told a friend that these were the happiest years she had ever known. Yet her husband never ill-used her, but while he was living she was continually stung by jealousy. The attention was all lavished on him, and she was only pointed out as a marital appendenda vermiformis. After the husband had gone hence, his death hastened by conjugal appendicitis, she was the whole thing.

Strong, forceful, busy men are a great trial to their wives. Men with executive ability, who do the marketing, and hold the opinions for the household, create a stifling mental atmosphere in their homes. Power repels, as well as attracts. Such men as I have mentioned doubtless love their wives, but they want no advice nor assistance. The wife of such a man grows meek and compliant and puts the children to bed early so they will not bother their father. The wife has a weekly allowance, and is ever dutiful ❧ ❧

Apoplexy comes and relieves her. She is crushed, because she

thinks a widow should be. In a week lawyers arrive to consult her, and the administrator asks her advice. Tenants pay her rent, the whole world seems to uncover before her. She finds she can think for herself, and devise and weigh. All women love power—power has come to her. The estate foots up more than she imagined—her husband deceived her with talk of poverty and hard times to keep down her supposed taste for luxury. ¶ She is rich. She begins to plan little charities for her poor relations ❧ ❧

She consults railroad guides, and takes a sudden interest in Wilhelm der Grosse as compared with the Allan Line.

She is happy, very happy, and only a month has passed since the apoplexy, and when she looks into the glass she smiles coyly and blushes almost to see how becoming her mourning bonnet really is. Her conscience pricks her for being so pink and pretty, when her cheeks should be tear-stained. She knows her attractive face, and her equally attractive fortune are very attractive qualities to several good men. She must be on her guard. ¶ She is very happy.

As penance she begins to plan an elaborate granite memorial for John. She thinks a weeping willow with a widow in weeds leaning on the tombstone would be nice.

She is very happy—and on her guard.

The emotions and sensations of a bride are nothing to the feelings of a widow. A widow has a background for comparison, and all the flighty dreams after the unattainable have been forced out of her cosmos by a slatey-grey marital pudmill. She is grateful now, grateful for freedom, and the ideal looms large on her horizon ❧ ❧

Then widowhood is so eminently respectable! And the dash of deceit in it all—the condolences and sympathy—are so sweet to the feminine palate. When does the Wilhelm der Grosse sail? ¶ In his "Essay on the Sublime," Burke suggests that in the

presence of death even the best friend feels a grain of satisfaction in the fact that he is alive. The only exceptions to this are where Le Grand Passion has not known a complete satisfaction and thereby transformed the bond into a different form of friendship. A girl engaged may follow her lover across the Border, as did that widow in Indianapolis last week who sent a bullet into her heart while standing over the grave of her lover. It was not her husband's grave—the husband had died three years before —this was the grave of the man to whom she was affianced. Lovers love the ideal and incarnate it in this person or that. Marriage is the great disillusioner; and fully granting the excellence of the relation that is left after the glamour of passion is gone, yet the fact remains that there are galling conditions about it which make separation by death bearable. The saddest part of many a widowhood is that the widow is left penniless. In such cases the bane of poverty is always confused with the loss of the friend; but analyzed, the chief trouble, we find, is the lack of material things, and not the absence of an affinity. The sense of desolation that comes over a mother at loss of her babe is a complete grief, while widowhood is only a parting that shortly merges itself into a sweet sorrow.

Widows should not be blamed for the pride they take in the trim little black bonnet with its bewitching white ruche; they are what they are. If a woman is reasonably healthy, when one man goes, she instinctively sends out spiritual filaments seeking another, pleasantly agitated by the hazard of new fortunes. To ask her to confess this would be cruel, but the fact is a law of her nature. Then another thing, if a widow is around about fifty it often happens that there is a fine renewing of her youth. She feels that a great freedom has come to her: she rejoices in books, art, the beauties of nature, and the stimulus that comes from associating with thinking men is more gratifying to her than ever before. You remember what Franklin said along this

line? The fact that she has freedom is a great boon and a blessing and the days she now knows are the happiest that have ever fallen to her lot. If her husband was her mate, even in degree, she enshrines his memory in undying amber, and in sweet imagination pictures to herself the virtues he possessed, forgetful of his faults; and even though the man may have been in life a burden, death has now wiped the score clean—she holds no resentments

Grief is an agony of unrest, which if continued, quickly kills or else unseats the reason; but sorrow soothes the nerves, and there is in it an element not unmixed with joy.

Graves are often sweet trysting places of the unvexed spirit. Who cannot picture the calm, quiet, restful sorrow, hugged fondly to her heart, by her Gracious Majesty, the Queen of England

Death is not a supreme calamity, either for the dead or the living

Widows live long.

At the House of Jamie

GENERALLY, when I lecture in a town I have it nominated in the bond, that if I am to be "entertained" the fee is to be fifty dollars extra. ¶ And even with the stimulus of the added stipend, no man can barnstorm the one-night stands and live out the measure of his days, if he is entertained. Wine, women and too much song have shortened the lives of many poets; but these things are as naught to the inquisitorial horrors of the spare-room.

Outside the door of the spare-room lurks a hushed atmosphere of fussiness. The air is heavy with expectancy: children are reproved—grown-ups cautioned.

You lie down to take a nap and some one raps and asks if you are perfectly comfortable, and "Are you sure there is nothing you want?" And then you are assured that this is Liberty Hall and everybody here does just as he pleases. Then they want to take you somewhere, to show you things and meet many folks who have been telephoned to drop in. Bells ring, knocks are heard and the banging of pianos fall upon your tired ear. You want to rest and dream, but you cannot, for this is Liberty Hall, and everybody in it has the liberty of bothering you. ¶ A search for the bathroom is presently made and you encounter a woman in the hallway. She suppresses a scream, and, being experienced, you do not ask her where the bathroom is, for you know that if you should she might throw double Arabs. I once inquired of a maiden lady of thirty-seven in June where the bathroom was. Her weathered visage ran the chromatic scale and she stammered innocence, protested ignorance, swore a halibi and flew in terror from my presence. Afterward I heard that she gave out intimations to the effect that I had insulted her, thus appropriating for herself a distinction to which she

had not the shadow of a right. ¶ Ever after there was an embarrassing something between myself and this maiden, for in that incautious moment I had revealed to her young heart that genius could not rise above necessity, and at the last was only human. ¶ When being entertained at a private house you are supposed to scintillate, and disappointment reigns if you do not. And then you can guess the scathing chatter of criticism that is in store after you are gone.

Once upon a day I was entertained in the town of Kokomo. After supper we sat out on the veranda, enjoying the cool of the day. The house belonged to one of the first citizens, and was on the Euclid Avenue of the place. With the assembled family there were a few invited neighbors. A little girl, six years old, all stiffly starched, with two funny braids down her back, tied with pink ribbons, sat at my feet and looked up in eager wonderment. Evidently she had been duly warned and instructed, for she was primly proper and very conscious of it. All at once this little girl spied a playmate of about her own age across the street. She jumped up, skipped three skips forward and called in a shrill voice, "O Marthy, Marthy, come over quick—here is a great man!"

Of course everybody laughed—even the people across the street laughed and the neighbors on each side of us smiled audibly. ¶ When that little girl grows older she will discover that the great man is a man who lives a long way off. If you doubt this proposition go to any little town where resides a great man and ask his neighbors—they will quickly undeceive you.

But for the most part the good folks with a spare room are full of the illusion that the great man really exists. So when the poor guest comes they entertain him by feeding him too much and showing him things he does not care to see, and they amuse him with attentions that sap him to the point of weariness. ¶ How can the man explain that he is only a plain, unpretentious

fellow, with a very few wants—that course dinners and Sunday china and Christmas silverware are nothing to him! He has seen Sevres; he is familiar with Gorham's: and he knows the miracles of Tiffany. All he wants is a cup of tea, some toast, two soft boiled eggs and quiet.

If you are an alleged great man, go to a hotel when you strike a new town, or you will die the death. To be neglected in a very bad hotel is much to be preferred to being entertained at a fine private house.

However, there may be exceptions—and there are. Now when I am in Minneapolis I always go straight to the house of Jamie, the well-beloved. The last time I was there I arrived at seven o'clock in the morning—only the servants were astir. I went out into the kitchen and the girl got me up the nicest kind of a little breakfast and then I found a vacant room upstairs and went to bed. It had been an all-night ride from Duluth and no sleeping-car

The family knew enough to let me alone, and it was eventide before I met any of them. I got my nap, loafed and invited my soul, wrote letters, read and enjoyed a day of perfect bliss in the best of company because I was alone.

No wonder that Richard of the Quest calls the House of Jamie his other home. Richard was there when I was the other day—Richard, the sensitive, subtle and receptive; Richard, with that fine capacity for joy, yet keyed for exquisite pain. Lovable, generous, childlike Richard, aren't you and I grateful that we have such friends as Jamie and Mrs. Jamie and the wee Marguerite? And then you, yourself, have said: "At the House of Jamie are twelve wells and seventy palm trees."

Art That Wins

"I DO not much like the piety that proclaims itself," said Leo XIII. A similar remark might be made concerning art.

The art that will win for itself a niche in the temple of fame in the future will be of a quiet sort. The province of art is to express emotion—to impart a feeling. And the art of exaggeration, rant, bombast and fustian is gone forever. Edwin Forrest, the elder Booth, and John McCullough could never get a hearing now, much less win the applause of the best.

It is very possible that the ponderous eloquence of Daniel Webster, with its rolling thunder would only excite pity or invite cabbages in a Boston audience of today. Certain it is that the East Aurora lawyer who went down to the Appellate Court at Rochester with his bursts of impassioned eloquence, found himself speedily and coldly brought back to earth. The famous Monday Lectures of Joseph Cook, with their heated explanations and fine sharp quips and quillets about nothing would never do now. The needless realism of John Rogers in sculpture is not to our taste, and all those pretty groups that once filled the mantels of the model American home are consigned to limbo.

This change from the loud and strident and the plush-covered to the quiet and simple in manners, housekeeping and art is owing more to the influence of Wm. Morris than to any other man of the century. Morris said "We need fewer things and want them better. All your belongings should mean something to you. Every act of life should signify." And the world, little knowing or caring from whom the voice of authority came, has lowered its tone, softened its manner, and no longer in good company do woman shriek in falsetto or appear adorned in yellow and red. They talk less and listen more.

We are gradually growing honest. Fledgelings from Harvard, possibly know how to write, but they have no thoughts worth recording. Preachers who have just been taught how at Princeton seldom have a message. Girls who get stage-struck, run away and take the boards are not for us. Singers who have acquired skill by correspondence do not touch our hearts. We are moved only by the souls that have suffered and the hearts that know; and so all art that endures is a living, quivering cross-section of life ❧ ❧

The change in favor of modesty, moderation and sanity in art is nowhere more apparent than upon the stage. It is not enough now that an actor memorize his lines—he must know and feel their every shade of meaning. Every sentence must be reinforced with intellect, and all the pauses packed with feeling. Note the fine mental qualities of Mansfield and Willard; and see how the silences of Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe or Minnie Maddern Fiske affect you to tears.

Art, at the last, is a matter of heart not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself—simple, pattering little child-songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate, from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and singer Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Cazin, and as true and effective as a sketch by DeMonvel ❧ ❧

And so I think that in literature the man who wins in the future cannot afford to be diffuse nor profound. He will be suggestive, and the reader must have the privilege of being learned and

profound: all the writer will do is to make men think and drive them to the encyclopedia. It is not for an author to replace "Chambers" or the "Brittanica." And the artist who ministers to our sense of sublimity must be subtle, suggestive and quiet. He must know. He will be one who has suffered, and he must, too, have enjoyed, and out of his experiences he will have evolved knowledge, poise and sympathy. And love shall season all.

Advantages and Disadvantages

THE so-called "disadvantages" in the life of a child are often its advantages. And on the other hand, "advantages" are often disadvantages of a most serious sort. To be born in the country, of poor parents, is no disadvantage. The strong men in every American city—the men who can do things; the men like James J. Hill, Charles E. Perkins, Philip G. Armour, Norton G. Finney, C. C. Merrill, or the late Tom Potter, who gloried in difficulties, waxed strong in overcoming obstacles, and laughed at disaster—men who could build three miles of railroad a day, and cause prosperous cities to spring up where before were only swamps and jungle, barren plains or endless forest—these men were all country boys, nurtured in adversity

And it is but the tritest truism to say that the early life of industry, and unceasing economy of time and things, was the best possible preparation and education that these men could have had for doing a great work.

I once heard George M. Pullman tell how, at ten years of age, he used to cut wood so his mother could cook, help her wash the dishes and sweep; carry water for her to do the washing, and assist her hanging out the clothes. In a year or two more he planted the garden, knew all kinds of vegetable seeds on sight, knew every forest tree that grew in Western New York and could distinguish between the qualities of the wood. At seventeen he helped his father move houses and barns and dig wells and construct church steeples. That is to say he was getting an education—learning to do things in the best way. He was developing physique, and also building character and making soul-fibre. He was learning to make plans and execute them, think for himself and be strong and self-reliant. Yet he didn't know

it at the time, and later regretted his lack of education and absence of opportunity.

Pullman was always a little too busy to be a philosopher; in spite of his mighty grasp on practical things he failed to perceive that he was a product of the "unkind conditions" of his boyhood. He plumed himself on overcoming great difficulties; in after-dinner confidences occasionally recited the great things he had done and compared them to the still greater things he might have done "if he had only had a chance."

Perhaps George M. Pullman knew down deep in his heart that he had received the very best training possible for his life-work; but that quality in "self-made" men which causes them to want all the credit for the job, blinded him to a great degree to the truth. Hence we find him protecting his own sons from the blessings that had been his. Instead of having his boys brought up to do things, he had servants who cheated them out of all that round of daily duties which had made him strong. He had tutors who taught them things out of books and gave them advice. The result was that the sons of George M. Pullman are pretty nearly moral defectives and their fantastic tricks before high heaven have added to the gayety of nations. Some one has said, "You know what God thinks of millionaires when you see the kind of men he gives the money to."

Pullman's boys are without even a trace of that decision and strength that made their father famous. George M. Pullman could operate a great industry but he could not bring up a family. He succeeded in everything but the boy business.

The method pursued by George M. Pullman in educating his boys is the plan pursued by most rich men. All that they gain for the world is lost again in their children.

And until yesterday all the college presidents and all the pedagogs who lectured and taught and wrote and preached, fully endorsed the plan adopted by George M. Pullman in educating his boys.

¶ So sternly true is this that Dr. Edward Everett Hale, a graduate of Harvard, has said, "If you should take twelve prize medal men from Harvard and put them on a sinking ship they would all drown through inability to construct a raft."

The mote-blind pedagogs are quite willing to keep on stuffing boys with impressions, not knowing that the number of impressions a boy can hold is limited. We grow through expression, and the large colleges, even yet, afford a very imperfect means for expression—all is impression and repression.

But today we find a few of the highest type of teachers making a bold stand for the natural method of education. That is, they recognize that the education which George M. Pullman received was a better, wiser and safer education than the education which George M. Pullman gave to his boys. Last week I visited the John Dewey School of Chicago and there I saw them doing for the children, with carefully prepared intent, just what fate, poverty and "unkind conditions" did for George M. Pullman.

¶ John Dewey, the head of the Dewey School, is a pupil of that noted psychologist and thoroughly sane man, Dr. Stanley Hall, and the cry of Dr. Hall is, "Back to Nature."

At the Dewey School they try to teach children just as a kind, intelligent and loving mother would teach her children if she lived away off forty miles from nowhere, and had an income of three hundred dollars a year to support a family of nine.

Nothing interests us save as it comes home to us as a personal issue. And in visiting the Dewey School I unconsciously compared it with my own early lack of instruction.

When I was fifteen years of age I could break wild horses to saddle or harness, and teach kicking cows to stand while they were being milked. I could fell trees and drop the tree in any direction desired; I knew the relative value of all native woods; appreciated the difference in soil, grains, fruits and simple minerals. I could use the drawshave, adz, axe, broadaxe, crosscut

saw, sickle and cradle. I could make a figure-four trap, an axe helve, a neckyoke, oxyoke, whiffle-trees, clevis, and braid an eight-strand cattle whip. We used to mend our harness on rainy days and I could make a wax-end and thread it with a bristle, and use a bradawl. I knew how to construct an ash-leach and to make soft soap, apple butter and pumpkin pies. I knew the process of weaving flax and wool, of making and burning brick. I knew on sight and had names for a score or more of birds, and had a good idea of the habits of squirrels, skunks, wolves and the fishes that swam in the creeks. I knew how to cure hams, shoulders and sidemeat; to pickle beef, and cover apples with straw and earth so they would keep in safety through the most severe winter and open up in the spring, fresh and valuable.

Of course my knowledge was not of scientific order, and I could not have explained it to another, because I never knew I had it. It all came along easily, naturally and as a matter of course. It would be absurd to say that I was an expert worker in all the lines I have mentioned, but I was familiar with the processes and could do things with my hands all in my own crude way, just as I daily saw my father and the neighbors do.

And so when I saw at this experimental school of the Chicago University, the same curriculum being worked out that I had known in youth, I could not but smile. Prof. John Dewey with his costly apparatus and heavy endowment, is merely trying to overcome the "advantages of civilization."

They have no wild horses nor kicking cows in the Dewey School, but they teach children to make things out of wood, iron and cloth. They are taught to measure, weigh and compare and decide. They wash dishes and put things away in a neat and orderly manner. They are taught the nature of wool, cotton and flax, and are shown how to weave, dye and construct. They learn without knowing when or how they learn. The repression and discipline that one feels in many schools is removed and there

is an air of freedom in the place that is very helpful. It's a curious experiment—this back to nature—but in the line of truth. ¶ The success of an individual is usually damnation for his children. Luxury enervates and kills, and this is the reason that the race has made such slow and painful progress. All one generation gains is lost in the next. The great nations have died from off the earth simply because they succeeded. The grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome, are but names writ in water. The splendours of Spain and Italy are crumbling into dust. Whether France and England have not expressed their best is a question—nations, like families, die the death and they die because they win.

Institutions similar to the Dewey School are attempts to hold the ground once gained, and as such they should command the earnest consideration and respect of every man who knows history and who realizes that the progress of civilization has been only a repetition of the labor of Sisyphus.

We grow strong through doing things. And when one generation comes into possession of the material good that the former generation has gained, and makes that fool remark, "I don't have to work," it straightway is stepping on the chute that gives it a slide to Avernus—and then all has to be done over again ❧ ❧

I expect to see the day when schoolteachers will not be supplied a beautiful scarcity of everything but hard work.

I expect to see the day when no schoolteacher will have more than twenty pupils.

I expect to see the day when the honors and compensation of school teaching will command the services of the strongest and best men and women in every community.

I expect to see the day when the conversational method will be supreme, and teaching will be done practically without books,—by object lessons, thinking things out and doing things.

I expect to see the day when overwrought nerves in teacher or pupil will be unknown, for joy will take the place of anxiety, and all the bugaboo of examinations will be consigned to limbo. The evolution even now is at work, and the time is ripe. The beauty seen in all schoolrooms, and the reaching out for harmony are not in vain. These things are bearing fruit.

This is the richest country the world has ever known. We are loaning money to Europe—and ideas, too. We spend a sum total in America of two hundred million dollars a year for the support of our public schools. Yet we raised a like sum recently for war and fighting machines, and no one lifted an eyebrow, except a few cranks around Boston and a man in Nebraska.

Now suppose that we awake to the truth that war is waste, and worse,—that we stand in no danger and need few soldiers, and that we would better educate our boys and girls at home than indulge in doubtful Old World experiments—then what! Why, we'll reduce our fighting force and use the money to increase the efficiency of our teaching force. We will let children grow strong and unfold through doing things and talking about them as they do them, and pupils and teacher will grow strong together. We will do away with truancy, trampism, hoodlumism and lessen crime by nine-tenths. We will not suppress bad or restless boys, we will divert them and direct their energies into paths of usefulness ❧ ❧

And the day is coming.

For these thoughts are not my thoughts. They are in the hearts of thousands in every city, town, hamlet and village—east or west, north or south—it's just God's truth. And when enough people arrive at truth, and realize that every day is judgment day and the important place is here, and the time is now, then we will work for a present good, and educate, not kill; love, not hate; and the men and women who educate most and best, shall be honored most. ¶ The day is dawning in the East.

ED. HOWE

Potato Hill and Paradise

AND SO my dear old partner in well-doing, Colonel Ed Howe, has discovered a thing which he, being wise, should have known long ago. ¶ And that is, that at Potato Hill the potato-bugs are plentiful, and the potatoes small and few in a hill.

Ed thought he could hie him to Potato Hill and be happy —happy and absolutely immune from varmints—everything but literary scabies.

But alas, there is no continued happiness at Potato Hill. ¶ It is all right to go out to Potato Hill over Sunday, but to live at Potato Hill is another thing. In fact, Ed now says that if he owned Potato Hill and Hell, he would rent both and live in Atchison

He declares that if he had to live at Potato Hill all the time, he would take Paris Green, and die with the bugs, bughouse. ¶ The man intent solely on enjoying himself, and having a good time, is nibbling the rat-biscuit.

Good things all come by indirection, and they also usually travel incog. ¶ The man who retires from business to have a good time will never have it.

If you do not find happiness in your work you will never know what happiness is.

A short respite is all right—just to get your wind—but if you continue your vacation too long you will land yourself in limbo, mentally and physically.

Ed Howe is fifty-seven years old, and to retire at such a youthful period reveals that our Kansas philosopher either is a great advertiser, or else is only a philosophic freshman.

The writer who retires from the world in order to write, soon runs out of raw stock.

If he continues to push his pen it will be a tired one, and what the man says will be of no special interest to any one.

The charm of Ed Howe's writing has always come from the fact that he was a worker writing for workers. He was one with the common people he was talking to; it was all a sort of jolly, kindly confession.

Out at Potato Hill, after the Hill and the potatoes had been described, Ed fell back on reminiscence and acknowledged himself a Has-Was, when what we want is an Is-Now, or a Not-Yet-But-Soon.

My heart is with Simeon Stylites, who climbed to the top of a tower sixty feet high, and there on a space three feet square spent thirty years of his very useful and interesting career, never once coming down for a bath, a change of underclothes, or a Sunday paper.

This was an advertising achievement worth while! And Simeon has been good material for poets moralists and philosophers ever since

Ed Howe is a good Class B philosopher—there are only a few of us in A. We can not afford to lose Ed Howe, just for a potato-blossom to stick in his wampus. I am glad that he has repudiated the spuds, and is back to town, whooping it up, looking for items, and working away right in the center of the pornographic push, where the typewriters never rest and the sinners sweat, swear, smoke and spit without ceasing.

Moral:—After a man has worked in a newspaper office for forty years, even Paradise would be a place of deadly monotony. To your knitting, girls, to your knitting!

The Hall of Fame

A SIMPLE little sentence in a late "Philistine" has kicked up a cloud of dust, and added generously to my list of cancellations. The remark was simply this: The best men are never found in churches

It does sound a trifle blunt, but the trouble is that the good people who are set on a hair trigger assume too much. They seem to think I claim that of fifty men, picked at random, who are church members, and fifty men who are not church members, that the men outside the church would be found to be the better quality. I make no such claim.

And I'll go further, and say that the worst people on earth are not church members. Church members represent a high average of respectability. Caution, bordering on timidity, keeps many from wrong, and very often these people think they find safety by affiliating with a crowd; so they join a church. "The herding instinct in animals tokens fear," says Alfred Russel Wallace. Sheep herd, but goats flock by themselves.

The Protestant Churches of America are social centers, and really should not be classed as religious institutions at all. The most zealous church members may be religious and they may not. Yet I freely admit that, for the most part, churchgoers are very good people.

On the other hand the original proposition still holds: The best people are not found in churches.

I point you Benjamin Franklin, Leo Tolstoy, Max Müller, John Burroughs, Prince Kropotkin, George Eliot, Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Lincoln, Emerson, Ruskin, William Morris and Carlyle by way of proof.

Twenty-nine names have been thought worthy of a place in our American Hall of Fame; and no matter how much the divergence

in views as to why other names were not selected, no one, that I know of, has argued that those given a place are unworthy. The three strongest and best men in the list, beyond cavil, are Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson. These men have done more to give distinction to America than any three men who can be named. They represent intelligence, patience, kindliness and a forbearance that causes us mentally to uncover at mention of their names. Men are great only as they possess sympathy. No mere accomplishment in learning or skill can ever make amends for a lack of love. With great intellect must go great sympathy, or no hall of fame can serve to hold the name deathless.

And yet the three men I have mentioned were not church members. Emerson was so liberal that even the Unitarian Church repudiated him. Lincoln found no church big enough to hold his faith, and Franklin was a Deist—pure and simple—and was counted an infidel in his day. Dr. Edward Everett Hale at the grave of Oliver Wendell Holmes called attention to the fact that the five greatest names in American literature were names of men who were Unitarians—and Unitarianism is a natural religion, or a religion of reason and conduct. But Dr. Hale did not mention Hawthorne, whose name is one of the four literary men in the Hall of Fame; and Hawthorne was a Freethinker, and stood in belief just where Ingersoll stood—that is to say, he didn't know, and said so ❧ ❧

Among Philanthropists the two names in the Hall of Fame are Peabody and Cooper. Neither was a church member, and although both gave vast sums for the betterment of mankind, no mention of a church was found in their wills. Stephen Girard, our third great philanthropist, who came near getting a place in the Hall of Fame, was counted out for the reason that he stipulated in his will that no clergyman should ever have a place among the trustees of Girard College.

Among preachers we have Beecher, who was practically a Unitarian; Channing, who was a Unitarian, and Jonathan Edwards, who, I believe, wasn't.

With the statesmen we have Washington, who inherited his religion, as he did his slaves; Lincoln, whose religion was to do good; Clay, whose religion was in his wife's name, and Webster, diplomatically ditto, with Franklin, a Freethinker, as before stated ❧ ❧

The lawyers and judges show Marshall, Kent and Story—the first two Unitarians and the last a nominal churchgoer.

In educators we have Horace Mann, a Unitarian, and Gilbert Stuart, a Presbyterian.

Soldiers and Sailors reveal the names of Grant, Lee and Farragut. Grant was not a church member, but he went to the Methodist Church in the interests of polity and domestic peace. Lee was a church member, and Farragut was an agnostic.

Audubon and Asa Gray, the only two Scientists who were honored had the same religion that Herbert Spencer has.

And among Inventors we have Fulton, Morse and Whitney, neither of whom ever expressed himself on the subject of religion, any more than Edison has. Edison's religion is his work, and he once said that the only way he knew when Sunday came was because they had chicken for dinner and the meal was two hours late ❧ ❧

Swear Not At All

THERE is one special bit of mummery which should, out of respect to sacred things, be abolished. I refer to the oath as administered in our law courts. This flippant, hypocritical playing battledore with the name of Deity cannot but excite every honest man to knock hard and call time.

Just imagine a Notary Public, with a large cud of tobacco in his cheek asking you to hold up your right hand while he refers to the Holy Evangel, and ends with 'swelp you God twenty-five cents

To any man of genuine religious feeling the oath is a loathing and offense; and to the man who does not intend to tell the truth it is nothing but words, words, words. Then the kissing of a beautiful bacteria besmirched book is just a trifle more nauseating than the oath. All this vile and villainous claptrap once had a meaning and purpose: when the idea was abroad in the minds of most people that laws were made by God, or at least by men directly inspired by God, it might have been well enough to call on God to witness us sneak our stuff through the Custom House. Not many people now, though, really believe that God takes any special interest in the Tariff, or for that matter, the marriage of a man to his deceased wife's sister. ¶ Let us tell the truth, not only in law courts but elsewhere, tell the truth because the truth is always better than falsehood. A lie is a poor scheme. ¶ I know a man who has tried both plans. Truth, like all righteousness, is only a form of common sense.

It is well, doubtless, to have notaries, who will record affirmations at proper times, but in the name of all sacred things let us not longer stultify our intelligence by allowing a fat buffoon to flash on us a printed book in a dirty cover in the name of God.

God is no literary personage, and so far as I know cares no more for books and authors than He does for bricks and hodcarriers. And as for lawmakers, go down to Albany and see if you can find divinity shining from the faces of the men we elect to the Legislature ❧ ❧

To cuss is often a relief for pent-up emotion, but to swear is absurd ❧ ❧

Swear not at all.

Where Love Is

FIVE miles up the creek from East Aurora is the village of South Wales. Society there centers around a schoolhouse where the Presbyterians hold service each Sunday morning and the Methodists in the afternoon. South Wales has two stores, a blacksmith shop and a town-pump where you always water your horse and get a drink for luck. The first turning to the left after the four corners, where the pump stands, up on the hillside, second house on the right, lives a fine Philistine, beloved by all who can appreciate plain, hard, common sense, honesty of purpose, and a dash of wit. ¶ This man was a forty-niner, but some way things with him never panned. His motto once was, "Pike's Peak or bust." He reached Pike's Peak and managed to get back to East Aurora, busted

But some one loaned him money to buy a team and a few implements, and he bought a farm where boulders grew lush and lusty. There was no market then for boulders. When crops were good, things didn't bring any price, and when prices were high there was nothing to sell.

However, the man and his wife managed to get a living, and send their boy and girl down to East Aurora to school—the boy going in the winter and the girl attending the spring and fall terms. ¶ And so the years passed, as years will.

But there came an evil day when Deacon P. closed in on his mortgage, and the occupants of the old farm found themselves just exactly where they were when they took the place twenty years before

Then it was that the Philistine and his family moved down to South Wales, first turning after you leave the town-pump, second house on the right.

They raised bees, and as the mother was now the business man, they got along first-rate—why, their income one year was three hundred and eighty dollars!

Yesterday I watered my saddle mare, "Garnet," at the South Wales town-pump, and then took the first turning to the left. At the second house to the right an old man with white hair and a long white beard sat in a chair on the veranda. By his side, just below him, seated in the doorway, her hand in his, was an auburn-haired young woman, say thirty years of age.

"Don't speak—don't speak!" called the old man in a loud voice, as I reined in. "Don't speak! I've bet Maud fifty cents that it is Colonel Littlejourneys; I know the one-two-three-four step of that horse—Oh! you can't fool me!" laughed the old man.

The man and his daughter are both blind.

I tied my horse, and went in. There were merry greetings, much asking after the folks, and urgent demands that I should put my horse in the barn and remain to dinner.

"Oh, but that Mozart was bad!" said Maud. "Why didn't you give the colored man a dollar and let him throw it after the first one?" ❧ ❧

"What's the Ashtabula Disaster got to do with Mozart?" demanded the old man in pretended wrath.

"What business have you to know anything about literature, music or art?" I demanded in turn. "Why, you are nothing but a farmer!" ❧ ❧

"I used to be a farmer, but now I am a literary critic. I'm what you call a dilettante, for I even have some one to read for me!" ❧ ❧

"Surely, Colonel, Papa is right—we are not only dilettantes, but aristocrats—why, we have a bank account!" said Maud.

"Indeed," I answered.

"Why, yes, you know Jack is getting along famously at his work. He is supervising architect at San Francisco for a government

building that will cost a million dollars. And then he built the Crocker Hotel, and when the Crocker Estate gave him a check for nine thousand dollars for his services, what do you think he did?" ❧ ❧

"Never could guess!"

"Why, he sent us a New York draft for a thousand dollars—that's the way we got our bank account."

The old man got up and I followed him into the house, where he groped his way to a bureau drawer and brought forth the book which he insisted I examine.

"How much is it to our credit?" he demanded.

"A thousand dollars," I answered.

"What did I tell you!" was his proud answer.

It wasn't the money so much, either; it was the consciousness that Jack was succeeding—Jack who had plowed and sowed and reaped and cultivated stone bruises! Jack who had gone to the East Aurora "Academy" in winter and then taught school, and gone to the Boston Tech, and won a Foreign Travel Scholarship, and worked in McKim, Mead & White's (because they wanted a first-class man) and then had gone to San Francisco and was making a fortune—that is what made Jack's sister and Jack's father so proud and happy. Only one thing blurred their joy—Mother didn't live to know of Jack's success. Of course, she knew he would succeed, but she grew tired, so tired, and fell asleep and didn't awake, and that was four years ago.

"Let us show you some photographs of Jack's buildings," said the old man. ¶ He arose and started for a little side bedroom, the spare room. Maud was going after the photographs, too, and they met in the doorjamb and stuck there like humpty dumpty and Pantaloon. There were mutual apologies and finally the photographs were brought forth, the father leading the daughter and the daughter leading the father, and each cautioning the other to look out for the big rocking-chair.

I took the photographs in my hand, and sightless eyes gazed into vacancy over my head. I tried to look at the pictures, but couldn't see them for the tears that were running down my nose. Luckily no one saw me mopping.

Why did I cry? Really I do not know—perhaps I cried because I am a fool, and think sometimes I have troubles, when there is no trouble and no calamity excepting to those who think trouble and recognize calamity.

I bade my dear friends good-bye out there on the little veranda. The summer breeze stole through the wistaria and kissed the flowing white locks of the old man, and caressed the golden hair of the young woman, as they stood there hand in hand.

I mounted my horse and rode away down the dusty road. I took the first turning to the right, and looked back as I passed the corner ❧ ❧

The father and daughter were still standing there, motionless. Their faces were raised, and they were looking out over me, completely over me, looking clear to San Francisco, where Jack is ❧ ❧

I thought of a little book that was in my sidepocket. I had been reading it that very morning. I took the volume out and read the title: WHERE LOVE IS, THERE IS GOD.

Work and Love

WORK is for the worker! Did I say that once before? Very well, I think I'll print it twelve times a year. Work is for the worker.

We become robust only through exercise, and every faculty of the mind and every attribute of the soul grows strong only as it is exercised. So you would better exercise only your highest and best, else you may give strength to habits or inclinations that may master you, to your great disadvantage.

Work is for the worker, and work is a blessing. The Bible does not teach that—it teaches that work is a form of punishment, and only a very grim necessity at the best. Even the New Testament is full of sympathy and condolences for the bearer of burdens and those who are heavy laden. There is much about looking forward to sweet rest in heaven, but not a word about getting on to your job. Heaven, to many, is a long rest, and no religion has ever pictured a paradise where happiness came through useful activity. No wonder that the jolly, jolly mariners, sitting forevermore on the windless glassy floor, grew a-weary of the monotony.

There are no glad congratulations in the Bible for the man who has found his work—only pity. And then, where in holy writ do you find the statement of this patent truth: There is a certain amount of work to do in the world, and the reason some folks have to work from daylight until dark, is because many other folks never work at all. It was a Philistine who had to discover that, and voice it.

A certain amount of work is necessary to growth. Work is a blessing, not a curse, because through it we acquire strength—strength of mind and strength of body. To carry a responsibility gives a sense of power. Men who have borne responsibility know

how to carry it, and with heads erect, and the burden well adjusted on their shoulders, they move steadily forward. Those who do not know better, drag their burdens behind them with a rope. ¶ We grow strong through assuming responsibilities—by bearing burdens and doing things, we acquire power.

Love is for the lover—love for love's sake. That is just as new, just as modern as that work is for the worker. The Bible says nothing about the love of a man and woman being a blessing for its own sake. The men who wrote the Bible knew no more about it than they knew of the practical value of electricity. Love for its own sake is a new proposition.

Solomon knew nothing of it. The New Testament is not wholly silent, however, for it gives a glimmer when the Master defends the woman by saying, "She loved much!"

But Paul was blind and deaf to love in its essence. He regards love as a weakness and says, "It is better to marry than to burn." All he has to say on equality is, "Let women learn in silence in all due subjection," and "If a woman would have knowledge let her ask her husband." No wonder the thought is appalling of a woman reduced to the meagre source of gaining knowledge from her husband! And nothing about the woman who teaches her husband lots of things he never before guessed! Then what of the women who have no husbands—must they forever sit in darkness? ❧ ❧

But even that wisest of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, didn't know much about the subject, for in his advice to a young man, he gives this astute aphorism, "In the dark all cats are grey."

¶ Love for propagation. ¶ Love for gratification.

Love for a home and darned stockings.

One of the above reasons, or a mixture of all, was the highest philosophy that George Washington could bring to bear on the subject. And he failed in each and every count, if Paul Leicester Ford is to be trusted.

And yet the wisdom of Washington in this line represents the wisdom of the ages, until yesterday.

Now we add a fourth reason and we place it first on the list: Love for love's sake. The other reasons remain for those who wish them. The embrace of a man and woman in a thought is sublime. Few men, comparatively, have known this joy, for the reason that St. Paul's doctrine has been accepted by men and women alike, and the idea has been everywhere held that women were lacking in think capacity. Women thought they couldn't think, and so didn't.

This is shown in the use of the word "obey," and the manifold legislation everywhere that has disfranchised women.

Yesterday woman was a chattel; now she is, in law, a minor; tomorrow she may be free—or partially so, that is to say, as free as man.

These changes have gradually come about through isolated discoveries that a woman might be a man's comrade and friend—that a man and woman might be mental comrades.

Then for the first time there existed honesty in the relation, for surely, I do not have to prove that honesty between master and slave is either an accident or a barren ideality?

Love for its own sake can only exist between a man and woman mentally mated, for only then is complete, unqualified, honest and frank expression possible.

Men who marry for gratification, propagation or the matter of buttons and socks, must expect to cope with and deal in a certain amount of quibble, subterfuge, concealment and double, deep-dyed prevarication. And these things will stain the fabric of the souls of those who juggle them, and leave their mark upon futurity ❧ ❧

The fusion of two minds in an idea has given a new joy to the race, a zest to life, and a reason for living.

Love is for the lover.

And in this new condition, where the mental equality of woman is being acknowledged, there will be no tyranny and therefore no concealment and untruth. There will be simplicity and frankness, and these are the essence of comradeship. And where there is comradeship there can love and reason walk hand in hand.

¶ Love and reason.

Love for its own sake, with honesty and truth for counsel and guide, is the highest good. It is the supreme endowment of God. And under these conditions he who loves most is most blessed.

¶ Love and ownership.

Love and "rights." ¶ Love and finesse.

Love and management.

These things are very old, but love and reason is a new combination. And it can only exist where there is the unconditional admission of equality. Such a partnership means a doubling of every intellectual joy, and an increased sympathy with every living thing, a oneness that knows no limit. It means universality.

¶ We reach God through the love of one.

We gain the Kingdom of Heaven by having the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts.

Love for love's sake—there is nothing better.

It sweetens every act of life.

Love grows by giving.

Insight, sympathy, faith, knowledge and love are the results of love—they are the children of parents mentally mated.

Love for love's sake.

It is a glorious privilege to live! To feel, to know, to act, to listen, to behold, to love!

To look up at the blue summer sky; to see the sun sink slowly beyond the line of the horizon; to watch the worlds come twinkling into view,—first one by one, and then myriads that no man can count, and lo! the universe is white with them; and you and I are here! ❧ ❧

Prison Industry

IN most penitentiaries and prisons, manufacturing plants have been installed by the State. The object of the plants is: First, to work a reformation in the prisoners by useful industry. Second, to make the institution self-supporting. ¶ This scheme, introduced with the best of motives, has failed in its intent on both counts. I will grant, of course, that any kind of work is better than idleness, and it is further admitted that a certain profit has been realized from the labor of the prisoners, that has gone toward the maintenance of the institution. But the original proposition stands, that work as carried on in prisons is not a success, either morally or financially. ¶ The cause of the moral failure lies in the fact that work in every prison is regarded by wardens, keepers, overseers and prisoners as a form of punishment. The guards do not work—the prisoners do.

The financial failure, I believe, is because the industries introduced have been, almost without exception, of a kind and quality in which competition has been most keen and profits too close for an easy management.

The work has demanded little skill, and provided the largest amount of monotony. It was assumed that "jail-birds" were not skilled, and so the articles manufactured have been of the cheapest and most flimsy sort.

Men are set to work on parts and kept there without hope of promotion. Furniture of the cheapest kind now forms a staple in many prisons; and the men who work at it feed things into machines day after day, month after month, year after year. They are not allowed to talk to other prisoners, not even to carry materials. They do not express themselves, excepting by stealth. They do one thing, and nothing else, and this a thing that affords

no mental stimulus, and adds nothing to the man's usefulness. ¶ The man who stands there at that machine has no interest or pride in his work. He is ieven a stint and compelled to do it; and as he works he is conscious that a guard with loaded rifle is watching him.

Only one man is suffering deterioration faster than the prisoner, and that is the piece of moral punk who holds the rifle. Every guard in every prison is elected to be damned; and the prisoner's chances of reformation are not much better. In passing, it is well to note the fact that in point of virtue a prison guard stands about on a level with the prisoners, and in mental acuteness he lags a little behind. Men become by doing, and the man who holds a gun as a lifework, never becomes anything—not even a part of a machine.

There is no money in the present plan of prison industry for anybody, for the output is of a sort that is bought only by very poor people. This man in the prison is in competition with women and children who do the same work in factories outside. He is a sweatshop pawn, and is adding to the general misery of mankind; and if he is intelligent, he knows it. No skill is acquired; there is no mental growth; and the man's chances of getting work when his time expires, are very faint. Thousands of men, unhandicapped by a prison record, out of work, can do his task as well as he. The only change in the man is that when he entered prison he represented crime, and now he mirrors nullity—weakness. Sin is misdirected energy, and the capacity for wrong means also the capacity for good; but a weakness is the capacity for nothing ❧ ❧

To such a degree of cheapness have prison-made goods been carried that the name "prison-made" has become a stigma and a synonym for the tawdry. The sales agents in certain instances taking advantage of the cheap production, have undersold "free-labor," and the result has been a fine hullabaloo from the

Trades Unions, with reasons more or less cogent and conclusive. ¶ Of prisoners in state penitentiaries, not over five per cent are any more vicious in their instincts than the men outside. We find, on acquaintance, that the man in a striped suit is very much a man like ourselves. He has done something while we have only thought it. He often lacks caution and he lacks will. Yet through the right influence at the right moment—his will supplemented by another—he might be outside; and a temptation coming to us when impulse was strong, we might now be in his place ❧ ❧

"What kind of men compose the House of Commons?" asked Oliver Goldsmith of Ursa Major. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "take the first fifty men coming down Fleet Street."

The prisoner is a man and a brother. Our desire is to help him to help himself, and thereby help ourselves. Grant that he must be restrained and a limit put on his liberty, yet if we can make restraint largely moral and a matter of psychology, the greater are we. When we give this man back to society, we hope to give back a man that society needs, not one whom society would shun or gladly spare.

Revenge and punishment are things of the past. Revenge belongs to the savage, and the germ of punishment lies in the act. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord.

This leaves us free to teach.

And so I am brought up to the vital point of this paragraph. Set prisoners to work at handwork. Do not suggest revolt by placing the man on a treadmill.

We grow through expression, and the only way to reform a man is through the right exercise of his faculties; thus allowing the man to reform himself.

Education should be through self-activity, not through punishment and repression.

The Kindergarten idea has been partially introduced at the

Illinois State Reform School, at Dwight, Illinois, and the results have been most encouraging—a marvel, often, even to the teachers. And if boys from twelve to eighteen can be managed by kindness, full-grown men can also. In fact, the youth of, say, sixteen, is the hardest proposition that confronts either the pedagog or penologist. The lad who is neither a man nor a boy, and considers himself immortal, is much more dangerous than a criminal of mature years. Even in many "good" boys just turned into adolescence, revolution is rife, and discretion and caution are at low ebb.

I am positive that I can take, just as they come, twenty-five Sing Sing men, and by the Kindergarten Method manage them, in a room alone, day after day, without arms or a guard, in a perfectly orderly and decent manner. I can teach them to express themselves in useful work, and can gradually develop among the most of them a degree of deftness and skill that will make them self-supporting.

More than this, I can secure, in a week, a hundred men and women who can teach just as well as I can. And I am not sure but that men prisoners can be taught best by women, and women prisoners taught best by men.

The Kindergarten Method should be used in its entirety—that is, there should be music, singing, marches and calisthenics to relieve nerve-tension. Also there should be oral expression under proper regulations, instead of the grim, deathly silence of the present prison

Men can be led away from the bad by making life affirmative; and so these men should be set to making things with their hands, and gradually promoted from the simple work to the more complex

For grown men Sloyd would be the simplest form of work, and this would lead to carpentry, cabinet work, wood-carving, ornamental blacksmithing and weaving. The simple weaving

of "homespun" and bed covers would lead some straight to tapestries, just as wood-carving, modeling and drawing would lead the elect few to art.

Such industry would surely work a reformation in great numbers, and a just and proper pride would gradually grow up where before there was only a patibulary acquiescence that masked a dangerous crater.

As for the hand-made fabric, there can never be a glut in the market. It would have to sell higher than the machine-made article, and therefore the Trades Unions would be appeased. Competition would be overcome by making things better, not cheaper. If the thing is unique and beautiful, no stigma of "prison-made" would be attached. Prison-made now stands for sweatshop and shoddy, and these things we do not want. Time is the one thing that the prisoner is long on. Why this hot haste to get the thing done by Saturday night! Let the man be taught to do his task well. Not how cheap, but how good, should be the motto.

But best of all, handwork in prison, instead of machine methods, would give us back men for criminals. The reason there is no place now for the man who has "done time," is because we believe he is incompetent. He cannot do anything. He is helpless as a crawfish that has just sloughed its shell. We have all the incompetents now that we can manage, and so we turn the jail-bird away with a letter of recommendation or a certificate of character, and we ease conscience by rubbing into him a little trite advice about living an honest life.

Mr. Booker Washington has well said, "The color line disappears when a negro has something which other folks want." It is the same with the ex-prisoner: if the man can do something really worth while, all prejudices are waived. Very, very few skilled artisans are ever sent to prison; and when in prison a man does acquire skill in a useful line, it is always by accident, and in

spite of the keepers. I know of one case at Auburn where a prisoner begged the privilege of making a chair of his own design—simply the craving for self-expression. Permission was granted, and the man produced a very creditable piece of work. In fact, the skill he possessed was a surprise both to himself and those in authority. Other prisoners saw what this man had done and prayed for a like privilege. This was denied, because there was no precedent or authority for such work. But the powers wanted the things that this skillful man could make, and so he was given a separate room where, without guard or restraint, he follows his inclinations and works out his ideas.

Knowledge of the health, mental growth and skill that have come to this prisoner, accidentally caught the attention of a manufacturer. He wanted just such a man; and this manufacturer is now putting forth an effort to secure a pardon for his man. And although the prisoner is under life sentence for murder, there is no doubt that the pardon will be secured; for the primal reason for keeping a man locked up, is because he is not wanted outside. Convince a Board of Pardons that the man can and will do a valuable service for society, and prison doors fly open.

¶ Idleness is the only sin. A blacksmith singing at his forge, sparks a-flying, anvil ringing, the man materializing an idea—what is finer! I saw such a sight the other evening through a window. It gave me a thrill, and I said to myself, "The only saint is the man who has found his work!"

Flee the Disciple

A WOMAN of rare intellectual worth once told me that the most miserable month of her life was the first four weeks of her marriage.

"Proceed!" I said, and settled myself back in the William Morris chair.

And then she told me this: "I have a fair intellect and a passable education. I was a schoolteacher—had saved a little money and been to Europe. I painted a little in water-colors, gave private lessons in 'expression' and physical culture, and was thoroughly interested in the history of art. Of course an art collection for one of my limited means was quite out of the question, so I contented myself with an investment of a hundred dollars in photographs of masterpieces.

"Art in Des Moines, in 1890, was rather a new thing, outside of Oliver Perkins' bachelor apartments; so I found myself quite famous, for when I exhibited my photographs at the High School, and gave a little general talk on Art, there were a number of visitors present, friends and kinsmen of my scholars.

"Several said my little lecture was great, and a young man present demanded the privilege of procuring a set of lantern slides of my pictures, so that I could give my lecture in the Assembly Room. I tried to smile the matter off, but didn't succeed.

¶ "The young man belonged to one of the first families of the place, and I was proud of his attentions, for you know plain school ma'ams are a little outside of the social pale, and are only allowed beyond their Ghetto by grace.

"The public lecture went well, for I was full of animation, and my audience was gracious and sympathetic. Then I gave the same thing at the little towns around, the young man acting as my impresario. There was even arranged a class of grown-ups in Literature and another in Art, and I of course was the leader.

I doubtless acquired considerable skill as a public speaker, and this being before the day of woman's clubs, I was looked upon with local wonder and pointed out to visitors.

"Suffice to say that my impresario proposed to me, proposed explosively one evening on the way home from one of my classes. I had always said, that a man who pops the question is a very small and insignificant creature; but now it seemed different. ¶ "I was flattered—any woman is flattered to have any man lay his all at her feet. Then I was just fresh from my lecture, and you know the intoxication of public speaking! I placed my head on his shoulder in the proper way. He kissed at me, smacked too soon, smashed my hat, and rubbed his whiskers in my eye. I had always said that a man who kisses a woman explosively, is worse than one who pops a proposal.

"Yet in five weeks I married that man. He was three years my junior, the son of a wholesale grocer, and so had a family name; and his wealth was no objection. I was twenty-nine and growing yellow. There was no promotion ahead for me in my profession—schoolteachers are just worn out and buried. I was tired, overworked and hungry for love, as all good women are. I had a chance, and I took it.

"My husband idolized me. He fed on my words, followed me with his eyes and feasted on my every action. He thought that my little water-color daubs were gems, considered my opinion on literature as final, and quoted my words on art to those who really knew better. In short, my husband did not know me at all, and never could. Yet we were tied for life. He never guessed my limitations. To say that he was my Disciple I think covers the matter, if you add to this a goodly dash of animality. ¶ And all the time I knew that there was going to be a fearful awakening. My husband knew nothing of art or literature—less than I, and all I knew was names, dates and labels. I was a mere dabster, but he wasn't big enough to detect it, or allow me to confess to him."

¶ "I'll have to go pretty soon," I said, and shifted my position in the Morris chair. "I see you got tired of your husband."

¶ "I didn't say that," she retorted. "But a woman wants to serve a man, not be crawled to. I could forgive a beating, but my husband used to cackle applause at my most commonplace remarks, as if they were scintillations.

"Judge Waterman of Chicago divorced us on our first anniversary. Mary Baker Eddy had almost a parallel experience, you remember, and if she had not secured marital freedom just as I did, in the courts, she would never have reached the sublime heights of Christian Science."

"Keep to the theme and cut out C. S. for the present—how about the alimony?" I ventured. ¶ "It is one hundred and fifty a month, and comes quite convenient," she said.

"The story is interesting, but commonplace," I answered. "Only one flash of philosophy is in it all and that is what you suggested about the Disciple. It is like this"—

"I thought you had to go?" she said.

"That depends upon who is doing the talking," said I, and rebuked her by a look, and continued thus:

A Disciple is a man who does not understand. He thinks that he is on, but he isn't. And the reason of his obtuseness lies in the fact that he is willing to be a Disciple, and hasn't the phosphorus to be an independent Ego, as every man should. The true token of the Disciple is that he is quite willing to let the other man do all the thinking. He is one who accepts the opinions of another without digesting them. He has such faith in his master that he accepts every word, and does not stop to analyze, sift, weigh or decide

A Disciple is an individual who is hotly intent on hitching his ice wagon to a star.

That Man who had Twelve Disciples had twelve too many; no wonder that He used to send them away; no wonder is it that

He went alone up into the mountain. The Disciples were becoming a nuisance with their childish questions and quibbles and petty jealousies about preferences. He saw that they were going to make Him trouble. None of them rendered Him any service of which we know. A Disciple is a traducer in the germ. One of the Twelve betrayed the Man, another denied Him, a third doubted Him, and what the others did, nobody knows. Personal relationship is sure to transform a Disciple into an enemy. ¶ Your enemy is a man who does not comprehend you, and your Disciple is the same; they mark different stages of the chrysalis, that 's all

If men could only know each other, they would never either idolize or hate.

Any one who idolizes you is going to hate you when he discovers that you are fallible. He never forgives. He has deceived himself and he blames you for it.

"I hate him!" said Dr. Johnson of a certain man.

"Why, how can you say that, when you do not even know him?" asked Goldsmith.

"Sir," answered Ursa Major, "that's the trouble, if I only knew him I would doubtless respect him."

To know all is to forgive all.

Your friend and comrade! Well, that is something different. Your friend knows your limitations, respects your foibles, realizes your weak points. He sums up your character: he casts a balance and finds so much good to your credit; then he gives you his faith and loyalty.

But your Disciple neither knows your best nor worst. He invests you with a halo and bestows on you virtues you do not possess. You never dare tell a Disciple the truth—nothing but a miracle satisfies him. A Disciple, in short, is an indifferent person who has been indiscreetly allowed to come close enough to strike a good man

Your mental mate inspires you to nobler endeavor; he comprehends you at your best, appreciates your flights, detects your lapses, deprecates your aberrations, and his presence constantly tends to conserve sanity and a proper balance. On the other hand the Disciple tempts in the direction of extravagance and hypocrisy. He is easily imposed upon, and as he demands the impossible, there is a strong temptation to give it to him ❧ ❧

All good men and women crave comradeship; but to have any one accept your word as holy writ, is a dire calamity. We want love and sympathy, and we want the right of being forgiven. We do not want to be idolized, we want to be pardoned. Flee the Disciple on your life! Limit him to correspondence and communication by telephone. If forced to it, do as the Sibyl of Concord does,—show yourself for two minutes, once a year in the gloaming, from a high balcony, while the non-cogitabund stand on the lawn, ten thousand strong, and tramp down the grass ❧ ❧

The Kindergarten

WITHIN twenty years a silent evolution has been going on in the method and manner of teaching children. The changes have been so great that they have really amounted to a revolution ❧ ❧

This change in method has sprung principally from the influence of one man.

That man is Frederick Froebel.

Froebel was the inventor and the originator of the Kindergarten.

¶ The Kindergarten is the greatest, most important, most useful innovation of the Nineteenth Century, save none.

No rapid transit scheme of moving men from this point to that with lightning-like rapidity (with nothing special to do when they get there); no invention of calling up folks five hundred miles away and talking to them (with nothing really worth while to communicate), can compare for an instant in value with that which gives love for brutality, trust for fear, hope for despair,—the natural for the artificial.

The Kindergarten! The Child-Garden—a place in which little souls fresh from God bloom and blossom.

You cannot make the plant blossom. You can, however, place it in the sunshine and supply it aliment and dew; but nature does the rest.

And so it is with teaching—all we can do is to comply with the conditions of growth in the child, and God does the rest.

We are strong only as we ally ourselves with Nature: we progress only by laying hold on the forces of the Universe.

Man is a part of Nature—just as much as are the tree and bird. In the main every animal and every organism does the thing that is best for it to do. Froebel thought that human nature in its elements is as free from falsity and error as Nature is under

any other aspect. The idea that man is constantly prone to do that which is hurtful to himself, was revolting to this wise and gentle man. The Kindergarten System is simply the utilization of play as the prime factor in education. Froebel discovered that play was God's plan of educating the young, and he adopted it

Before Froebel's time everybody seemed to think that play was a waste of time in children, and a sin in grown-ups. That which was pleasant was bad. Some people still hold to this idea, but such folks, I am glad to know, are growing a trifle lonesome

In 1850, the year before Froebel died, he said, "It will take the world four hundred years to recognize the truth of my theories." Only fifty years have passed (three hundred and fifty years are yet to our credit), and already we find the Kindergarten idea coloring the entire scheme of pedagogics. Like a single drop of aniline in a barrel of water, its influence is shown in every part.

¶ The character of Napoleon stands out sharp and clear, etched against the sky. He killed a million men, made homeless and houseless five million women and children, and behind him left a trail of desolation and death.

We may admire the power of the man, but his life does not influence us: we do not imitate him, and between him and us there is nothing in common. He stands away out there with folded arms, upon a barren rock, at St. Helena, looking out upon the sad and solemn sea; and we are here.

Two men of modern times have influenced the inner life of the race profoundly. And yet they are not widely known, nor are their names household words. They have mingled their lives with ours, and the river of their existence is lost in the ocean of our being

Not a home (among the better class of homes) in Europe or America but shows the influence of William Morris. The genu-

ineness, simplicity, truthfulness, and quiet good taste of Morris have influenced the entire housekeeping world.

Not a schoolroom in the civilized world that does not show the influence of Frederick Froebel. The Kindergarten idea has also crept into the homes and is influencing and educating the parents

The use of pictures as a means of exciting self-activity is seen everywhere; children are being taught to observe nature, and they are encouraged to bring to the school the curious things they find in woods or fields—birds' nests, fungi, flowers—and these things are discussed with animation in open court.

There are fewer books and greater interchange of thought and feeling—more expression and less introspection.

Disgrace through the dunce-cap; "standing on the floor;" humiliation through corporal punishment, when the entire school quit study to look on; use of the ruler on the open hand on account of lessons not memorized—all these things are becoming beautifully less. Naggings, chidings, threats and stern prohibitions now have no legitimate place in any schoolroom.

¶ But the things I have just mentioned, and which every man of, say, forty years, so well remembers, are as nothing compared to the inquisitorial horrors that childhood of a hundred years, or even fifty years ago, had to endure. Thomas Carlyle once wrote: "Most people seem to think that when Jesus said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,' He held a rod behind him and was only trying to coax the youngsters within easy reach."

It is not my purpose here to catalog the villainies of the past, done in the name of education; but the matter was summed up by a friend of mine, an Englishman, a few weeks ago, when he said: "I most surely believe in hell, for I have been there. When I was seven years old my parents placed me in a boarding-school for boys, and I remained there five years. The fagging and

beastly brutality of the big boys toward the little ones, was only a reflex of the mental attitude held toward us all by the head-master and his wife, who were neither better nor worse than the average teacher of the time. They were 'educated' folks, and piled up forty lines of Virgil on you for trivial acts or omissions; and when you were hopelessly bankrupt they cancelled the score with a cat o' nine tails and the dark room with bread and water. My life there seared my very soul, and filled my heart with so much hate that I am at times a victim to it yet. The only compensation for that nightmare of my childhood lies in the fact that I saw the wickedness and atrocious error of a system that sought to repress and break the spirit, instead of giving it wings."

And that is the kind of education the Froebel System has supplanted. We have kindness now, and faith and love; and he who has the most sympathy, the greatest patience, shall be Teacher, and crowned with honor, and above all, he shall feel the approval of his Other Self.

About Right Thinking

THERE is a nervous disease called paranoia. Its first symptom is the belief that some one is plotting to undo you.

The holding of such a thought feeds the malady. We believe things first and look for proof later; and when the idea is once fixed in a man's mind that some one is his enemy, reasons light as air are to him confirmation strong as holy writ. The individual who thinks he is hated, will be hated, in fact, very shortly.

Hate is catching.

The person who thinks another hates him is, while in that mood, unlovable

Love only responds to love.

Incipient paranoia manifests itself in suspicion, distrust and jealousy. Acute paranoia reveals itself in pronounced hallucinations, and efforts in the line of revenge, even to the taking of lives of persons entirely disinterested.

Every police captain is familiar with the phase of paranoia where persons with staring eyes and cold sweat upon their foreheads demand protection from supposed enemies that are upon their track.

The psychologist can look down the paranoiac's past and see the time when the disease was only the germ of a distrust or glimmering suspicion.

Gœthe said, "I have in me the germ of every crime." And just so are we all potential paranoiacs. To harbor the thought of wrong is to warm and vivify the germ.

If a person injures me accidentally, I am quite willing to forgive him. If I think he did it purposely, I want to fight. The matter lies with me and not with him. My mental state controls the situation—it is violence or peace, just as I think. It is quite

possible for me to attribute an evil intent where none exists. If we can think wrong we bring wrong into being, and thus create a condition of hate out of nothing.

Then if we can attribute wrong intent to others, of course they, can to us. Yet we know that at the last, what we desire most is to be loved and trusted. And yet this person who attributes malice to us, can, if we are not guarded, control us through a wrong thought, so as to make us unlovely and unlovable.

In certain physical conditions we think less of people than in others. I know a man who hates everybody and everthing until about ten o'clock in the morning. By noon he is quite approachable, and for an hour or so after dinner he is usually gentle and generous ❧ ❧

Does not the amount of wrong and injustice in the world vary with us all according to the time of day and our physical condition? ❧ ❧

We do not fear anything but evil.

The fear of evil is largely, if not entirely, a morbid and therefore insane idea.

From these things I gather that each man is really the creator of the world in which he lives. And what is more, every man creates in his own image. Without an evil thought there never would have been any evil in the world. Banish evil thought, and thought of evil, and there would not now be an evil in the world.

¶ The thought of evil is born of fear. Paranoia as a disease is the direct result of fear—we fear some one is going to harm us, and then we hate. Hate is a manifestation of fear, and therefore is a species of cowardice.

Fear affects the circulation, even at times to stopping forever and instantly the action of the heart. A faulty circulation affects every organ, and most of all, the organs of digestion. And impaired digestion at once affects the mind.

Impaired digestion means impaired thought.

The treatment we receive at the hands of others is very largely the reflection of our own mental attitude toward them.
As a man thinketh, so is he.
THINK NO EVIL.

As to Jealousy

I AM going to write a little here on the subject of jealousy. There is only one kind of jealousy and that is Sex Jealousy. People often use the word jealousy when they refer to covetousness. We may covet a man's talent, or his possessions, or we may dislike a person—conceiving a prejudice against him and thus belittle him and ourselves; but jealousy is another matter. Jealousy is not the exclusive possession of the highly organized, nor the extremely sensitive, nor the irritable, nor the weak. In fact, the strongest natures are more given to jealousy than the weaker ones, and the most patient man may manifest the disease in its most virulent form.

¶ Shakespeare, who knew the human heart as no other writer ever has, gives us a picture of jealousy. The play of Othello is simply a portrayal of this passion. And the man Othello is surely not a man with "nerves"—he is a great, calm, and self-sufficient personality. He is healthy, honest, trustful, truthful, and filled with a child-like confidence.

But Othello is a man—a strong, well-sexed man. Beware how you arouse such a one! Othello's intellect was no match for the cold, calculating brain of Iago, and he was played upon by this plotting, soulless knave until his love for Desdemona was curdled into hate, and he killed that which, in all the world, he loved best. Weak natures are indifferent—they transfer affection easily —there isn't much to bestow—the change is easily effected, and the past forgotten. But the strong give themselves, and the bonds they make are fastened to their souls with hoops of steel. Love to such is no light, trivial and transient matter.

Jealousy seems the absolute reversal of love. It is the swinging from the sunny warmth of the equator to the frigid cold of the North Pole.

I once saw a woman in a ballroom, calmly seated and chatting pleasantly, her face aglow with good will, and the genial warmth of life. A waltz was being played, and the couples glided past us in mazy, dreamy rhythm.

"How beautiful it all is!" she remarked to me.

And as she said the words, two dancers swung by, in close embrace, evidently conversing, their faces near together.

The woman talking to me started to rise, but sank back. The color died from her lips, her eyes changed their hue, the eyeballs seemed glazed, her breath came hot in feverish gasps. ¶ I spoke to her and she started, absent-mindedly, but did not hear what I said. Over her fine face came a look of abject woe. An awful pain was clutching at her heart; and she tried to hide her anguish with a smile, but the smile was only a grimace and it seemed to freeze upon her face, Medusa-like.

"Call my carriage—I am ill," she said huskily.

Later, I learned that the woman had reached her home, gone to her room, locked the door, thrown herself upon the bed, and at seven o'clock the next morning had been found there fully robed in all her ballroom finery, moaning and groaning, half delirious. Her maids undressed her, put her to bed and sent for a physician. "A kind of typhoid fever caused by drinking impure water," said the doctor, and cited several other similar cases that had occurred in the neighborhood. It was six weeks before the woman was able to be out.

The jealous spasm that had come over the woman was caused by the sight of her husband dancing with a certain woman. He might dance with any other woman—but not that woman—he had promised he would not!

The sight stifled every generous emotion of her soul, and if she had had the power she would have blasted the man and woman dead at her feet.

Did she have "cause" for jealousy?

I do not know—probably not. Othello had no cause for jealousy. Reasons light as air are, to the jealous, confirmation strong as holy writ ❧ ❧

The husband who caused his wife this awful pain might have been simply stupid and innocent; or he might have been malicious and purposeful in his act; and he might have been guilty and indifferent ❧ ❧

I do not know. All I relate is the phenomena.

Some months ago, a colored sleeping-car porter was arrested at Cincinnati for attempting to kill his wife. He was slashing her with a razor and would doubtless have killed her had not help arrived at the minute. She was taken to the hospital, he to the jail. The doctors said the woman could not live, and after binding up her wounds and making her as comfortable as possible, a notary was summoned to take the woman's ante-mortem testimony. And this was her statement:—"My husband was jealous of me, and tried to kill me; but it was my fault—I purposely aggravated him by pretending I loved another man. When I told him this, he became crazy—it was all my fault—bring him here, so I may know before I die that he has forgiven me!"

The doctor in charge went to the police judge and gave it as his opinion that if the prisoner was released and went to the hospital to help nurse the woman, she would recover, but if the man was punished and separated from the woman, she would languish and die.

The judge decided to do an unjudicial thing, and released the prisoner on his own recognizance.

The man went to the hospital, remained there as a helper to the nurses, and in a month he and the woman went away with the blessings and the good will of everybody in the place, happy—happier than ever before.

So much for a case where people of very lowly intellect were involved. They lived on the same plane and were mated. Let

us now have an instance where one of the intellectual giants of the earth was concerned, and the woman one who was utterly and entirely out of his class.

At thirty-two years of age, Gœthe had a misunderstanding with Charlotte von Stein to whom he had written a daily love letter for eleven years. He now very coldly made a bargain with the father of Christine Vulpius that the girl should come and keep house for him. The girl, it seems, was not consulted. She was twenty, and pink—good natured, strong, buxom and accommodating ❧ ❧

She took charge of Gœthe's household, did what she was ordered to do, and was never in evidence unless invited. The guests and callers never saw her.

After some months, when Gœthe met Charlotte von Stein at a reception, and she coldly asked—"Ah, and how is the health of Miss Vulpius?" she probed the proud Gœthe to the quick.

Gœthe grew to be very fond of Christine—she was so obedient, so faithful, so loyal! She never thwarted her master, taunted him, nor annoyed him—she just served him. To be sure, she took no interest in his writings, and this was better than if she had been a little higher in the scale and sought to rival him.

But a day came when her father thought it would be better for her to have a husband than to be the mistress of a poet, and he brought a worthy nobleman of her own class, to see her. The rustic came to see Christine, and Gœthe, the proud and dignified, who had never known the pangs of jealousy, was stung and wrung and wounded to his heart's core. His appetite vanished—his nights were sleepless. The swain came back the second time and Wolfgang Gœthe, the author of "Faust," threw him bodily into the street, causing him such a panic that he ran for his life and never again returned to that vicinity.

After living with "Miss Vulpius" for twenty years, Gœthe married her, "in order that their children might be legitimate." A

man's acts are usually right, but his reasons seldom are. Gœthe married this woman because he loved her, and he wished to prove it to her beyond the ghost of a doubt. To be sure, they lived in a different intellectual world, but there was another world in which they met as equals. Call their relationship base if you wish—that question is not up for discussion at this time. Gœthe was, at times, jealous of this woman—she had grown to be a part of his life—she ministered to his well-being, and to secure her more fully to himself he proclaimed to all the world that he had made her his legal wife.

I once heard Dr. James Bryce Howard, lecturer on Pathology at Bellevue, make a statement to the effect that cancer was caused by jealousy. His argument was something like this:

Jealousy at once affects the circulation, and the emotion strikes at the organs of reproduction. In moments of good-will, when the mind is calm, the circulation is complete, strong, natural, the secretions are active, the pores open, the glands do their perfect work. Let a spasm of hate and fear sweep over the person, and the heart thumps in wild alarm, and then dies down until you can scarcely detect its throb. The skin grows cold, the pores close, the secretions cease as though a sirocco of death had swept over the body. There is congestion in the parts, then fever, and Nature is working hard to restore an equilibrium. That is just the way cancer grows—there is a stoppage in the circulation, and Nature tries to clear it away by sending more blood to the part. This increased nutrition causes a growth to form, and Nature, who works according to general laws, not caring for the individual, kills the patient in an effort to cure him.

More women suffer from cancer than men, and three-fourths of all cases of cancer with women are in the mammal glands, or are connected directly with the sex organs. And in summing up the case the doctor declares: "Cancer is caused by misdirected or abnormal sex emotion. If we could bring about perfect love

relations, we could do away with cancer as well as most other diseases." ❧ ❧

There is no form of woe that causes a suffering so terrible as jealousy ❧ ❧

It grows by what it feeds upon—a suspicion!

Ah! it clutches for it, even though it knows it is deadly poison. ¶ It lies in wait, it watches, it listens; and finding the proof it wants, suffers more than ever. It suffers if it does not find proof, and suffers more if it does.

For bodily pain, Nature is pitiful, and quickly sends insensibility. But for the woes of the heart there is only lingering torture —nights of tossing unrest, and days of lagging, leaden misery. ¶ In bereavement by death there soon comes calm and sweet peace, in thought of the virtues of the loved one gone. We consider and dwell upon the good that was in the dead, but in jealousy we think only of the worst in the living. It is a blasting, withering hate towards that which we love best. It corrodes the heart and makes the man hate himself. It forms a trinity of hate— hate for the woman he loves, hate for the suspected person, hate for himself ❧ ❧

That is why it stings so—the jealous person cannot justify himself. And so those who are most jealous always affirm they are not so at all, and scout the idea in hysterical emphasis.

So far, the passion of jealousy has never been fully analyzed. Many men have written upon it, and all they attempt to do is to describe its manifestations. The immediate cause of jealousy is never equal to the tragedy that tears and rends the soul, and so no reason is ever sufficient. To analyze it perfectly we must perfectly comprehend the human heart and this we can never do. Human nature, at last, remains the great riddle of God,—contradiction and paradox confront us at every turn. And should we possibly come to know one soul, this gives us no index to others, for in Nature there are no duplicates.

Who can explain why a woman with a great and tender love for a man will at times tantalize him into a frenzy? Who can tell why the simple-hearted Moor, who loved the gentle Desdemona, should conceive such a hatred for her, prompted by a flimsy and groundless suspicion! Where these insurrections of the heart are born that wreck and rend the souls of men is to us unguessed—we simply have to say that we do not know.

Jealousy seems a sort of rudimentary savage instinct that has come down to us from a time when its manifestation was a violence that knew no restraint, but with tooth and claw struck its object dead, so only the strongest survived. But now we partially hold the savage hate in check, and jealousy, instead of hurting the other person worst, hurts worst the one who is jealous. We hug the hate and let it gnaw at our vitals, and poison all the wellsprings of our life.

The cure is not easy, and only a person of heroic moral fibre can face the truth and bring philosophy to bear to heal and cure. At first thought, indifference is the panacea—cease to love at all—be a stoic—but this is to sink below jealousy, and not to rise above it.

To say that jealous people should separate is trite, and it is true that people of totally different temperament should not force their personal presence on each other to tantalize and taunt and make this earth a hell.

Had Christine Vulpius gone away and married a worthy peasant, Gœthe would have wished her well, and sent presents to her children; but when she lived in his house, and was a part of his life, and was being courted by another man, Gœthe grew furious, and paced his room in pain and wrath. Separation is better than lingering death. But jealousy may possibly come to those couples who really need each other. In it always is the element of dissatisfaction with self, and no pain and disappointment equals this—when we have disappointed ourselves.

Yet, very seldom are we quite honest and frank: instead of laying the blame at home, we bestow it on another.

But let us be honest—the man who is jealous is himself to blame most

Gœthe was far above his Phyllis in intellect, but he felt he had failed to make her happy, else surely she would not have accepted another lover. And again it is very sure that Gœthe set up a standard of conduct for Christine, quite different from that which he made for himself.

Folly, dissipation, absurdity, extravagance are all about us; but these things do not rend our souls, cause us sleepless nights and turn the genial current of our life awry.

Each soul is a center in itself, and the mistakes of others—the follies of wife or child, husband or parents, are none of ours. We are individuals—we came into the world alone, we live alone, and we die alone, and we must be so girded round by right that no fault of another can touch us.

And this I believe is true: The jealous person is really the one first at fault. Back of a result lies a cause. Before there is unfaithfulness, there is indifference, secrecy, repulsion, neglect. ¶ The recipe for unfaithfulness—concrete selfishness.

The jealous individual always considers himself wronged—all he thinks of is his own condition. And the epithet he applies to another usually fits himself best. He hugs his woe to his heart night and day, and shows it to every pitying passer-by. He centers on self.

Go back a way and you'll find he has caused the unfaithfulness of which he now so bitterly complains.

No one can harm you but yourself. Jealousy is a crop of nettles that is being garnered from seeds sown in darkness. For he who lives more lives than one, more deaths than one must die. ¶ Nettles and dragons' teeth—Merciful Christ! Let us not sow in folly lest we reap in tears.

Queen of the Porch

THE genus Porcher, when it evolves into Queen of the Porch, is a curious creature. She is apt to breakfast in bed, but about eleven o'clock, emerges and scraps for her chair on the veranda of the summer hotel.

Then she retails her troubles to her neighbor, dilating on her maladies.

Her vocation is to catch all passing scandal in the maw of her mind, regurgitating it later for the delectation and divertisement of her kind—male and female.

Her vocation is to put your enemy in communication with your friends

She knows everything and nothing. This last is strictly true—she knows nothing that is worth knowing. She has a smattering of literature, a jigger of science, gotten from "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and talks French like a cow. An alimoner de luxe with nothing to do, and all the time there is to do it in—a consumer who produces nothing but immoral, mental ptomaine; a victim of high heels and openwork lingerie that reveals charms which would be luscious if they were not o'er-ripe!

At dinner she appears in a wondrous costume, looking like a book done by apprentices of the Woman's Guild, bound in three-fourths pig, hand-tooled in gaudy gold, after designs by Chippendale. Her shirtwaists are always peek-a-boo exceedingly—the chiaroscuro peculiarly pleasing.

Female charms, grown gross and tipped to t' other side, give cause for pathological disturbances, and there are confidential utterances to every man with bushy whiskers who looks like a doctor, as to her experience on the table, for the pleasures of the table have been hers.

To plain, unprofessional people she merely shows her familiarity

with ether, which she says she prefers to chloroform, and gives her reasons why. The lingo of the operating room is to her familiar, and mirrors the spiritual quality of her cosmos.

The moving motive of her mind seems to be a hot desire to drive the waiters to drink, to hurry the chef into paresis, make a mental wreck of the head clerk, and give all good people the Number Six peewees.

All of her passions are pretense, her friendships a mistake, her enmity the bite of a bluebottle. Her conversation is worse than to be stripped, Mazeppa-like, and eaten by young ducks.

She would like to be an adventuress, but lacks the nerve, as well as the capacity.

She affects to be religious, is often shocked, and occasionally at lectures tramps out if the argument gets too warm.

The night-watchman sends her to bed, so he can scrub the veranda and partially obliterate her aura; the housekeeper forces her to get up at ten o'clock in the morning, so the chamber-maids can put the room to rights. She lodges complaints with the proprietor every day, and wants all the help bounced immediately and forthwith.

She has no definite ideas excepting as regards her rights. Her desire is to make trouble; her ambition is to rule the Porch. Mankind is her doormat; her religion is to badger the busy. The result of her life is that she makes two cockle-burrs grow where there were none before. A bas you, Queen of the Porch! The summer, thank God, is gone, the harvest is ended. Get you to Gotham ❧ ❧

On Writing Letters

I KNOW a man who became fairly wise and not absurdly great, through writing, for several years, to a woman of brains. The advantage of writing direct to some one who thinks well of you, instead of a daily theme for a professor of rhetoric who does n't, is that the love letter is vitalized with spirit, whereas the daily theme is stuffed with straw

Then when one gets in the habit of vitalizing what he writes instead of upholstering it, he is well on the road to literary success

Of course there is no end to this road, but the advantage of keeping on the move is that you are not in so much danger of getting run over and ground into the dust of despair by the automobile of somebody else's ambitions.

To be ground into the D. of D. is not pleasant for the individual who is ground, nor for those to whom he relates how it all happened. The only man who is safe is the man in motion.

Thackeray never wrote a letter that was n't literature. His letters were like roses with the dew upon them—touched with the perfume of the morning.

You know what Carlyle said of Emerson's visit—"It was like a window flung open to azure." That is what every letter should be, for a letter is only a visit from a friend.

You see, I am assuming a good deal here—I am assuming that people only write letters to their friends. We will not here mention those unspeakable persons who write anonymous letters, and that other small class, represented by hatpin Mary, whose verbose and vituperative missives are simply envelopes containing sundry and divers pin-pricks.

And about Thackeray—he never had use for rhetorical curled

hair, literary sea-moss, nor booky excelsior. He said things, and all the peroxide of iron in his ink was for the edification of his friends and not for the vexation of the enemy. In fact, the snobs and all of society's heavy dragoons, are strictly pachyderm—pity bestowed on them is wasted.

Thackeray wrote books, and letters, for his friends.

No man who lived in England at the time of Thackeray wrote letters that are worth at auction as much as his.

Each letter he wrote was an artistic whole. It is a portrait on copperplate. It is correctly spelled, rightly punctuated, and in itself a nugget of wisdom and good-will. Short, sharp, brief, and to the point, it says something and stops. It rounds up the idea, ropes it, and upon it is placed the hot iron of Thackeray's personality. A Thackeray letter is no maverick. The Thackeray style of letter is pretty well known. Charlotte Bronte, I believe, was the first to write just like the master. She loved him so well that it nearly broke her heart when she saw him eating cabbage, and her cry was, " Oh, Mr. Thackeray, please don't! "

In America, Gene Field is the first example of a Thackeray letter-writer. If you have letters written by Field, hang on to them, they will help the receiver to pay par.

Robert Louis the beloved wrote letters of love, too—a dash of wit, an idea, and a hand-clasp!

To perpetuate a hateful thought by writing it in a letter is deliberate lunacy. To say the spiteful thing is not so bad—you can make up, and forget. But to write the word of scorn and set it afloat on the sea of time—never!

Next to writing a fool letter is to write a long one—brevity is not only the soul of wit, but the soul of art and every good thing. A beautiful letter is an ecstasy—and an ecstasy is short—it does not consist of sixteen pages and a postscript.

Robert Louis, Gene Field, Stevie Crane, James Whitcomb Riley, I. Zangwill and Irving Bacheller all wrote letters just like

Thackeray—only different—and three of these men are still writing—not very often, though.

In writing letters, avoid prolixity—have one thought, get your crowbar under it, and that invention of Sir Isaac Newton will do the rest.

The world needs glad tidings. Send messages that will lubricate the wheels of life, or none.

A letter from a friend—why it is a window flung open to the azure!

¶ What's that—

Oh, I see, you haven't any glad tidings and you owe a letter! Well, don't you remember that immortal letter written by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale? It seems the Doctor had made an engagement to breakfast with the Thrales. He could not go—was unavoidably detained. In truth, he was struck by paralysis the night before. His tongue was dumb and his body helpless. But in the morning he could move the fingers of his right hand a little, and his head could think, so he wrote the lady a letter —a cheery letter of good-will and explanation, tinted with soul, like a sea-shell.

Oh, I guess things are not so bad!

War is Business

THE remark of General Sherman about war will probably be remembered and quoted when his more tangible services to his country are forgotten. Sheridan made a somewhat similar remark about Texas, which is quite as immortal, and yet absolutely misleading. All of which seems to prove that it does not matter much—whether you express the truth or not, provided you express yourself well. Truth, muddily put, dies and dries and blows away, but a lie well launched lives forever.

No finer untruth was ever launched than that put out by T. Jefferson—"All men are born free and equal." The fact is, no man was ever born free, and none are equal, and wouldn't remain so an hour even if Jove, in caprice, should so arrange it. There are several things Jove can't do—and two of these are, make a man wholly free, and make two men (or things) exactly alike.

T. Jefferson had a literary style, which is really more desirable as collateral to chronos than truth.

War is hell!

Who cares? It is not the truth of the statement that fixes itself in our memories—it is the literary form.

The real fact is, civilization, so-called, does not consider war hell, at all. The remark was made by a man whose business was war, and when he said the thing, everybody laughed.

We are laughing yet—goodness gracious, that William Tecumseh was a great humorist!

The man who proposed the Peace Congress, and talked much about disarmament, now has a war with a people seven thousand miles away, who never injured him, save possibly for a little prod in the walletosky.

War isn't hell—war is business. The men who do not believe in war, and persistently say so, are regarded as eccentric, peculiar, cranky, unreliable—disloyal. During wartime everybody laughs. The priests and the preachers get busy and pray overtime, whether anybody is listening at the other end of the line or not. Christian Russia has been praying hard for six months, while the heathen Jap wears a smile that will not vacate the premises, and we all hope it won't, for we realize that the lotus is a deal more lovely than any flower that grows in Siberia, and that the Russian religion is a poor apology for piety.

War is hell!

Who says so?

The Hearsts, the Pulitzers, the Cramps, the Gatlings, the Colts—the steel mills starting up, and flour jumping dollars per barrel! No, war is business—heroics, brass bands, brass buttons—opportunity. So long as millions of men gain a living by evolving the machinery of war and training for war we will occasionally have war ❧ ❧

The only person to whom war is really hell is the widowed mother with an only son, who in her dreams sees her boy clutching at a great red tear in his breast, and gasping with dying lips the name he called her by in babyhood.

That is different.

The rest of us are just plain hypocrites, and if there is a dog fight down the street, our belief in the Westminster Catechism does not prevent our making hot haste to see the argument. ¶ Perhaps that is the real calamity of war—the diverting of the attention of Christendom to a fight in which we really have no interest ❧ ❧

A dog fight is hell. Oh, certainly, but then it is so diverting! Did the brindle pup win? Ah, I bet a box of caramels he would. ¶ And so we have the news that Port Arthur is taken and the next day glaring head-lines say it isn't. There are fights by sea and

fights by land, with details that never happened and made no difference if they did, and both sides claiming victories. We read the manufactured news with quickening breath, and we buy the special that contradicts it all.

The loss is not in the dog fight, but in the fact that a world quits work to talk about it.

And what we talk about isn't war at all, it is only the reports sent out by the industrious men employed by Hearst and Pulitzer.

¶ Dr. Samuel Johnson once said, "Streets filled with soldiers accustomed to loot, are not more terrible than garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie."

Pertinent Questions

AT THE last great day, when we get to the other side, and all things are made plain, what if we should find:

That doctors have killed more patients than they have healed; that the study of medicine has filled the world with fear, and to a large degree created the ills it has pretended to cure; and that the health of mankind would be better if the professional physician had never existed;

That the so-called science of theology is no science at all; that its seminaries, schools, retreats and charities have weakened and barbarized humanity; that it has caused more misery to children, through fear, than we can compute; that it has made the mind a pauper, diverting attention from this world to another, and that its instruments, the priests and preachers, have begotten more strife, hatred and apprehension, and brought about more bloodshed than all the other causes combined, blocking progress to a degree incalculable;

That the law embodies only, at best, the will of the people it affects to govern, legalizing the things they wish to do, forbidding the things they do not want to do, killing, maiming, crushing, destroying those who do not agree with the many, and that the many or majority have always been wrong; that the law has always been made by lawyers, and these lawyers were, in the main, owned and controlled by the most ambitious and unscrupulous; that the practice of law reduces itself to the quibbling of the clever, so that, actually, the world has been ruled by its worst; that recourse to law in order to secure justice is, and always has been, a fallacy; that it is far better to suffer injustice than try to get your rights in court; and that as bad as are lawyers, they average no worse than their clients: most clients wanting

something for nothing, and many wanting revenge, which is something worse than nothing; that punishment of criminals by the law has not reformed the criminal nor deterred crime; that soldiers instead of protecting the people, have always plundered them, even in times of peace, since the people clothe, arm and feed them, and most wars have been brought about by soldiers and priests—the two classes that have ever proclaimed peace ❧ ❧

That our school-teaching has for the most part been absurd, and our colleges make-believe; that the whole science of Pedagogics has been cumbersome, heavy, burdensome, fictile and futile, all through the folly of teaching things at the wrong time and in the wrong way—seed sown out of season or on fallow ground—all there is of education being the supplying of the right atmosphere for growth;

That every man saved, really saves himself, and in saving himself he constructs a raft that helps save others, and that the only way he can save himself is by saving others, but that the avowed and professional intent to save others never saved anybody; that everything worth saving has been and will be saved, that a man's " sins " are really his passport to Paradise, and that the virtues upon which he so much prides himself are sinkers; that the only sinner is the man who prides himself on being without sin, and that man's only sure-enough virtue is the desire to be happy and help himself;

Well, how will you feel then?

A Useful Institution

IN Dedham, Mass., not far from Boston, there exists one of the most useful and unique organizations in America. I refer to the Dedham Society for the Detection and Apprehension of Horse Thieves. The D. S. D. A. H. T. was organized in 1799, consequently it has existed for 103 years, a mathematical calculation which I trust will not be gainsaid nor met by quibble and unkind comment.

Bishop Potter has recently proven to us in his lecture at Duluth, that the thing which exists, exists because it is needed. The fact that a thing is, is its excuse for being.

The flourishing condition of the Dedham Society shows its inherent vitality—I trust I use the right expression—and the further fact that its members are made up of the pillars of society, reveals its grand and lofty purpose—if I may be allowed the phrase.

At its inception eleven men met in the village tavern and banded themselves in solemn compact to neither eat nor sleep—broadly speaking—until the community was ridden of horse thieves. As the danger from horse thieves gradually decreased, the membership enlarged until after a period of twenty-four years the number had increased to thirty-five, and included the very flower and pick of the vigor, manhood and rising youth of the vicinity—if the seeming tautology of the rhetoric may be pardoned

The present membership of the society is a little over two hundred. It includes every clergyman, all the lawyers, each of the doctors—barring Homeopathists—that reside in the town. The society owns its club house, free from debt. This club house has a library that contains a copy of every treatise ever written on horse-thievery, a lecture hall and a kitchen where chicken pie socials

are promulgated, under proper safeguards. Exalted themes of ethical import—if I may use the language of the poet—are discussed at intervals. ¶ At the last annual "Association"—a sort of reunion of all members and their families—a resolution was introduced suggesting that the Society had outlived its original excuse for being, and therefore should be disbanded. ¶ Action was at once taken on the motion, and the man who made it. The presumptuous one made his escape by the back way, through the connivance of friends.

Order being finally restored, the record of the man was inquired into, and it was shown to the satisfaction of all that his great-grandfather was an H. T. Then his name was stricken from the Roster, and a resolution of regret was passed that such an enemy of society should ever have been allowed in the fold.

A careful canvass of the members shows that nine out of the two hundred own horses—all the others having wheels, automobiles, or being commuters. ¶ But loyalty to the original purpose is strong in the hearts of all. No revision of the charter has ever been made, and all attempts to change it so as to have it harmonize with the erroneously so-called new thought of the day, have been promptly voted down. ¶ A peculiar feature of Deadum is that its citizens are divided into two distinct factions, those who are members of the society for the detection and detention of horse thieves, and those who are not. Those who do not belong are regarded as H. T.'s by those who do. This, of course, has the effect of causing the new generation—or those who can afford it—to prove their proper worth and get their names in the lamb's book of life as rapidly as possible. The only live horse thief ever seen in Dedum by the present generation, was a reformed one who performed a part in Joe Murphy's drama of "Kerry Gow." But should an H. T. appear, Dedamn will expect every man to do his duty, if I may be allowed to use the words of one long turned to dust.

This Christmas Present Business

THIS Christmas present business originated in the East. The East is the home of despotism instead of democracy, slavery instead of freedom, bribery instead of justice.

Kings took the labor of slaves and gave it to brother kings, who immediately reciprocated with the labor of their slaves. Gifts were passed out to sycophants who syncophanted to syncopated tom-toms. The labor of others meant nothing to the kings. That is why the Turk fritters away his revenues and is always hard up.

Christ had nothing to do with Christmas presents. It was the three wise men who were living under the traditions of the East. Grown people should not bother with presents, any more than they should sleep in a manger because Christ happened to be born in one

Yet certain seers of the East have always seen the malefic of gifts. I quote from the Scriptures: "Neither take a gift: for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous. For there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts."

"A gift destroyeth the heart."

"He that hateth gifts shall live."

To which we might add: the ardent expecter of scale shall lose his own soul.

And that is just what damns certain of the serving classes, such as policemen, waiters, hired girls and coachmen. It is not their social position but the tips they are always looking for. Very seldom do you find one with a large outlook on life or what we used to call patriotism. The light of all their day has been eclipsed by a large silver disk about two inches across. Why does the Constitution forbid the officials of this government

to receive presents from foreign countries? Because the framers of the Constitution knew that presents are bribes. You cannot metamorphose them into anything else. When you admire a Spanish Grandee's castle and he presents it to you; when an Indian gives you a present one day and wants it back the next; there you have the rudimentary organs of the avatar. When you accept a present you have dissolved the pearl of independence in the vinegar of obligation. When you accept a gift you have sold stock in yourself, and the owner will vote it.

A lover who gives presents to his best girl, and having a tiff with her demands "his presents back" reveals the whole argument. Cases are constantly coming up in the courts where disgruntled lovers sue for the return of their jewelry, and the legal rule is that the gewgaws being given under the impression that the giver was to marry the girl and thus recover his property, he is entitled to recover it, even if he doesn't marry her.

The courts back up this ruling with the maxim that "nothing is ever given for nothing." Hence the decision that a man riding on a railroad pass is entitled to damages exactly the same as if he had bought his ticket for cash, for railroads being managed by men never give a thing unless they receive, or expect to receive, an equivalent.

Be not deceived—Nature is not mocked. Something for nothing is not according to her plan. It is all right to give presents to children for children are undeveloped men. And if women are only great big children, as the investigation of some savants have led them to believe, it may be all right to give presents to some of them. The books on etiquette say that a lady should not accept anything from a gentleman except candy, flowers or books. Above all, nothing that she can wear. Now I do not advocate giving girls something they can wear, I do not advocate giving them anything; in fact, I am very much opposed to it. But before I go on I want to tell you about a friend of mine who

had never had the refining influences of a book on etiquette. He was visiting with a young lady one evening and was playing with a fancy lead pencil he had taken out of his pocket. She wanted it and he gave it to her. Shortly afterwards he unconsciously pulled a little note-book out of his pocket and she wanted that to go with the pencil, and he gave that to her. After a while he was absent-mindedly playing with a penknife, and she admired it, so he gave that to her. Then he turned to her and said, "How are you off for clothes?" A while ago a book called "Ships that pass in the Night" had a great vogue, and about the only thing peculiar about it was, that a man and a woman went about together and each paid their own bills—not a single gift of any kind ❧ ❧

Tolstoy says man was made to make property, and a woman to take care of children, and property is to a man what virtue is to a woman, and he should be careful not to fritter it away.

Ibsen in one of his stories tells about a woman who made a discovery. She discovered that when she wanted any money she would go to her husband and coddle around him, and snuggle up to him after dinner when he was feeling good. When she discovered it she was disgusted with herself and left him. He never discovered that he had been giving her anything she wanted, for the same reason that Herod did the dancing girl when she pleased him, and could not understand why she left. But therein lies the genesis of a great many gifts.

Another story by another friend; I find that the least arduous way to get experience is by proxy. My friend went out one night to make calls. The next morning I said, "Well, what did you talk about?"

"Oh, we did not talk about much of anything."

"What were you doing?"

"Oh, we were just kind of understanding each other."

And that's it. When you understand each other you don't have

to do anything or say much. Everything is clear. Gifts are as rude and crude a way of communicating as telegraphing with wires ☙ ☙

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." But the time is coming when the poor will be as much of an anomaly as a witch or a heretic, and women will have an income independent of any relation they sustain to any one.

I am not advocating stinginess. I am advocating doing away with all occasion for it. Suppose I should say, "I give you five cubic yards of air." You would say, "I've got just as much air as you have now; what's the sense of it?"

Suppose I should say, "I give you your liberty, I make you free." ¶ You would say, "But I am as free as you are now."

And so under the co-operative commonwealth where we all will share and share alike, this gift business will not mean anything. When the prodigal's brother found fault with the old man for not making a veal roast for him, and getting a ring, the father said, "All that I have is thine," and so when all that anybody has is ours, what will be the use of patronizing them as though they were a poor, unfortunate prodigal!

To be sure we can give little tokens and remembrances, and ask people to eat with us, and pull each other out of the mud. The sick and maimed will get a pension—which is only a form of insurance—and will not have to ask odds of any one. And all the novels about gifts, legacies, getting a good job and getting on in the world, will go out of commission.

Another thing we should all be brave enough to resist is these pious hold-ups. This letter of John Ruskin's strikes off the situation so you will understand:

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
19 May, 1886

Sir:—I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing!

My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven,—but don't borrow. Try first begging,—I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for!"

And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for, are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges,—or in a sand-pit, or a coal-hole?

And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me.

And of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit,—Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo Log and Fire Worshippers, who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me. All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would—before bothering me to write it to them.

Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN

If we can only keep ourselves pure and unspotted from church affairs that mean nothing to us, we are making progress.

But if you feel the habit of years strong upon you, and you must give an occasional present, why give a book, for a book is a thought, a feeling,—a sentiment—it is a part of yourself. And of all books, why Roycroft books for presents are quite the most fitting.

On Getting Old

WE are finding out things right along; and one of the things we have recently discovered or rediscovered is that getting old is simply a bad habit. A man who thinks he is old, is. And the man who retires from business will shortly be retired by death. Nature has no use for the person who quits, so she just takes his word for it and lets him quit

And another rather curious thing is, that the fear of death is the monopoly of young people. The man who has lived lives long, and who has kept right at his work, living one day at a time and not bothering other folks any more than he had to, doing each task the best he could, keeping an interest in all good things—that man is not afraid to die. He is willing to go or stay, and the man who is willing to go or stay, stays quite a while.

¶ Mental work of a congenial kind is a great stimulus to bodily vigor—to think good thoughts, work them out like nuggets of gold and then coin them into words, is a splendid joy.

And joy is life.

I remember seeing Oliver Wendell Holmes when he was eighty-three at Emerson College of Oratory, where of course, he was dearly beloved by everybody. On the occasion I have in mind, he made a little speech and explained that he was just getting his affairs into shape, that he might come and join the school as a student. Then to prove his quality he recited, "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?"

The man's enjoyment in life was complete—he was satisfied, grateful for the past, and he showed his gratitude by filling the present with good work.

Brain work is just as necessary as physical exercise, and the man who studies his own case and then plays one kind of work off

against another, finds a continual joy and zest in life. The Greeks came near finding this just balance of things; Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon lived to be over eighty, doing strong and excellent work to the last. When Gœthe died, past eighty, the doctors laid his naked body out on the table, and Scheffler exclaimed, "It is the body of a Greek god," and burst into tears. There was no wastage, nor shrinkage nor signs of age in that heroic form. Michael Angelo was writing love sonnets at eighty-nine, and Titian came within one year of making the century run, and his prayer at the last was that he might live to finish a certain fresco.

Walter Savage Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversations," picturing the love of Pericles and Aspasia, at eighty-five. Izaak Walton went a-fishing and wrote fiction about his luck at ninety. Fontenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty; Cornaro enjoyed better health at ninety-five than at thirty, and Sir Isaac Newton at eighty-five was still smoking the pipe that cost him his lady-love. Simon Cameron went to the Bermudas at ninety to investigate the resources of the Islands.

The insurance actuaries say that physicians do not live long, but that refers to the average. Many cut their lives short by drugs and stimulants, and others there be who take their own remedies. But on the other hand, no profession can boast of so many active men of great age as Medicine. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was alert, active and clear of brain at eighty-five. Hahnemann proved the value of his attenuations by getting married at eighty-one, and was presented by his wife with twins in a year, and at ninety-one was deep in discoveries for which his neighbors called him a fool, but which much of the intelligent world now endorses. In 1897 there died at Glamorganshire, Dr. William Reynolds Salmon, age one hundred and six, a practitioner and a writer on Medicine to the last. And there now lives at Hanover, Dr. DuBoissy, who is one

hundred and seven; and they do say he has recently purchased an automobile to use in making his daily professional calls. ¶ At Montparnasse, France, lives Dr. David, nephew of the great painter David. The doctor is now in his one hundred and first year, and is engaged in active practice. However, on his one hundredth birthday he put a card in the local paper declining to further attend to night calls. There was just a touch of acerbity in the notice, which intimated that if people didn't have sense enough to get sick in the daytime, they could enjoy their poor health for all of him.

Some of the neighbors said the old man was getting childish.

What Is a Genius

I NEVER saw a genius, and really do not know what a genius is, but surely there is plenty of precedent for speaking upon themes concerning which we know nothing. Goodness me!

But my idea is that a genius is a man who has the faculty of doing certain excellent things in a masterly way. What other men work out with sweat and lamp-smoke this man does jauntily, joyously, and without seeming thought or effort. While others are talking about the thing, he does it. And he can never tell how or why.

No dictionary can define this faculty of genius.

No chemist can analyze it.

It seems to be a flash of the divine spark that goes straight to the heart of things.

The man simply sees—that is all. And seeing he says, or writes, or acts

And depend upon this: direct and forceful doing is always the result of direct and vivid seeing. When you write luminously, without fog or mist, it is because there is no fog in your brain. Before you can make others see the picture you must first see it yourself

All those explanations about genius being "the ability to concentrate," and "the capacity for hard work," are clever but fallacious. You may have "the ability to concentrate" and "the capacity for hard work" and yet be mediocre. To be sure, the genius has the ability to concentrate, but he has something more. Some of us who have tuppence worth of talent can conserve it, and by judicious exercise and tutoring grow to a point where we do fairly good work. But where is the professor of literature who could have shown Shakespeare how to write "Hamlet," or the art school that could have instructed Michael Angelo how

to fresco the Chapel of Sixtus, or the painter who could have mixed the colors for Turner's "Carthage," or the pedagog who could have instructed Edison in physics?

Yet we know nothing is done by chance. The miraculous is the natural not yet understood—there are laws that regulate this supreme flash of the intellect. But all we know is that at long intervals we see its manifestation. Genius seems to be a sample of God's power, sent just to show us the possible. If one man out of a million may be supremely wise and efficient for a little while, why may he not in time be wise and efficient all the time? And what one man may attain, why may not the race attain?

¶ Emerson says, "A man is a god in ruins." This seems to imply that man is a failure, but the real fact is, Emerson, in this instance, has reversed the truth. A baby is no failure, even if it can do nothing but eat, sleep, coo and cry—and surely we can love the baby.

A man is a god in the crib.

Now the genius is only a genius a part of the time. His moments of insight are transient, and there may be days or weeks or months that are fallow. Then comes a quick gathering up of forces and a glory stands revealed for which the man had been groping for years.

Corot, catching the sunlight on his palette and transferring it to canvas, was once so surprised and gladdened that he burst into song, and shouted for joy. And wishing to share his joy with another he looked about, and saw a peasant trudging along the road. Corot ran to him, embraced the astonished man, and seizing him by the arm, ran him across the meadow, and standing him before the canvas, said, "Look at that! Look at that! I've got it at last—look at that!"

The peasant didn't see it—he hadn't been looking for it—and the sunlight not being in his soul, he could not perceive it when it was mirrored in a picture.

No, the peasant didn't see it, but he saw a "wild look" in Corot's eyes, and making haste to disengage himself, went home and told his wife that the painter-man was crazy.

But Corot wasn't crazy. He was as sane to the last as Walt Whitman

The fact that one man sees things the average man cannot, and knows things the average man does not, is no proof of insanity—hardly, brother!

Corot wasn't crazy—he merely seemed crazy.

"This man hath a devil and is mad"—but he wasn't, that was only the opinion of certain people.

Men of supreme intellect do not go insane—it is lack of intellect that makes most of the trouble. And so the opposite of things always seems alike. When Shakespeare said, "Great genius is to madness near allied," he knew better. He was just passing out a popular fallacy to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

But this little extension of mental power which we call genius, has ever gotten its owners into trouble. People cannot comprehend it, and so they resent it. It is an insult—the man does not conform—he goes his own gait—he forgets the things that to others are vital: cards, curds and custards are nothing to him. He sees God in the burning bush and wants to ask Him a question.

¶ Read the history of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, and you read a tale of family and domestic woe.

The genius is a sore trial. Even Jesus was not exempt: His mother and brethren saw the extravagance of His acts, and wished to take Him back in safety to their country home. And He, wearied with their importunities, once for a moment lost His poise, and with a touch of impatience said to His mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee!"

Should a genius marry, let him follow the example of Gœthe, who used to refer to his wife as "a convenient loaf of brown bread."

Of course, the ideal would be to find a woman whose mind matches his own—who knows his worth and sympathizes with his ideals—and here our memory runs straight to the Brownings. ¶ But the chances are that the genius neither takes to himself the loaf of brown bread nor does he find his Elizabeth Barrett. And being a genius only at intervals, and the rest of the time an average man, he marries an average woman.

Opinions, as usual, are divided as to whether the man is a genius or a fool. His kinsmen, who have known him from childhood, say he is a fool or a rogue—his conduct to them is always an affront. The wife wishes to keep on good terms with her kinsmen and with society, and still she wishes to be loyal to her husband. She wishes to help him—to be his inspiration.

The pace is too rapid—the woman grows breathless from running, and seeks to hold the man back. He tries to carry her, but soon finds he cannot. She wishes to minister to his "higher nature," but how can she when he seems to want nothing but to be let alone! ☙ ☙

She weeps.

Her dissatisfaction is with herself, but this she does not know. We lay blame elsewhere, and take all credit to ourselves.

The great outside world of men and women does not know the man excepting by his work. They see his picture, his statue, his book, or they listen to his oration, his song, or watch his performance from the parquet. He gives to the public his best, and the public breaks into applause. They demand his autograph, his photograph, they want the honor of shaking hands with him. His wife is pointed out as a mere appendage—nobody cares for her! She is wrung and stung—is she a stock, a stone, a slave, a thing? Ah! she will show them! Straightway she sets out to be clever, too. She seeks to rival her liege and turn the current of admiration her way. She writes a book, or prepares a "paper," or sings in public, or "recites," or displays her beauty in unique

and splendid gowns. ¶ But alas! the letters still come demanding her husband's autograph, women stare at her coldly—it is all for him! She is powerless against his genius, and so is he.

Chills of fear and fevers of heat chase each other across the soul.

The public does not know her husband! It sees only the one side. She knows him—yes, I guess so. He deceives the public into the belief that he is some great one! The words of unkind criticism and vituperation that she occasionally sees in the newspapers please her. The kinsmen are right—the man is a fakir, a fraud, a poseur, a pretender—she knows—I guess so!

He uses a toothbrush, and the manicure set she bought him Christmas—or he doesn't. He stands before the mirror shaving and makes horrible grimaces. He talks to himself—goes to walk, and forgets lunchtime. Company comes to see her, and he sits at the table stupid. And still the fools write for his autograph, and the lunatics ask for his photograph.

She weeps.

He no longer loves her—he goes to the woods alone. He does not tell her his plans. He declines to go to receptions or fetes—he writes or works half the night.

She now demands attention as her due—asserts her rights, and boldly affronts the autograph fiends and bids the fools who come on pious pilgrimages, begone.

She mistakes her husband's abstraction for stupidity, and seeks to rail him into a better way of life. She chides, rebukes, and—he awakening out of his lethargy, proves his common clay by railing back ☙ ☙

Alas! It confirms her suspicions—he is only clay and common clay at that.

To show him how it is, himself, she now has company of her own—floorwalkers, clerks from the ribbon counter, players on the clarionet, tenors who sing in amateur operas.

When a man ceases to pay court to his wife, other men are apt to.

These callers are smart in attire, smart in repartee, clever, attentive. They are like the suitors in the house of Ulysses—they overrun the place.

But not eternally—for one fine day a tenor being too smart, laboring under the popular illusion that the genius is a fool, finds himself kicked into the street, and a clarionet (through error) tossed after him. There are feminine tears, protests in contralto, threats,—and now surely the man is no genius: he is simply a plain brute: a wife-beater—or nearly so.

She weeps.

She is losing her husband—he is no longer wholly hers—he is slipping away, away.

Their house is no longer a home—it is only an office or a studio.

She begins a system of espionage—letters are opened—duplicate keys play their part—servants are taken into her confidence.

And her punishment consists in finding her suspicions true.

We find that for which we seek. "That which I feared has come upon me." The thing we fear we bring to pass.

And now the heart that should be filled with tenderness and gentle mother-love becomes an abyss of cruelty and revenge. She is willing, aye, anxious to disgrace, destroy and damn to lowest hell that which she once worshipped as divine.

Jealousy and murder are only a step apart.

"The man is to blame," you say. And you are right. His offense lies in his power, against which he is powerless. If he had not the power to express, to do, to influence, to mold, to attract, he would never have given offense to this woman or any one else. He is to blame; but yet he is blameless because he is what he is. And she is blameless for the same reason.

We sympathize with him; but her—we pity.

The artist is always selfish—he sacrifices everybody and everything in order to get the work done. Cellini casting his "Perseus" and throwing into the molten mass all of the family plate in

order to get the statue complete, reveals the man. Palissy burning up the furniture in order to bring the furnace to the proper degree of heat, is the true type.

The artist is selfish,—yes, supremely selfish.

And here is my advice to all women who are married to men who love their work better than they love their wives: Do not nag, do not struggle, do not obstruct, do not fight, do not rival—just be yourself. You are only lovable when you are yourself. Be a nobody, and sink yourself in your work, just as your husband sinks himself in his work.

If your husband is great, he is great on account of his work—that is his virtue. He knows this, and his admiration is for the person who does his work.

And in useful work, at the last, there is no degree. It is all necessary, and the woman told of by Theodore Parker, who swept the room to the glory of God, deserves and shall have her crown. ¶ Just here I feel like apologizing for having referred to a woman—any woman—as "a convenient loaf of brown bread." It was Gœthe's expression, and not mine. I have too much respect for womanhood to speak lightly of women. The best that is in my soul has been absorbed from women. So I would rather put a new construction on Gœthe's simile and say there is nothing more nutritious, nothing more useful, nothing so satisfying as brown bread.

Please pass the brown bread.

If you are a loaf of brown bread, thank God, but do not pretend you are a frosted cake, or a plum pudding. You will surely disappoint somebody, and there will be for you a day of reckoning ❧ ❧

When the Paris mob assailed the palace at Versailles crying for bread, and Marie Antoinette in her innocence asked, "Why don't they eat cake?" she revealed a gastronomic fallacy—cake as a steady diet is not advisable. ¶ Please pass the brown bread.

The clerk at the ribbon counter may be won by frosted cake with frills, sprinkled with red sanded sugar and caraway seed, but not so the man of power. He wants brown bread.

And at last the woman who can sink her oriental instinct and be willing to be a somebody and do her work and sweep her room to the glory of God, completes the circle and reveals the great and splendid personality. By giving all, she shall win all. Simple honesty, simple integrity—no secrets, no schemes.

¶ And from my limited experience in these matters I gather that the plain and unpretentious woman often has a splendid mind, and a deal of sturdy common sense, and is very much more likely to appreciate her husband's genius, and make allowance for his limitations, than a wife who runs rival to her lord and has a furtive eye on fame for herself.

Be a woman, a plain honest woman—the mother of men—and the man of power will go to you and lay his tired head in your lap, and with tears of gratitude, bless the Giver of all Good that you are his, that you minister to him, cheer him on his way, nourish and refresh him—that you are a loaf of brown bread, and not a ginger cookie upon which mice and tenors nibble.

Please pass the brown bread.

Maeterlinck in writing of the bees asks, " Why do they thus renounce sleep, the delights of honey and love, and exquisite leisure enjoyed, for instance, by their winged brothers, the butterfly? Two or three flowers suffice for their nourishment, yet in an hour they will visit two hundred in order to collect a treasure which they will never taste. Why all this toil and distress, and whence this mighty assurance that all is well? Is it so certain then that the new generation whereunto you offer your lives will merit the sacrifice; will be more beautiful, happier, will do something you have not done because you have thus toiled? "

And the bees do not answer. Neither does the genius know why

he thus works, and dares, and does, and offers himself and his all for a good that is yet unborn.

He does not know—he lives by faith. And of the Power that guides his footsteps and leads him on, he knows nothing more than does the bee. Continually he hears the Voice, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." And through snow and ice, through dust and heat, through glaring day and darkest night his answer to the Voice is ever instant and implicit obedience. The spirit of abnegation that gives all, and thereby wins all, is upon him: "Lord here am I!" And this abnegation—this obedience that neither stands, nor sits, nor hesitates, but goes, is the price of achievement.

The Elk's Creed

I AM not a jiner, but if I ever jine the jiners I will begin with the Elks—and probably end there. ¶ Without any special written code or creed the Elks stand for a certain standard of intellect and ethics

The man with an elk's tooth on his watch-chain, or the antlers in his buttonhole, has no quarrel with God. He accepts life, and finds it good. He may not be so very wise, or so very good, but since he knows he is not wise, and is ready to admit he is not so very good, he is wiser than he knows and better than he will acknowledge.

The true Elk does not condemn, disparage nor rip reputations up the back. Realizing his own limitations, he is lenient in his judgments toward those who have been tempted by fate beyond their power to resist. This quality of mercy, I have noticed, is strongly implanted in the Elk nature. Your Elk never weeps over his own troubles, but for the stricken souls of earth his tears of pity are near the surface.

The Elk loves children, respects old age, and so far as I have seen doesn't incline especially toward indifference to feminine charms. In many instances I have imagined the Elk revealed a just appreciation of the elevated spheroid. Yet in all your life you never saw one of those horny sons of Elkdom going off alone and cutting into the grape—his irrigation is all in the line of good-fellowship. And his worst fault lies right here—in this matter of conviviality: he sometimes slightly overdoes it.

But I believe this will hold: no little pismire apology for a man ever joined the Elks—he would not feel at home among them. To be an Elk you must have faith in other men, faith in yourself, and faith in the Universe.

The Elks all look alike, and are all of one age. Just what that age

is, I have not yet made out, but it lies somewhere between thirty and fifty. No Elk ever is over fifty, no matter how long he has lived, and none weigh over two hundred pounds. They all have the joyous, boyish, bubbling heart of youth, and no whiskers. Lilacs are out of their line, and Galways are tabooed.

I never saw an Elk who was very rich, excepting in kindness and goodcheer, nor did I ever see one circumnavigating on his uppers. They all have all the money they need, even if not all they want. They make money, and they spend it, and the more they spend the more they seem to make. "Keep the change," is a remark the Elk always has in electrotype.

I have been occasionally pained by hearing Elks relate stories that were slightly gamboge—tinted on the edges—but although these tales of persiflage had a Neufchatel flavor, yet there was always enough attic salt supplied to redeem the mass from mortifying microbes.

The Elk is not troubled about saving his soul—in fact, he is not troubled about anything. Perhaps that is his one distinguishing feature—he does not worry, nor shake the red rag of wordy theological warfare. He believes that everything is all right—or nearly so—and that his task is to do his work, and not bother other folks any more than he has to. When Ali Baba said, "Blessed is that man who does not bellyache," he had a sixteen-pronged antlered Elk in mind.

An Elk takes his medicine—sometimes with a wry face—but he always takes his medicine. Often he overcomes temptation by succumbing to it; and if he trips and falls he is up and joins in the laugh of the bystanders.

You cannot down a man who can laugh at himself. The Elk stays right in the game: I never heard of one retiring from business: when death calls for an Elk, the Elk is apt first to sell him a bill of goods and then they shake the dice to see who shall pay Charon's toll. The Elk does not seek to pry into the future, for he

realizes perfectly well that if he waits, he'll know all about it. And for a similar reason he does not chase after women, for he knows that if he doesn't women will chase after him.

And they do.

There seems to be little danger that this Fraternity will evolve into a religion. Most religious people take their religion seriously, but the Elk takes his with seltzer. He knows that truth is a point of view, that all is relative, that nothing is final nor absolute, nor can it be in a world where nothing is permanent but change. So the Elk's religion is now and here; to partake of all good things in moderation; to give out love and kindness because these things come back; and to supply a scrap only to the man who repeatedly asks for it, and will accept nothing else—this as a matter of accommodation

To do good is the first prong in an Elk's creed. And he realizes, being wise, that the best way to benefit yourself is to benefit others

As for myself, I am strictly on the hose-cart, so I do not affiliate very closely with the boys, but if I were flying light and wanted to borrow ten or twenty maybe, I'd tackle the first Elk I met, without apology or explanation. And my needs would be to him a command, for he is not clannish and he knows no higher joy than to give the other fellow a lift.

And all these things I have here recorded are set down as a matter of truth, forgetting the fact that once at Flint, Michigan, I suffered the deep humiliation of being arrested by the Elks, and fined two seventy-five for advertising Quaker Oats without a license

Marriage and Mutuality

THE Emperor Claudius had the felicity to be married four times.

Claudius was a student and an author, and in habit was decidedly littery.

He secured a divorce from his first wife because she used to take advantage of his absence to clean up his room and put things away, and she usually put them away so effectually that he could not find them. God knows! men had their troubles then as now.

The second wife got a divorce because Claudius would not go out evenings and scintillate in society—this, it should be explained, was before Claudius was made Emperor.

There are three sides to every question where divorce is involved, and this case was no exception. Wife No. Two very shortly married a captain in one of the Roman legions, and after Claudius was Emperor this captain became one of the royal body-guard. Whether the Emperor and captain ever exchanged confidences we do not know.

When Claudius became Emperor the exigencies of society seemed to demand that he have a helpmeet to assist him in receiving at receptions, and to preside at the coffee-urn. There was not exactly a dearth of candidates, in truth there were several good ladies ready to immolate themselves on the matrimonial altar (I trust, Etc.).

Now Claudius was like most authors—quiet, considerate, confiding, kind and unsophisticated. So he just gravitated in the direction of the strongest attraction, and selected Messalina, the handsomest and most winsomely winning woman in all Rome

Messalina is known to fame as the high C soprano of that celebrated quintette, Jezebel, Drusilla, Salome and Herodias. Only

one woman ever surpassed Messalina in her several specialties, and that was Agrippina, her successor. Messalina was the smoothest feminine proposition that ever exploited a straight-front corset and wore her breastpin in the region of the umbilicus. ¶ Messalina banished Seneca, the Albert J. Beveridge of his time, to Corsica, where he remained eight years and lived in a cave. This was before the Little Corporal's day, so there wasn't much company for Seneca, but at Corsica, Seneca wrote his "Consolations," his best book. Imprisonment and exile have their advantages. "Thank God, for once I am free from intrusion," wrote Horace Greeley from a prison cell in Paris.

Messalina tired of Claudius—he was a bit slow. So once when he went over to Ostia on a little business trip she wedded a young man by the name of Silius, at high noon in the public square. There was a big spread afterward to which everybody was invited. Messalina had many lovers, and she depended upon these amorous gentlemen to back her up and seize the throne, just as ambitious parties at times take the lecture platform. But lovers are always fickle in dealing with fickle women—mutuality is the rule ❧ ❧

The lovers felt to see that their heads were in place, and sent for Claudius. He came and while he calmly ate his dinner, his guards carved original designs all over Messalina's pink and pudgy cosmos ❧ ❧

Claudius never mentioned her name afterward, and Seneca, to his credit, never did, either.

Very soon after his bereavement, Claudius married Agrippina, a smashing, dashing widow, twenty-nine in June, with lace all over her big Gainsborough, and only a small incumbrance in the way of a ten-year-old boy, Nero by name.

They were very happy, and the joy-bells rang in gleest glee. ¶ Agrippina was a soloist and played in no quintettes. She had more lovers than Messalina, but she was more discreet. She

recalled Seneca and made him tutor of her little incumbrance, a fact I here state to show the vanity of pedagogics—the best man in Rome was the teacher of the worst.

Agrippina mixed Rough-on-Rats in Claudius' coffee to give it a flavor, and the good man was gathered to his fathers; and Agrippina as a widow was now a double-header.

Agrippina made Nero emperor, and Nero as we know, made her a dead one in due course. He also did as much for Seneca, but only got his body, for the soul of Seneca escaped and still goes marching on. Three years later, Pluto came in person for Nero, and yanked him to Limbo, cut off amidst a life of usefulness, aged thirty-one—gone but not forgotten—we shall never see his sweet face more—alas!

I have somewhat circuitously and awkwardly stated these facts, setting down naught in malice, to corroborate the wisdom of certain Abyssinian tribes, that have all marriages passed upon by the village barber.

This is not exactly an original plan, for Dr. Samuel Johnson argued that all marriages should be arranged by the Lord Chancellor without consulting the parties concerned.

The career of Claudius shows that experience falls flat in affairs of the heart, wisdom sleeps, knowledge is of no avail. The captain who filled the place of Claudius and did service as his bodyguard was happier far than he with all of his carefully selected pink and white tyranny. The life of Henry the Ate of England also helps to corroborate this truth elaborated by Schopenhauer: For simple reproduction Nature can be safely trusted, and in no other way is a Solomon, a Leonardo da Vinci, a William the Conqueror, a Lincoln, possible. This is a case where the amateur distances the professional. ¶ But as for a lifelong happy marriage—a comradeship between a man and woman, Nature never once thought of that—it was the necessities of civilization brought it about.

Love is a matter of wigglers.

A smart, high-test kerosene professor at the University of Chicago recently said, "Kill this love microbe and put marriage on a commonsense basis and the race will be saved."

The professor should have said lost, for it is indiscretion saves the race. "How wise these imprudent men are who forget themselves into immortality," said Wendell Phillips.

These innocent young people, caught in the toils of the wigglers, who stand up, make promises and swear to many things, are hoaxed by nature for a purpose. They ask for one thing, and Nature, being a druggist's clerk, gives them something else just as good—or better.

The monks of the olden-time held the same view that our Chicago B. S. professor does; and they successfully eliminated the love microbe. They got some beautiful tenors, but they did not see God as they had expected.

I think they separated themselves from Him.

The genius of the germs is in the violent attachment which makes possible the passion of a Romeo and Juliet. But the marriage of Romeo and Juliet could never have bridged the chasm between the Montagues and Capulets—Juliet would have been back to her Ma in a month, with tearstained face and a tale of woe ❧ ❧

The wiggle of the wigglers dies through gratification and it may be two days in awakening into life, or, in case of ill-health or child-bearing, many months. In the interval the couple have to face each other across the breakfast table every morning, and shuffle for a topic for conversation, the microbes refusing to supply one, or else they sit silent and insensate—undone by the parasites ❧ ❧

The mind of the microbes brought them together and left them stranded. So beside the romantic passion a marriage is a matter of mutuality as regards Browning, Bok, Schlitz, Grape-Nuts, Oneida Community, Wagner, tiddle-dy-winks, olives, celery,

James MacNeill Whistler, onions, windows open from the bottom or top, linen sheets, short sleeves, woolen blankets, George Ade, ragtime, no breakfast, meat breakfast, Christian Science, the "Philistine," John Roberts, Dr. Gunsaulus, progressive euchre, Rabbi Hirsch, Dowie, Felix Adler, Maeterlinck, Socialism, Hiawatha, Annie Laurie, Where is my Wandering Boy To-night, and Elizabeth Towne. ¶ Candidates for matrimony should be examined on all these points before legal permit is issued.

And so the summing up of the argument is this: Romantic passion is absolutely necessary for the perpetuity of the race as well as for the perpetuity of every beautiful thing in the world. But while this instinct is in the saddle, brains are in abeyance. A person's choice of a partner for life, no matter what his age nor how wide his experience, is absolutely valueless if he is in love. And since men and women should not marry if they are not in love, the matter should be placed in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, with full power to hear, try, adjust, regulate and determine. Jess so, jess so!

It is the popular belief that Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a shrew, and, had she lived in New England in Cotton Mather's time would have been a candidate for the ducking-stool. Socrates said he married her for discipline. A man in East Aurora, however, has recently made it plain to himself that Xantippe was possessed of a great and acute intellect. She knew herself, and she knew her liege as he never did—he was too close to his subject to get the perspective. She knew that under the right conditions his name would live as one of the world's great teachers, and so she set herself to supply the conditions. She deliberately sacrificed herself and put her character in a wrong light before the world in order that she might benefit humanity. Most women have a goodly grain of ambition for themselves, and if their husbands have genius, their business is not to prove it, but to show that they themselves are not wholly commonplace.

Not so Xantippe—she was quite willing to be misunderstood that her husband might live.

What the world calls a happy marriage is not wholly good—ease is bought with a price. Suppose Xantippe and Socrates had settled down and lived in a cottage with a vine growing over the portico, and two rows of hollyhocks leading from the front gate to the door; a pathway of coal ashes lined off with broken crockery, and inside the house all sweet, clean and tidy; Socrates earning six mina a day carving marble, with double pay for overtime, and he handing the pay envelope over to her every Saturday night keeping just enough for tobacco, and she putting a tidy sum in the Aegean Savings Bank every month—why, what then! Well, that would have been an end to Socrates. Xantippe was big enough to know this and so she supplied the domestic cantharides and drove him out upon the streets. He grew to care very little for her, not much for the children, nothing for his home. She drove him out into the world of thought, instead of allowing him to settle down and be content with her society.

¶ I once knew a sculptor—another sculptor—an elemental bit of nature, original and, better still, aboriginal. He used to sleep out under the stars so to wake up in the night and see the march of the Milky Way and watch the Pleiades disappear over the brink of the western horizon. He wore a flannel shirt, thick-soled shoes and overalls, no hat, and his hair was thick and coarse as a horse's mane

This man had talent, and he had sublime conceptions, great dreams, and splendid aspirations. His soul was struggling to find expression, "Leave him alone," I said—"he needs time to ripen. He is a Michael Angelo in embryo!"

Did he ripen? Not he. He married a Wellesley girl of good family. She too, had ideas about art—she painted china buttons for shirtwaists, embroidered chasubles and sang "The Rosary" in a raucous Quinsigamond voice. The big barbarian became

respectable and the last time I saw him he wore a Tuxedo and was passing out platitudes and raspberry shrub at a lawn party. The Wellesley girl had tamed her bear—they were very happy, he assured me, and she was preparing a course of lectures for him which he was to give at Mrs. Jack Gardner's.
A Xantippe might have saved him.

Remember the Week-Day to Keep It Holy

I AM not so sure about this, Blessed, but if I am wrong you will please put me straight: it is an absurd and semi-barbaric thing to set one day apart as "holy."

If you are a writer, and a beautiful thought comes to you, you never hesitate because it is Sunday—you write it down.

If you are a painter, and the picture appears before you, vivid and clear, you make haste to materialize it ere the vision fades.

¶ If you are a musician, you sing a song, or play it on the piano, that it may be etched upon your memory—and for the joy of it

But if you are a cabinet-maker, you may make the design, but you will halt before making the table, if the day be the "Lord's Day;" and if you are a blacksmith, you will not lift a hammer, for fear of conscience or the police. All of which is an admission that manual labor is a sort of necessary evil, and must be done at certain times and places, as cesspools are emptied at night

The idea of serving God on Sunday and forgetting Him all the week is a fallacy fostered by the Rev. Dr. Sayles and his coadjutor, Deacon Buffum, who passes the Panama for the benefit of those who would buy absolution. Or, if you prefer, salvation being free, what we place in the Panama is an honorarium for Deity or His Agent, just as noted authors never speak at banquets for pay, but accept the honorarium that is mysteriously placed on the mantel.

Sunday, with its immunity from work, was devised for slaves who got out of all the work they could during the week.

Then, to tickle the approbativeness of the slave, it was declared a virtue not to work on Sunday, a most pleasing bit of Tom Sawyer diplomacy. By following his inclinations and doing nothing, a mysterious, skyey benefit accrues, in which the lazy man hopes to participate.

Then the slaves who do not work on Sunday point out those who do as beneath them in virtue and deserving of contempt. Upon this theory all laws punishing the person who works or plays on Sundays have been passed.

Does God cease work one day in seven, or is the work He does on Sunday especially different from that which He performs on Tuesday?

The Saturday half-holiday is not "sacred"—the Sunday holiday is.

¶ No man can violate the Sabbath; he can, however, violate his own nature, and this he is more apt to do through enforced idleness than in either work or play. Only running water is pure, and stagnant nature of any sort is dangerous—a breeding-place for disease

Change of occupation is necessary to mental and physical health. As it is, most people get too much of one kind of work. All the week they are chained to a task, a repugnant task because the dose is too big. They have to do this particular job or starve. This is slavery, quite as much as when man was sold as a chattel.

¶ Will not there come a time when all men and women will work because it is a blessed privilege? Then, if all worked, wasteful consuming as a business would cease. As it is, there are many people who do not work at all, and these pride themselves on it and uphold the Sunday laws. If the idlers would work, nobody would be overworked. If this time ever comes shall we not cease to regard it as "wicked" to work at certain times, just as much as we should count it absurd to pass a law making it illegal to be happy on Thursday? Isn't good work an effort to produce a useful, necessary, or beautiful thing?

If so, good work is a prayer, prompted by a loving heart—a prayer to benefit and bless.

If prayer isn't a desire, backed up by a right human effort to bring about its efficacy, then what is it?

Work is a service performed for ourselves and others. If I love you, I surely will work for you—in this way I reveal my love. And thus to make manifest my love is a joy and gratification for me. Thus work is for the worker.

These things being true, if it is wrong to work on Sunday it is wrong to love on Sunday: every smile is a sin, every caress a curse, and all tenderness crime.

Must there not come a time, if we grow in mentality and in spirit, when we shall cease to differentiate and quit calling some work secular and some sacred? Isn't it as necessary for me to hoe corn to feed my loved ones (and also the priest) as for the priest to preach and pray? Would any priest every preach or pray if somebody didn't hoe. If life is from God, then all useful effort is divine; and to work is the highest form of religion. If God made us, surely He is pleased to see that His work is a success. If we are miserable, willing to liberate life with a bare bodkin, we certainly do not compliment our Maker in thus regarding His work as a failure. But if our lives are full of gladness and we are grateful for the consciousness that we are one with Deity—helping God to do His work, then, and only then do we truly serve Him.

¶ Isn't it strange that men should ever have made laws declaring it wicked to work?

Marxian and Fabian Socialism

THERE are two distinct schools of Socialism: The Marxian and the Fabian.

Both schools are made up of idealists, and they disagree only as to the policy to be adopted for reaching Utopia; and there is also a variance of opinion as to the distance to be traversed in reaching the Ideal City.

The Marxian school takes its name from Karl Marx, a most excellent man, sincere, earnest, simple-hearted—a Jew, who saw with clear and vivid vision the wrongs and inequalities of society. The fact that one set of men had most of the culture, and another did all the work; that some had vastly more property than they could use, and that others suffered for the necessities of life—these things caused Marx to formulate in his own mind an ideal condition where none would be cursed by either too much or too little. And to Marx this ideal condition could be brought about by voting the power out of the hands of the men now in control and putting in Socialists, instead. The Marxians want Utopia, and they want it now. And as the Prohibitionists hate a Republican teetotaler, and the Christian Scientists have no fellowship with the Mental Scientists, and Christians look loftily on men who have nothing but their morality to recommend them, so do the Marxians despise and brand as cowards the Fabians who carry on a campaign of education, and take what they can get.

The Fabians take their name from the Roman general, Fabius, who, about the year 250 B. C., fought the hosts of Hannibal. Fabius wore the combined forces of Carthage, Gaul and Etruria to a frazzle by a policy of opportunism. He struck and retreated, and the enemy could never find him. He carried no supplies—the enemy furnished everything, even the corpses for most of the

funerals. Fabius laughed at their challenges to meet him on the open plain in pitched battle. But to prove that he was alive, he stampeded the enemies' cattle, cut off their horses' tails a hundred miles away the same night, and separating the opposing forces, fought them piece-meal on ground of his own choosing, usually attacking them in the rear as they chased in vain pursuit of his forces ❧ ❧

If I wasn't Fra Elbertus, I would be Christian De Wet Quintus Fabius, who, like the Midianites, lapped water like a dog; who fought odds as ten to one; who was never defeated and never captured; who kept his goodcheer, and rode further and faster out under the stars than any of his enemies could by day, and when he finally capitulated, dictated his own terms, and afterwards, visiting the enemy's country in citizen's dress, unaccompanied, was proclaimed conqueror.

To get the thing done some time, is what the Fabians want—but the Marxians want the honors and the offices, and like a child in the tantrums, can't wait.

The business of liberal denominations is to make all other denominations more liberal. The Universalists and Unitarians have not grown numerically, but you can hear good Universalist sermons now in any Presbyterian pulpit, and excerpts from the "Age of Reason" will go unchallenged in most of our Baptist and Methodist Churches.

The Fabian is a man who does what he can, and thanks heaven that things are not worse. Let no one confuse Fabianism with the doctrine of *laisser faire*. One is alert, vigilant and watchful of its opportunity; the other merely drifts.

The Marxian will not compromise—he demands all, and will accept nothing less. But the Marxian is doing good service; his work is to infuse the spirit of co-operation into all the parties, and it is the Marxians who have evolved the Fabians. And the Marxians now stir the Fabians on to do and to dare.

Karl Marx was born in Germany in 1818, and died in London in 1883. Marx was profoundly influenced by Heine and his school of revolutionaries, but was much more judicial than that erratic singer. He was a man of genuine worth, beloved by his family and friends. His greatness was shown in that he had a goodly contempt for popularity, and as fast as his ideas became accepted by those about him he moved on to new premises that confounded both disciples and critics. He was driven out of Germany on account of his revolutionary writings, went to France, was exiled there, and about the year 1850 found refuge in London.

He was urged to come to America, and it seems he seriously contemplated doing this but finally he flatly refused, saying, "If I go to America I shall go into business and become rich, and that will be the last of Karl Marx."

So he remained in London and wrote his book, "Capital," which is the arsenal from which all socialists get their intellectual weapons. It will be noted that this book, "Capital," is labeled Volume One: there were to be various other volumes, but like Buckle's "History of Civilization," the preface is all that was written, but that is enough upon which to found a lasting name.

¶ The book made a profound impression, and such eminent thinkers as Darwin, Spencer, Wallace and William Morris acknowledged themselves as debtors to it. Especially were Ruskin and Morris drawn toward the philosophy of Marx. Marx had taken their theories and carried them further, and shown, to his own satisfaction, that society could only be redeemed by the overthrow of those in political power. To be sure his battle was to be bloodless, with the ballot, by organizing a political party

Marx and Morris for a time were fast friends, and occasionally appeared on the same platform. In many ways they were alike, and they even looked alike.

They agreed as to premises and conditions and they had similar

ideals, but they separated as to the policy that should be adopted to bring about the millenium. Marx said governments must be reorganized. Morris said society must be educated. One was a revolutionary; the other an evolutionist. One was an agitator by profession; the other an agitator incidentally.

Around Marx there clustered a score or more of refugees, exiles from Belgium, Germany, Russia and France, who lived on half rations, and kept up a fusillade of pamphlets with which they bombarded Europe and kept the censorship in a constant stew. These prophets of the new time made speeches and took up collections, but they did no work. Their business was to liberate the proletariat from the grasp of the octopus. The great change was expected to come very soon, and like the Millerites, who quit work because the Judgment Day was nigh, they said, "What's the use?"

Edward Carpenter says Morris gave as high as a thousand pounds a year to the "cause," but finally he could no longer endure these men who did nothing but talk. He cut off his contributions and offered the entire party employment in his factories. A few accepted, but the rest were insulted. They said they would have no part in an economic system that was rotten to the core. They even reviled Morris for his interest in business enterprise, accused him of being an exploiter of labor, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and they branded him with cowardice in not forsaking all and turning his property over to them. Liebknecht's biography of Marx tells the story with much pride of how the refugees often had but one meal a day, and spent the time on the warm benches of the British Museum, because they had no fuel at home. They clung to their ideas and counted it joy to suffer for sweet liberty's sake. ¶ But they did no work—they would not prostitute their energies for hire.

Personally, I hardly think Marx went as far as this—his time was taken up in writing and speech-making; he regarded himself

as the leader of a great reform. The revolution was to come soon—anytime—he was preparing for it.

And the efforts of William Morris to convince him that his hopes were fatuous, caused a serious breach to widen between these strong men ☙ ☙

No longer did they affiliate, each had his adherents. Morris called a public meeting and strongly argued that for the Socialists to wage war on the present social order and invite a pitched battle, would be to get wiped out of existence. Those caught in the established social order are not the enemies of mankind; to a degree they are powerless, and it is an error to condemn them wholesale. He said, "We must do what we can, improve every opportunity, and like Quintus Fabius, who was never defeated, reform the government, not overthrow it. Already the people rule—the throne is but a figure of speech. The change will come gradually; we must be persistent, watchful, wise; we must take the present social order and build upon it."

The word "Fabian" was seized upon by the Marxians and Morris was dubbed "The Cunctator." But soon the Fabian Society was formed, and then began the publication of their magazine. Instead of fighting the octopus the Marxians now turned their guns on the Fabians, just as Christians often fight each other, while the devil sits by in a reserved seat and enjoys the entertainment.

¶ But the world progresses—that for which Marx fought is coming about. The Package Post was only a theory with him, the Postal Telegraph an idea. England now has both. You can send a telegram anywhere in the kingdom for sixpence.

The post office system is our best example of applied socialism. The telegraph and express companies will follow in due course, and then will come the railroads. The magnificent terminal facilities now existing, and being constructed in various cities, point the road and smooth the pathway. Reciprocity is wisdom. To vote the strong men out and put the weak ones in will not

keep the weak ones in nor the strong ones out. Law must follow the flag—not lead.

Men fight for a thing, and lose; and other men gain the things for which they fought, under another name. The fate of the political Socialistic party will be defeat, yet the thing for which it now fights will win. It will win through its death, and other men will gain the glory. Christ never wore a red hat, and St. Peter's chair was not for him.

We are told that mankind has passed through the following sociological stages: the savage, the nomadic, the pastoral, the agricultural, and the feudal. There are still rudimentary survivals of all these systems, which each can recall at will.

We are now living under the competitive system.

But the pastoral stage gradually, and almost by imperceptible degrees, fused itself into the agricultural, so the competitive stage is passing into the co-operative—we are recognizing that reciprocity is better than rivalry.

My father—who resents being called an old man—tells of when he first went from Buffalo to New York, how they changed cars five times. The trip took three days, and my mother had to cook mightily in order to prepare provision for the family on the way. The uncertainties of travel so impressed themselves on him, that even now the old gentleman will not start for Chicago without taking along a most generous basket of food, for fear of the anthropophagi and misunderstandings at the imminently deadly lunch counter.

When I first crossed the plains, an armed escort was necessary for protection. The cavalcade at times traveled only at night, to avoid the Indians; and at other times we moved only by day, so as not to fall a prey to bandits.

Now, everything is provided—life is lubricated. Ticket-sellers no longer snap your head off, and you do not have to apologize to conductors for being on their trains. You are the guest of

the transportation company, and courtesy, kindness and good-will are the rule.

And these changes came about through the competitive system, but they did not reach their present comparative high degree of excellence until co-operation became a fact, not a theory. I trust that nobody will arise and contradict me when I say that railroads are built and managed by men.

Further than this, the railroads are owned by men—that is to say, the people own the railroads, but not all the people. Are the railroads owned by gnomes, genii, wood-nymphs, dryads, mermaids, hob-goblins and fairies?

No, the railroads are owned by the people. Anybody who really wants to own a share in a railroad, may. If the desire of your heart is to manage a railroad, you can on one condition—prove your fitness to do the task better than any one else.

I remember when, in going from Buffalo to Philadelphia, we changed cars four times. The first change was at East Aurora. On this jerk-water line between Buffalo and East Aurora was a baggageman by the name of James D. Yeomans. He didn't smash the baggage; he protected it by using skids, and other trainmen laughed. He was made conductor, and then he protected the passengers from delay, inconvenience, and his own ill-temper. That is to say, he kept a civil tongue in his red head, and always lent a willing hand to the old woman with a sick baby and many bundles.

He became superintendent of the road, extended the line, was called to manage a more important road, and is now a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, a life position, with pay I dare-not-say-how-much. And some of the men who laughed at Yeomans' skids still work on the section.

Why was Yeomans promoted?

Oh, I'll tell you why: because he had a rich father and was married to the daughter of the president of the road.

You know better. ¶ Yeomans was promoted because he served the people

The people make every promotion, and any man who gets foisted into the wrong position gets hoisted by a petard of his own planting

Society is one vast unit, made up of many molecules. Society promotes the man who serves it best. Down in their hearts wise men know this truth: the only way to help yourself is to help others

And so there will always be competition—but it will be the rivalry of well-doing, not the competition that would kill and destroy. ¶ The first forms of competition manifested themselves in factions that often degenerated into feuds; then came Messalina and Agrippina, anticipating the refinements of the Borgia-Family-Robinson, and with these went much war; then we had industrial competition when men sought to wreck the fortunes of other men; and finally we are reaching common sense by a community of interests. This is a brand-new term, coined within three years, to express a condition where men are working together instead of endeavoring to bankrupt each other.

In 1885, for several weeks, you could ride from New York City to Chicago for a dollar. The endeavor was to "bust" somebody. But the people who own the railroads will never again allow such idiocy. A railroad has just one thing to sell, and that is transportation, and the good sense of mankind will not long allow the selling of goods at less than cost. The railroad that carries you at less than cost now is going to overcharge you later to hold the balance true

So community of interest comes in, and we have better times, increased safety, more conveniences, and our transportation at a less cost than ever before.

Instinctively, intuitively and often blindly, mankind moves forward. There is no backward step. The people are right. Success

comes from being of service to mankind, and there is neither honor nor wealth excepting through one thing—service, and cheerful service at that.

The people are a part of Nature—or God, if you prefer. Men are the instruments of Deity. God creates through us.

The strongest instinct in man is the faculty of self-preservation, and people are everywhere beginning to realize that the best way to protect their own interests is by working for the good of all. ¶ The trusts are a movement of Nature in the interests of mankind. Probably the men who organize them do not reason thus far, but no combination dares fly in the face of the best interests of the people, nor can the people be long deceived. The trusts exist on sufferance of the people.

When the State of Missouri attempts to pass a law to put down the Department Stores, the law is inoperative, simply because the Department Store serves the people. It was hard on the little storekeepers, but Society doesn't exist for storekeepers. ¶ Storekeepers were made for man, not man for storekeepers. ¶ That is good which serves, and that is best which best serves. Law lags behind public opinion, and legalizes what the people wish. So long as the trusts serve society they will remain, and if they ever seek to oppress the people, they will be swept into the dustpan of oblivion, and no one knows this better than the men who operate them.

If fifty-one per cent of the voters should vote the Socialistic ticket, this would not give us Socialism. If fifty-one per cent of the Roycrofters vote to tear down all wooden buildings in East Aurora and replace them with stone, the wooden buildings, for all your election, will remain, and the stone structures will still be the airy, fairy fabric of a voter's dream.

And especially will you postpone the happy day if you vote all stone-masons out of office, and elect printers and the girls in the folding-room to do the herculean task.

But as sure as the sun shines, the time will come when every wooden building in this village will be replaced by stone or brick. The wood will rot, and we will use better material, because there will not exist the worse.

The men who manage the railroads are doing the best they can. They may not be paragons of unselfish virtue, any more than are the Socialistic leaders who demand their removal. The men now in power are caught in the machine—they are part and parcel of our Social System! they are doing the only things that circumstances will allow, and for the most part it is a miracle that they do so well. And every day, as fast as a better and stronger man appears, he finds his place. When I think of all the wicked things I might have done and didn't, I congratulate myself on being a pretty good fellow.

The people will yet own and control the railroads, just as we do the post offices. Nobody draws dividends and clips Post Office Six-per-cent Preferred. The State will own the railroads, just as we now control the highways, where once everybody paid toll, but the change cannot come by voting out the strong men who have brought railroading up to its present high degree of excellence, and putting in dissatisfied walking delegates. We will make terms with these strong men and retain them in power.

¶ The nation can only be strong by using the efforts of its strong men. These men in power have proved their fitness, and the men who operate the railroads of the co-operative commonwealth will be the men trained and educated by the men now in power. And the change will come as quietly and imperceptibly as a change in schedule. It will be evolution, not revolution.

¶ Yes, I am a Socialist—a Fabian Socialist. I do not flout everything offered because it is not exactly what I would like. I take what I can get and thank Heaven. If any one word symbols Socialism, that word is co-operation; I believe in co-operation even with people I do not like if it will bring us any

nearer the ideal. We live in great times—the air is all athrob with thought and feeling. Great changes are now being brought about and never was there a time when men of steady judgment were more in demand. We want hopeful, earnest men, and above all, men of patience, kindness and goodcheer. We want the opportunist—the man who does what he can, the best he can, and who tomorrow will do the same. We want **MEN**.

An Educated Person

NOT long ago a clergyman paid a visit to the fifth grade of a school, and was called upon to make a few remarks. This he did, enlarging on the beauty and excellence of being an educated person, and wound up by asking the scholars this question: "What is the difference between an educated and an uneducated man?"

This is a proposition too hard for grown-ups, but since children are always asking us questions we cannot answer, we give it back to them in kind, and thus get even.

"What is the difference between an educated and an uneducated man?"

Up went the hands.

"Well, you tell us, Mary," said the speaker to a nine-year-old girl with freckled face and a little mole on her chin.

"An educated man is one who never does any work!" was the prompt and proud reply.

The clergyman himself told me the story. He was big enough to realize that this little child had unconsciously embodied in her answer a ringing, stinging truth—a reply worthy of Dean Swift, who never did a stroke of useful work in his life.

"She hit me hard," said the man, "I am an educated person—at least I have degrees from two universities, and I do no useful thing. The sober truth is, the world could get along very well without me. I quit useful work to secure an education, and I have done nothing useful since. To be sure, I marry people; I christen children; I say things when they bury the dead; I make pastoral calls; I preach; I plan schemes for raising my salary. Now, children really do not require christening; people marry without me, and the best friend of the deceased at a funeral could do the task of saying the last words much more

fittingly. The clergyman is a sociological appendenda, and the world of progress does not need us, nor does it need the seminaries, colleges and universities that unfit us for useful effort. But all this is for you, privately—promise me not to print it."

And I promised.

At Yale there are three thousand students, and twenty-seven hundred and forty-six of these students are remittance men. ¶ Send your boy to college and the remittance men will educate him ❧ ❧

In England and on the Continent it is worse. The ten thousand art students of Paris are remittance men. And they do not make artists, excepting as one in five thousand, like people who live down a consumptive taint. Jean Francois Millet is the type that makes the artist.

Weary Willie and Cave-o'-the-Winds are possessed with the idea that the world owes them a living—and they go from house to house to collect it.

The typical educated person is full of the same thought—the world must feed and clothe him. If he is on half-rations, as he often is, he has a sad tale to tell of inappreciation and ingratitude. If the remittances continue through life, he is all right or fairly so. If the remittances are withdrawn, he becomes a public charge, —respectable possibly, but a public charge, just the same, for a tax is no less a tax because it is indirect.

The custom of schools and colleges supplying everything for the pupil, is a form of altruism that has its serious drawbacks. The biggest and best part of life lies in supplying yourself the things you need; and education, which is development, comes from doing without things, making things, and talking about things you do not have, a deal more than using things that rich men supply gratis.

If everything is done for us we will not do much for ourselves. ¶ If you knew of a school where your boy and girl, of sixteen to

twenty, could go and earn a living while getting an education, would you not send them there?

I think you would—or you wouldn't, as the case may be. ¶ To be able to earn a living is quite as necessary as to parse the Greek verb, a proposition which I trust needs no proof. ¶ The reason the Industrial College has never been evolved, is because we have not, so far, evolved men big enough to captain both education and industry.

We have plenty of men big enough for college presidents—thousands of them. But we haven't men who can direct the energies of young men and women into useful channels, and at the same time feed their expanding minds. This is where we reach our limit, and reveal ourselves a race of pigmies. There is room for the man who can set in motion a curriculum that will embrace earning a living and mental growth, and have them move together hand in hand.

The task of the college president is not great—he doesn't have to show results. He is both judge and jury in trying his own case. He passes on the fitness of his output, and like Deity, he looks upon his work—and calls it good, and we take his word for it. And the great world of doers doesn't care whether it is good or not

Note this: the grade teacher fits his pupils for the high school, and the high school teacher passes on the fitness of the grade teacher's product; the high school prepares the pupil for college, and the college teacher passes on the quality of the high school product; the college professor fits a pupil for life, and passes judgment on his own work. For him there is no censorship, and beyond him there is no appeal.

But life, which is greater than college, reviews the findings, and quietly ignores them all, just as we would disregard the injunction of a Justice of the Peace in North Carolina, who ordered that people in East Aurora cease work on Tuesday. Life

until yesterday, was considered one thing, and education another—which is exactly as it should not be.

For the man who can weld life and education, the laurel awaits.

¶ The chief error of the colleges lies in the fact that they have separated the world of culture from the world of work.

They have fostered the fallacy that one set of men should do the labor, and another set should have the education—that one should be ornamental and the other useful.

Then, to bolster their position, they have manufactured specious arguments trying to show that the professionals who supply truth and art to the poor people who have neither, are better than the folks who toil to feed and clothe the folks who make the arguments ☙ ☙

The fact is that the opportunities for education should be within the reach of every individual, not for the lucky few. Nature is opposed to monopolies and so she nips the selfish ambitions of your exclusively educated person and says, "Go to! get your education and be damned!"

And he often is.

Hence we get a condition approaching that which existed in the Fifteenth Century, when nobody was educated because the schools graduated only the top-heavy.

There is reason for congratulation in the fact that the first earnest protest against sequestering the student, in order to educate him, came from a college man, thus relieving the argument from the charge of "sour grapes."

In 1865, John Ruskin wrote, "The methods in all of our colleges and most of our schools hark back to a time when education was designed alone for those who were to become priests. The student was regarded as one set apart, of the Order of Melchizedek."

¶ In 1880, William Morris, the best pupil of John Ruskin, and himself an Oxford man, said, "We no longer believe in a class that is called, or set apart. Every man has a divine call to make

himself useful to his fellows, and the hallucination that some are called to do nothing but give advice, will soon fade away. Industrial education is both moral and spiritual. The man who fails to use his body every day in a certain amount of manual labor is a menace to the State, and a danger to his inmost self. Safety lies in a just balance between head and hand.

To show how hopeful is our cause, tokening as it does that reform will come from within, I quote President Eliot, who recently said in a speech before the Independent Club of Buffalo, "I will never be satisfied until one-half the curriculum at Harvard is devoted to doing things, instead of merely talking about them."

The preacher who is separated by education and custom from the world of useful effort, hasn't anything worth telling on Sunday. He cudgels his brain all the week to produce a terra-cotta dog to protect a make-believe teepee. He is like the convicts in the Elmira Reformatory, who build brick buildings and beautiful houses, and then take them all apart at the end of the week, so another gang can begin anew. Their hearts are not in their work—it is all pretense, and they never for a moment forget it

The best way to learn to be useful is to be useful. To take a young man from life for four years and send him to college, in order to educate him for life is to run a grave risk that you will not get him back into life. The colleges are constantly graduating incompetent people, and this will continue until men get a living and an education at the same time.

To do no useful work for four years, in order that you may thereafter be useful, will some day be looked back upon as a barbaric blunder; like the Chinese method of curing epilepsy by rattling the dried seeds in a gourd.

A zealous graduate of Harvard has recently left twenty thousand dollars to his Alma Mater to build an iron fence around the college grounds. This fence is now in position, and is worth

inspection. It is twelve feet high, with sharp iron spikes on top and brick buttresses eight feet square placed at short distances. It is horse-high, bull-strong and pig-tight. It will withstand a siege, and is as formidable as the walls about the Celestial City in Pekin, where Christians wither if they look therein., Fences are for three purposes—to keep things out, to keep things in, and for ornament, and ornament is for symbol.

Why a fence around Harvard? I'll tell you, it is to keep every creature that wears petticoats from getting inside and finding there is nothing there. That fence wasn't really built there at all. It is a secretion, and was evolved through desire, just as a porcupine secretes its quills. And if you know your Darwin, you will remember this, "The quills of a porcupine are to protect weakness—the raccoon, badger and ferret do not need them."

¶ Over one of the gates at Harvard is this quotation, " If ye would know wisdom enter here." This makes one think of that sarcastic remark of St. Paul's, " If a woman would have wisdom, let her ask her husband." The march of progress will yet decree that every forbidding spike of Harvard's fence shall be turned into a pruning-hook, and its bars be beaten into plowshares.

¶ That formidable fence symbols the popular idea of culture. It is exclusive. The common herd must not enter. The high fence is forbidding—there is no welcome in it—it means, stand back! Begone! Culture costs, and is for the elect few.

The truth is, college only supplies a few opportunities—books, lectures, association with other men. There is nothing wonderful about a college professor except his density. He perhaps knows his specialty, but outside of this he is apt to be a very lop-sided person. One advantage of the big college is that students do not usually get personally acquainted with their teachers. The association of students with students is often regarded as a great advantage, and we hear much of " friction of mind." But when we remember that for the most part, college students

are absolutely exempt from useful effort, there is a grave question as to the value of association, being as it is, the association of idle men

In all of the large cities of America there are University Clubs, to which no man is eligible as a member, nor welcome as a visitor, unless he has a university degree. No one nowadays has the hardihood to claim that a degree is proof of power, but we see that men become exclusive, and band themselves together on account of the pride they possess in having done a thing which possibly, was merely vacuous and fatuous, like unto a man keeping three balls in the air, and balancing a feather on his nose at the same time. ¶ As to physical culture in universities, it is always optional, and is mostly limited to the athletes, that is to say, to those who need it least.

I tack the following theses on every college bulletin-board, and every church door in Christendom, and stand ready to publicly debate and defend them, six nights and days together, 'gainst all comers—college presidents and preachers preferred.

1.—Man's education is never complete, and life and education should go hand in hand to the end.

2.—By separating education from practical life society has inculcated the vicious belief that education is one thing and life another

3.—Five hours of intelligently directed work a day will supply ample board, lodging and clothing to the adolescent student, male or female.

4.—Five hours of manual labor will not only support the student, but it will add to his intellectual vigor and conduce to his better physical, mental and spiritual development.

5.—This work should be directly in the line of education, and a part of the school curriculum.

6.—No effort of life need be inutile, but all effort should be useful in order to satisfy the consciousness.

7.—Somebody must do the work of the world. There is a certain amount of work to do, and the reason some people have to labor from daylight until dark is because others never work at all.

8.—To do a certain amount of manual labor every day, should be accounted a privilege to every normal man and woman.

9.—No person should be overworked.

10.—All should do some work.

11.—To work intelligently is education.

12.—To abstain from useful work in order to get an education, is to get an education of the wrong kind, that is to say, a false education

13.—From fourteen years up, every normal individual can be self-supporting, and to be so is a God-given privilege, conducive to the best mental, moral and spiritual development.

14.—The plan of examinations, in order to ascertain how much the pupil knows, does not reveal how much the pupil knows, causes much misery, is conducive to hypocrisy, and is like pulling up the plant to examine its roots. It further indicates that we have small faith in our methods.

15.—People who have too much leisure, consume more than they should, and do not produce enough.

16.—To go to school for four years, or six, is no proof of excellence; any more than to fail in an examination is proof of incompetence.

17.—The giving of degrees and diplomas to people who have done no useful things is puerile and absurd, since degrees so secured are no proof of competence, and tend to inflate the holder with the idea that he is some great one when, probably, he isn't.

18.—All degrees should be honorary, and be given for meritorious service to society—that is, for doing something useful for somebody

19.—The walls of the old-time college are crumbling, and the University of the future will have around it no twelve-foot-high iron fence.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND PAUL BARTLETT. *The Sculptor*

He Faces The East

THERE has recently been erected on the campus of The Roycroft Shop, a statue of Michael Angelo. The figure is of heroic size, in bronze, and was cast by Gorham & Company, of Providence

The original of this statue was a commission from the United States Government. The result can now be seen in the Congressional Library at Washington.

¶ The statue at Roycroft, however, is not a replica of the one in Washington—it is better than that—it is an evolution from it.

¶ Every great masterpiece is an evolution, be it a statue, a poem, a painting—or a man.

Whether Paul Bartlett will ever make a nobler and more subtle " Michael Angelo " than this last, remains to be seen. As it is, a critic has said of it as Ruskin said of a painting by Turner, " One can not, by any flight of the imagination, suggest how it could be improved upon."

Here we get the portrait of a sculptor by a sculptor. Michael Angelo was the greatest artist the world has ever seen, and there be those who aver, and not without reason, that Paul Bartlett is the greatest of living sculptors.

I hope that my love and admiration for Paul Bartlett, the man, does not blind me to any possible defects in his art, but it seems to me that in this Roycroft " Michael Angelo," Bartlett has done a piece of work—inspired work—that will live as one of the world's masterpieces.

Michael Angelo was a primitive genius. He had no ancestors, and he left no successors. The art of the world is mostly imitative. Just as our religions are not spontaneous inspirations, but inheritances from the dead, so are our ideals of art and beauty a legacy from the outworn past.

And as Michael Angelo gave us the greatness and grandeur of Moses, the Liberator, in living marble, so has Paul Bartlett caught the nobility and power of Michael Angelo, the Super-Artist, in bronze.

No man or woman who has lived and loved, suffered and aspired, hoped and struggled, can look upon Bartlett's " Michael Angelo," without being hushed into silence.

The very young, the heedless, the vain, the self-centered, the smug, the calloused, will pass it by. But all those who through toil and pain have entered into citizenhip in the *Celestial City of Fine Minds* will pause and pay this noble and beauteous bronze the tribute of a sigh.

Clothed in the garb of labor, his face furrowed and seamed; the nose mutilated by that crashing blow from Torrigiano's hammer; the lustre of the eyes dimmed by toil and tears; yet the pose one of patience, courage and heroic strength—there he stands, chisel in hand, absorbed, proud, erect, and defiant.

He seems to be looking at an imaginary statue—an uncompleted statue—perhaps the " Moses." The sunken cheeks tell of years of yearning and aspiration, but the swelling muscles in the legs and arms, the lean and corded neck, the deep chest, the splendid hands—the big, bony, manly, competent, helpful, honest hands —speak of one from whom time has taken slight toll. Thus has the artist combined for us the efforts of age, wisdom, experience, a subtle sense of pensive melancholy, and a persistence that never tires; so also does he give us the feeling of supreme strength and exultant health.

As Moses lived one hundred and twenty years, and his natural strength was unabated, so might this man be of a like age.

With it all goes that great look of disinterestedness which only bronze or death can typify.

On the face of the dead we often see this divine aloofness.

Life carries with it anxiety, pain, desire and apprehension, but the

last enemy having been met, ignoble men sometimes suddenly become possessed of great dignity.

The craft and greed are gone—their pettiness and peevishness are spent—they ask for nothing.

You can neither bribe nor buy them; your flattery falls on ears no longer alert for praise; your approbation or blame alike are vain; the muscles freed from pain and fear, relax into the suggestion of a smile, and the peace that passeth understanding—the possession of the dead alone—steals over all.

No wonder that the voices of the living are hushed into whispers in the presence of the majesty of death.

So into the bronze that endureth forever, Paul Bartlett has graven the majesty of life in death, and hope and love in all, and with the self-sufficiency that comes from having given all, now has won all.

Michael Angelo faces the East!

The years will pass and be counted into the eternity that lies behind: the breezes of spring will blow—birds will mate and flowers bloom—summer will come with scorching sun; autumn will follow with falling leaves; the snows of winter will sift and fall; generations will be born, live and die, but there, riveted to the rock, tenoned and mortised in granite, this man will stand oblivious and indifferent to the centuries as they stalk by. He faces the East!

Sickness a Disgrace

NOT long ago I dropped a statement to the effect that to be sick was a disgrace. This innocent remark brought out many countercharges to the effect that I was all kinds of things, devoid of pity, dead to shame, and should be operated on for appendicitis, without anesthesia, to provoke in my hard heart a modicum of the milk of human kindness.

Explanations seldom explain, but to clarify my own mind, let me say: When a person is sick, it is a sign that the laws of Nature, i. e., the laws of God, have not been complied with, either by a distinct breach—doing something positively injurious to one's organism, or by omitting to do what conduces to health. The causes, usually:—lack of will, and ignorance. For instance, to drop out physical exercise and use much tobacco, most men would not consider disgraceful conduct. To "take in" alcoholic drink, drugs, pickles and other queer things is not sin, according to popular standards. The use of such things is much on a par with building a locomotive from wood and lead—they are unsuitable materials, and to persist in such a course is to exhibit non-diminishing ignorance.

Is not non-diminishing ignorance disgraceful?

I think so

If a person plays and works only by proxy, there is for such a day of reckoning. Laziness leads straight to the Beecham habit.

Is the Beecham habit disgraceful?

I think so

To start the day with a stimulant to stir us up, and finish it with a sedative to settle us down, is a disgraceful mode of life.

¶ Men who suffer from the result of unavoidable injuries, should not be regarded as disgraced, but unfortunate.

The majority of folks, who are only from ten to twenty-five per

cent well, are not sick from any such cause, but from the commission of injurious acts, or the omission of beneficial ones, which they could avoid or remedy.

Of course some are sent into this seething world so half-made-up that unless they meet with the most favorable conditions, they cannot be well. This is heredity and is the parent's disgrace. To avoid this, parents must heed what Whitman says—"Damn that which spends itself with no thought of the stain, pains, dismay, feebleness in its bequeathing." Men and women must say to themselves—"I shall demand perfect men and women from my love" taking care that they themselves possess such qualifications that they would have been willing to have had persons similar to themselves for parents, had they the choice.

¶ A man is considered "great" if he has skill to produce an excellent picture or piece of sculpture, but of what avail is this if he possesses an ugly temper, flies into a passion upon the slightest provocation, or no provocation, and possesses repulsive physical habits which he makes no effort to correct!

Is his life disgraceful?

I think so

Thoreau says we are all painters and sculptors, and our material is our own blood and bones, and we cannot get off by hammering marble instead. Whitman says the greatest city is not where the greatest buildings or factories or sculptures are, but where the best bodied men and women are. Why pay so much attention to the body? Why not put up with any misshapen, ugly, ill-smelling, inefficient, helpless hulk? Because "the body is the soul, and if the body is not the soul, what is the soul? Did any one ask to see the soul? See your own shape and countenance."

¶ As for all-'round well-being, I do not see that anything is of more primal importance than to attain a high degree of excellence, perfection, superbness of all that is contained within one's own epidermis

Everything else that is considered excellent is so because it conduces to this end.

"If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred, and the glory and sweat of a man is the token of manhood untainted. And in man or woman, a clean, strong, firm-fibered body is more beautiful than the most fascinating face."

To have broken a statute is not necessarily a disgrace, as the making and enforcement of law is often prompted and accompanied by such unworthy motives as hate, jealousy, desire to get even, to prevent, shut out; and the general tendency and effect of laws is to separate and estrange men, not bring them together

The world is full of weak, unhappy, miserable people—people who are sick or who think they are sick. The great number of this class is attested by the medical advertisements that fill the newspapers and magazines. The vast expense for space is paid by the sick people. Ill-health and ignorance is a disgrace to Christendom and an indictment of our so-called civilization.

The existence of jails and penitentiaries is as much a disgrace to a nation as pimples on an individual's anatomy are to the individual. They are evidence that there has been ignorant or willful commission and omission in the social body; and the adoption of a wiser procedure is needed. As I am a sort of disgraceful proposition myself, I think I have a right to so express myself

Physical Culture as a Business

THE man who follows physical culture as a business is as big a fool as the man who flouts physical culture entirely. To cultivate the body for the sake of the body, or as a means of cultivating the mind, or both, is to be a weak, lop-sided and inefficient person. Even John L. the only, understands this in a glimmering way, and so makes a pretense of having a business, and keeps a saloon. Muldoon, the most sensible man who ever did the catch-as-catch-can act in As You Like It, told me the other day that the reason athletes die young is because they should.

That is something I always knew, but never knew I knew until my brother, the solid man, told me. Your professional athlete is not the man who can carry the Chicago Tongue to Weyler. It isn't muscle that carries a message—it is will and right intent.

¶ Athletics as a business is consumption without production—a combination Nature hates as much as she abhors a vacuum, and so she snuffs the strong man out at thirty-six through heart failure. Blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers, not as fine physically as your professional, live to be eighty-six and get joy out of every day and hour. The man who is too strong to work, eats too much, sleeps too much and wabbles between adipose and weighing-in, with his heart alternately overworked and underworked, until God gets disgusted and makes him food for worms.

Your blacksmith has an inward peace—because he knows he is earning his living: he is no parasite on the body economic. The man who is not earning his living and helping feed the mouths of the helpless, always has a small No. Ten quarrel with the world.

¶ Somebody is putting the thing on him; somebody has it in for him

Of course his quarrel is with himself, and yet he is right: every-

body and everything has it in for him. Nature is trying to whip him into line. The contempt of the proletariat for the dancing-master, the elocution teacher and the physical trainer, and all those fine folks who go to bed at one o'clock and get up when they please, is reasonable and right. Somebody has to feed them—and the man who carries his dinner pail is the man who makes it possible for the perfesh to eat a midnight meal which they do not need ❧ ❧

Your greasy proletariat does not reason it out—with him it is just a blind, blundering instinct, but his instinct is true and just. ¶ When Rome focalized on rhetoric and elocution, she ceased to produce either literature or oratory. "A genius," said Schopenhauer "is a man who does no useful thing."

The chesty airs of the artist, be he painter, sculptor, writer, musician, singer, actor or athlete, are tricks fantastic and poses absurd. Because a man can do a clever stunt, why must he live in a big house and have servants dance attendance on him, own ten times as many clothes as he needs, decorate himself with diamonds, waste at every meal enough to feed a family of six, wear a velvet Seymour jacket, and have obeisance made him when he appears upon the streets in an automobile?

Painters and sculptors are a bit outside of our category, I will admit, merging as they do into handicrafts, and a musician's success, too, turns on manual dexterity, but even art and music should not absorb all of one's time. And as for literature, oratory and physical culture, these things should be merely incidental. What a man succeeds best in is his avocation.

A woman's charms are on the wane when she begins to work directly to make herself charming. The man who is caught by Madame Yale Her Beauty Biscuit, gets his trouble for his pains, and has something choice, bound in three-quarters polished alligator skin for ninety-nine years.

Beauty of form and face are the natural results of right living;

and to try to get them in idleness by the aid of massage, drugs or physical culture, is to undermine the foundation for all charm. Nature intended that we should be of use whether we are genius or common clay, and Nature rules. We can't cheat her.

¶ He that saveth his life shall lose it.

The fact is, we must forget ourselves into immortality, and the only way it can be done is to become absorbed in useful work—work that makes for mutual benefit.

The professional poet is always a kind of court clown; a dancing-master is only an animated joke; we take the heavy histrion, as we do the preachers, with a wink the moment his back is turned.

¶ When Peter Paul Rubens was private secretary to the Duke of Mantua, he once asked his employer what pay the artists, singers, elocutionists and tumblers should receive.

"Pay them the same as you pay the cook, coachman and father-confessor—they are no more useful!" replied His Gabazooks.

In the time of Mozart, musicians were ranked with cooks, scullions and stable-boys, and all ate together at a common table.

I think that good time is coming back again—we will adjust matters not by lowering the musicians, but by raising the standard of the cooks and scullions.

The Duke of Mantua was right.

In useful work there is no degree. That which is necessary is sacred—and nothing else is.

Here are a few citations that seem to bear on the argument—I am writing in the wood, so possibly I shall not be able to quote verbatim:

He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant.

—JESUS

Art is a solace and a joy to the creator and the beholder; but to make a business of art is to degrade the art and sacrifice the artist.

—WILLIAM MORRIS

He that sweeps the walks and empties the cess-pools, to him do I give the family kiss and him do I greet as brother.

—WALT WHITMAN

The worker commands the respect of the worker, and only a carpenter could have taught the world salvation.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

You can't reform the world by standing outside the world and demanding that the world shall pay you for preaching at it.

—EDWARD CARPENTER

Subscription Books

IN making payment to a publishing house for sixty volumes of an American historical work, Speaker Cannon recently made this endorsement on the back of the check:

"This check is in full payment, both legal and moral, for sixty volumes of books. The books are not worth a damn—and are high at that. We are never too old to learn, but the way your gentlemanly agent came it over your Uncle Joseph is worth the check."

This incident proves four things:

1.—Your uncle purchased something of unknown worth, signing a contract without realizing its full intent.

2.—He is not inclined to abide by the consequences of his own acts, not being a cheerful loser.

3.—He does not realize that to do a foolish thing and then make it public, for the purpose of showing what a bright thing he said, when smarting under the sting of regret, reveals pride in a weakness, which is exactly on a par with the remarks made by the benedict under the bed, who refused to come out when ordered to do so by his wife—he was bound to have his own way.

4.—When Speaker Cannon says the books are not worth a damn, he does not state a fact about the books, but merely states a fact concerning his opinion of them. The value of the books is still undetermined, since the estimate of a man who is not judicious, who takes pride in the obvious and satisfaction in the trite, is of small worth.

The Speaker's discontent with the books seems to have arisen from the one fact that he had to pay for them. ¶ This condition is a classic one, and the world long ago has conceded to the man who pays, the privilege of protest. But to make a virtue of the protest is absurd—wit flavored with resentment is not humor.

In 1860 Herbert Spencer issued that world-famous prospectus announcing his intention to publish ten volumes setting forth his Synthetic Philosophy. It was one of the most daring things ever done in the realm of thought. Spencer was forty, and he was penniless and obscure. He had issued two books at his own expense, and it had taken twelve years to dispose of seven hundred and fifty copies of one, and most of the edition of the other was still on hand. Edward L. Youmans, an American, had such faith in Spencer, that he it was who suggested the prospectus, sent it out and followed it up with letters and personal solicitations, until a sum equal to several hundred pounds was subscribed, and Herbert Spencer, relieved from the uncertainties of finance, was free to think and write.

Among other subscribers secured by Youmans was the Rev. Dr. Jowett of Balliol. Spencer's books were issued in periodical parts. After paying for three years Jowett sent a check to the publishers for the full amount of the subscription, saying, in an accompanying note, "To save myself the bother of periodical payments for Mr. Spencer's books, I herewith hand you check covering the full amount of my subscription. I feel that I have already had full returns, for while the books are absolutely valueless—save as showing the industry of an uneducated and indiscreet person—yet the experience that has come to me in this transaction is not without its benefits."

This is the Oxford way of expressing the Illinois formula, "Your books are not worth a damn—and are dear at that."

But the curious part of this transaction is, that after the death of Dr. Jowett, his library was sold at auction, and his set of "Synthetic Philosophy" brought an advance of eight times its original cost ❧ ❧

Truly does my lord Hamlet say,

Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall.

No one man's opinion concerning any book, or any man, is final. Speaker Cannon is admired by one set of men and detested by others—all of equal intelligence, although on this point possibly the Speaker might file an exception.

Books are condemned off-hand, or regarded as bibles—it all depends on your point of view. Speaker Cannon may be right in his estimate of the newly annexed sixty volumes of history that now grace his library shelves in Danville, proudly shown to constituents, or he may be wrong, but anyway Cannon's judgment about books is probably worth no more than was Rev. Dr. Jowett's. Gladstone spoke of Jowett as that "saintly character"; and Disraeli called him "the bear of Balliol—erratic, obtuse and perverse." But Jowett, Gladstone and Disraeli all united in this—they had a supreme contempt for the work of Herbert Spencer, while the Hon. Joseph Cannon is neutral, but inclined to be generous, having recently in a speech quoted from the "Faerie Queene," which he declared was the best thing Herbert Spencer had written, even if it was not fully up to date.

Success

THE other day I asked a dear little girl, nine years old, what was the meaning of the word "success." ❧ ❧

And without an instant's hesitation, she answered: ❧ ❧

"It means to succeed—I thought every body knew that!" ❧ ❧

"To succeed in what?" I ventured.

"Why, in what you want to do, of course."

And I kissed the little girl once on the forehead and twice on her dimpled chin, and let it go at that.

But it may be assumed that there is no such thing as success in a bad business. To succeed in injuring another would be a calamity for me—not a success. We all want to succeed in doing what will bring the best possible results to ourselves and the least possible harm to others. So success means, first, to achieve what is good for yourself. And, second, to do that which bestows a benefit on others.

And, of course, there are many degrees of success.

Let us once and forever get rid of the savage fallacy that success lies through sacrifice. The person who loves you so well that he will sacrifice himself for you, will sacrifice you for others, if he loves them well enough. If martyrdom is a good thing for me, I'll visit it on you if I can, for your own good. And thus we see that martyr and persecutor are cut off the same piece of cloth—and in the past they have shifted places with great alacrity. There is really small choice between them.

Success implies joy in your work—and joy means better work tomorrow. And all good work is reciprocal—it benefits many people ❧ ❧

But all success is comparative—no success is final. And the

reason that success sometimes palls, or embitters, is because the person has sat down to enjoy it, not knowing that every success is a preparation for a greater success just ahead. You must gather your manna every day.

So far as we know, a successful life here is the best possible preparation for a successful life to come. And while there are no pockets in a shroud, yet the soul you have, you'd better not barter clean away. The soul you have here will be the soul you have there—else is immortality vain. And whether this soul is "saved" or not will depend upon whether it is worth saving ❧ ❧

So the highest wisdom, it seems, would be the ambition to succeed in having a soul worth saving.

And to succeed in this ambition, my advice would be: Don't trouble much about your soul—do not pull up the vegetables to see how the roots are growing.

Do your work, and what you are will be shown in what you do.

¶ Work is exercise, and exercise is expression. We grow only through exercise—we are strong in the muscles we use, and it is so with every faculty of the soul, and every attribute of the mind. We are strong in the qualities we use.

And if all work is exercise, and we grow only through exercise, then the wisdom of exercising our highest and best will be at once apparent ❧ ❧

I am told that rabbits do not catch mice. And the idea has just come to me that the reason rabbits do not catch mice is because they do not desire to.

Perhaps I am wrong about this, but I have to say what I think.

¶ Cats catch mice. A cat is no quicker in its movements than a rabbit and cannot run as fast, but the cat desires to catch mice and does ❧ ❧

Yet if you have ever watched a cat about to spring upon a mouse, it never occurred to you that the cat had studied the problem;

had revolved in its head all of the best methods for a spring, and worked out a theory for the most successful pounce. No, the cat has no theories. The cat just catches the mouse; and while the rabbit is chewing the cud and theorizing, the fox catches the rabbit ❧ ❧

Things that chew the cud do not catch anything.

The objection can here be raised that in its nature the rabbit is not a mouse-catching animal; the cat is, and hence no praise nor blame can be accorded either way. All of which is very true. And this is where man has the advantage of cats and rabbits—he has the power of choice.

Of course, I am quite aware that some psychologists say that we merely succumb to the strongest attraction and call it choice, but the theory is a trifle too fine for the average brain, and fatalism as a religion went out with Schopenhauer.

Man can weigh, sift, consider and decide—he makes a choice. I come to a point where the road forks—I decide which branch I will take. I may then follow it for a mile, and retrace my steps, and take the other track. And this ability to choose is what differentiates man from the brute.

You can do the wrong thing if you wish: if you desire to choose an absurd thing you may.

In his essay on " Compensation "—the best thing ever written by an American—Emerson says, "'What will you have,' quoth God—'pay the price and take it!' "

After you have chosen what you want, before you can possess it, you must pay the price.

Usually, the more valuable the thing, the higher the price. The prize is given only to those who deserve it—those who earn it. ¶ The cat pays the price for the mouse by long hours of silent watching—in stealthy chase—personal comfort is never considered. There is a oneness of aim—a complete concentration, and it is this singleness of purpose that brings the cat success.

¶ It is about time, perhaps, to drop the metaphor, lest one of those forty thousand persons who daily cross London Bridge shall construe this into an argument favoring feline methods in winning success. And so I will here say that the stealthy, silent crouching and crawling, the lying in wait, and the sudden spring, are all right for cats, but for man there is a better way.

Success is a result of a mental attitude, and the right mental attitude will bring success in everything you undertake.

In fact, there is no such thing as failure, excepting to those who accept and believe in failure. Failure! There is no such word in all the bright lexicon of speech unless you yourself have written it there

A great success, as I have said before—and as I like to repeat—is made up of an aggregation of little ones. These finally form a whole. The man who fills a position of great honor and great trust, has first fulfilled many smaller positions of trust.

The man who has the superintendence of ten thousand men—say Mr. James J. Hill—has had the charge of many small squads. ¶ And before he had charge of a small squad, he had charge of himself

When he was a baggage-man he had charge of the baggage, and he did his work so faithfully, so efficiently, so well that it was very soon discovered that he needed no superintendent. ¶ The man who does his work so well that he needs no supervision has already succeeded.

And the acknowledgment of his success is sure to follow in the form of a promotion. And even should not promotion speedily follow, the man has gained power—grown in personality. He is more to himself—more to God. The world wants its work done, and civilization is simply a constant search for men who can do things

Success is the most natural thing in the world. The man who does not succeed has placed himself in opposition to the laws

of the Universe. The world needs you—it wants what you can produce—you can serve it, and if you will, it will reward you richly ❧ ❧

By doing your work you are moving in the line of least resistance—it is a form of self-protection. You need what others have to give—they need you.

To reciprocate is wisdom.

To rebel is folly.

To consume and not produce is a grave mistake, and upon such a one Nature will visit her displeasure.

The common idea is that success means great sacrifice, and that you must buy it with a price. In one sense this is true.

To succeed you must choose. If you want this you cannot have that ❧ ❧

Success demands concentration—oneness of aim and desire. ¶ Choose this day whom you will serve.

Paradoxically it is true that you must "sacrifice" some things to gain others. If you are a young man and wish to succeed in business, you will have to sacrifice the cigarettes, the late hours, the dice, the cards, and all that round of genteel folly which saps your strength, and tends to unfit you for your work tomorrow ❧ ❧

That awkward and uncouth country boy who went to work yesterday is concentrating on his tasks—he is doing the thing, high or low, mental or what-not—yes! He is not so very clever, his trousers bag at the knee and his sleeves are too short, but his heart has but one desire, to do his work.

I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I'll tell you this God's truth: That uncouth country boy will some day be a partner in this firm, and you, with your sharp ways, your cigarettes, your midnight supper, and your smart clothes bought on the installment plan, will go to him and beg for favors which he alone can grant.

Why? Because he is in the line of evolution—he is growing, and you are not. You are standing still, and to stand still is to retreat.

¶ An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

Astuteness adds nothing to the wealth of the world. The astute man is worth nothing to a community—all his astuteness is valuable for is to protect himself from other astute men. And his shrewdness and his astuteness so advertise themselves that nobody trusts him—nobody believes him. This type of a sharp man is found in every community.

And so the habit of continually looking out for Number One is fatal to success. Nature is on her guard against such, and if by accident they get into a position of power their lease on the place is short.

A great success demands a certain abnegation—a certain disinterestedness

The man who can lose himself in his work is the one who will succeed best

Courtesy, kindness, and concentration—this trinity forms the sesame that will unlock all doors.

Good-cheer is the direct concomitant of good health. Isn't it the part of wisdom not to put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains? Isn't it better not to know you have a stomach, and to so fill your working hours that the night comes as a blessing and a benediction—a time for sweet rest and dreams?

¶ These things mean a preparation for good work. And good work means a preparation for higher work.

Success is easy. You do not ascend the mountain by standing in the valley and jumping over it.

You cross the mountain ranges of difficulty step by step. And all the way the scenery changes and is beautiful. Up you go, step by step, occasionally stopping to take breath, now and again retracing steps to keep on the right path.

But forward and forward and upward and forever upward we go.

¶ And having crossed this range, we know we shall be coen fronted with others beyond. But through the eftort we are growing stronger—exercise gives power for more exercis.- Exercise is expression, and expression is not only necessary to flie—it is life.

To the Woods

I KNOW the smell of a doctor's office—both allopath and homeopath; I know the beauty of C. S. parlors done in pale-pink and gold, where white lilies with long stalks smile placidly in Dorflinger cut glass; I know the delights of a sea-voyage; I know the sanitariums and the sanatoriums where everything has a flavor of formaldehyde; I know the hunting camps of Maine and the fishing camps of the Adirondacks; the Board Walk at Atlantic City and the Spa at Saratoga, but for health and healing—freedom from care—and drowsy indifference, where Allah counts not the hours, commend me to the lumber camp.

The professional lumber camps where men go into the woods in the fall and do not come out until spring, and the intent is to get as much timber to the sawmill as possible, is not exactly the kind I have in mind.

Perhaps our lumber camp isn't the best, but let me tell you a little about it: It is a tract of one hundred and sixty acres, eight miles from East Aurora, five miles from a railroad station, one mile from a main road and a mile and a half to the nearest house

Santiago Roycroft Cadzooks located the claim and filed his caveat to it by right of discovery; but we paid an agrarian pretender three thousand dollars to quitclaim it.

Now three thousand will not build you even a bink gymnasium, but here we have these one hundred and sixty acres with an average of one hundred trees to an acre that are from one to four feet through at the butt. That makes just about sixteen thousand trees, with an average of one thousand feet of lumber and three cords of fire wood in each—oak, hickory, maple, cherry, beech and birch. There used to be a lot of hemlock, too,

but the pretender cut it off to get the bark. Bark brings a price and it is easy to harvest the crop and cash it in; hard wood, a long way from market, is another thing.

It was three years ago that Santiago came up here with Ali Baba, Sandy, Deacon Buffum and a bum printer named Odds Bodkins. They carried axes, a crosscut saw, and an auger.

In a week they had built a log house 16 x 24, shingled it with slab shingles, built a fireplace and plastered it with mud and chinked the whole house as well. Inside, along the wall, they built six sleeping bunks, boxes six inches deep, and filled them with leaves. They came downtown one night, lifted an old cookstove out of the phalanstery, helped themselves to tinware, carried off a glass door for a window and there you are!

Since then we have cut enough logs for rafters and beams in the new shop and chapel; sent to the sawmill enough oak, cherry and maple to make a train-load of Roycroft furniture; supplied cord wood for a dozen families, more or less, and now we are building a log studio for Fournier, the painter-man, 28 x 42, in the village.

But the by-product of this lumbering is the real thing—that is, recreation and rest.

Rest through change of work—I wonder if there is anything better? ❧ ❧

There is always a rivalry as to who shall go to the woods next—printers with slightly pied physique, highbinders who think the world is down on them, artists depressed and writers disgruntled—the woods ask, "Why so hot my little man?" and has healing for them all.

The first day with a new crew in camp there is much singing, needless hilarity, with tales irrelevant and persiflage inconsequent, but the swinging of the ax, the pulling of the crosscut saw, and piling of brush, melts and mellows excited nerves, and a tiredness comes over the toilers, so when the cook pounds on the dishpan

at supper time, the music is a symphony as sweet as ever seraph sung ❧ ❧

Eat! Heaven help us! how we do eat. After supper there are stories and songs, but auditors yawn, and blankets and beds of pine boughs invite and at eight o'clock the last man up puts out the light, and a hooting owl in a nearby tree serves in lieu of curfew ❧ ❧

At daylight the rattle of pans and the crackling fire, with sundry prods from Santiago and questions like this, "In God's name! hain't you goin' to get up all day!" awaken the sleepers.

The first snow of November lays lightly on the fallen leaves, and down at the creek, the ice has just skimmed the surface of the little bay ❧ ❧

When Santiago asks questions, he expects no one to answer them —and we don't. Santiago is a rival of William Walker Atkinson and teaches by inference and suggestion. Santiago is exactly six feet high, weighs two hundred and ten, is freckled, and also red-headed. Even the Physical Director respects him—no gymnasium-made muscle can cope with a man of the woods. Half-nelsons and grape-vine twists are as nothing to a man with arms like second growth hickory, who can throw you over the house or pin you fast, struggling, to the wall.

The question of no breakfast is never up for discussion in the lumber camp. The savory smell of coffee and frying bacon coming to you as you break the ice in the creek to wash your face and hands, resolves Bernarr McFadden into a phantom unguessed and puts Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek on his back.

Eat? Yes, eat what you like—and three times a day, but it will not be necessary to tell you this if you are a woodsman. ¶ Just as the sun comes sending gleams of gold through the trees you hear the sing of the saw, and the merry music of the ax. ¶ You were sore and tired when you tried to get out of your bunk, but the coffee, or the bacon, or the cold water of the creek,

or the rising sun, or something, has made you feel like a boy of twelve when you followed the frosty road to the Little Red School House. You sing, you want to dance, you want to pray, to preach, to write, to paint, but instead you pile brush because Santiago Roycroft Cadzooks told you to, and Santiago is six foot, weighs two hundred and ten, has freckles, also is red-headed.

¶ So you pile brush and thank God you are alive. Oh, it is fine to be able to work, to eat, to sleep—to be sublimely stupid and beautifully dull.

The monastic impulse—this desire to get away from the throng, to go up into the mountain, is right and proper and should be encouraged. "But because I like a pinch of salt in my porridge is no reason that I want to be immersed in brine," said Dr. Holmes. To give way to the monastic impulse does not mean that we should become monks. What would become of the old world if all the men and women in it should get them to a nunnery and quickly, too, or hike to the woods!

The real problem of life is how to live rightly in the world, not how to get away from it.

And one good way to prepare yourself for doing your work in the world of men is to take to the woods—occasionally.

Hunting and fishing and idling will not exactly do—they do not satisfy the unities: you must make yourself useful. I have known men to go off with a rollicking company of hilarious good fellows for a fortnight and come home fagged. There was too much of a good time. Usually no man needs a vacation so much as the man who has just had one. Can you imagine anything worse than reinforcing the beauty of the forest with budge? In the woods, cut out booze, and forswear all fancy cookery. Don't try to scintillate or be smart, cultivate the silence—get acquainted with the birds and squirrels; listen to the sighing of the breeze through the branches, and the rippling music of the brook; watch the blue smoke curling from the cabin chimney, and look for the

flock of quail that comes daily out into the clearing to get the scraps you have placed for them. And above all, keep on good terms with Santiago, and note how he can drive a stake fifty feet from a tree and then drop the monarch of the forest (I trust, etc.) so it will drive the peg into the ground. And see when you get home if you can do your work as calmly, surely and faithfully as he of the freckles, red head and imperturbable ways. To the woods!

Was Carlyle Cruel?

THE friends of James Anthony Froude have issued a booklet, the manuscript of which was found in his strong box after his death. In this manuscript Froude expresses much regret because he did not tell the whole truth about Thomas and Jeannie Welsh Carlyle, and so his friends give him this chance after death. And he now proceeds to tell the truth, as he found it recorded in the Diary of Jeannie Welsh, and as it appears from the testimony of her friends and from the "confessions" of Carlyle himself. And the inference is that Thomas Carlyle was a very cruel and heartless wretch. Was Carlyle cruel?

I think so. ¶ And he was also infinitely tender and kind.

After his wife was dead we see he manifested great contrition, and was full of the desire to atone, to benefit, to bless.

Was all this tenderness in his nature evolved after the woman's death?

Then she would have better died before and given the divinity in his heart an opportunity to express itself. She lived too long. ¶ But no, men of seventy, for whom the shadows are lengthening toward the east, do not evolve new qualities. They just manifest old ones, like insane people. During the last ten years of Emerson's life, did he manifest new English traits? Not at all—simply the habit of his life lay bare, his soul unmasked. We see him looking at the still, white face of Longfellow and saying, "A rare, sweet soul, but I cannot remember his name!" All souls were rare, sweet souls to Emerson—he remembered no others.

The fact that T. Carlyle for fourteen years before his death paced the darkness, chiding himself and crying aloud because he had not manifested more love, proves that the love-nature was strong in him and always had been.

People, cruel by nature, do not suddenly grow tender at seventy. ¶ Jeannie Welsh did not call out the love nature in her Tammas. ¶ That was her limitation, and she was the sufferer. Note this, however; her Diary proves that the lady lay in wait for cruelty and recorded it when it came. Her heart was fixed on cruelty. ¶ If there were nothing but unkindness in a marriage, the parties to it would die in a year. No one can endure continued cruelty. Well, why do men and women, mismated, continue living together?

On account of the children? Rodents!

They live together because they want to. The Carlyles had no children, and many cases can be recalled by every one where incompatible, childless couples cling for life. Books, pictures, relatives, furniture, society and ease make more clingers than children ❧ ❧

There must be a certain satisfaction somewhere—followed by cruelty, of course, but in the cruelty there is mixed a certain tenderness. Love is always cruel. We give our best to the world, but reserve our worst for those we love. Indifference is neither cruel nor kind—love is both in turn. The woman who cannot endure pain should to a nunnery go—and quickly, too.

Jeannie Welsh records the cruelty, but does not say anything about the hours of sweet peace and sublime content.

In fixing her heart on cruelty she made a bid for more. If she recorded cruelty she thus perpetuated it. If she wrote of it, she talked of it ❧ ❧

Everybody is cruel, unkind, contemptuous, scornful—it is all a point of view.

I doubt whether a nigger ever lived who was as refined, gentle and honest as Uncle Tom. And if he did, he was not beaten—simply because he was not exasperating. And next because he was worth a thousand dollars.

No child ever lived who was as angelic as Little Eva—except in

a printed book. Live children are little savages, and make a big demand on somebody's patience.

A good friend yesterday showed me a letter wherein he was accused of "refined cruelty," with a list of times and places. The document showed how he had humiliated one of the meekest, gentlest souls imaginable by compelling the person to appear in unfit, cheap and ridiculous apparel, by ordering her to do slavish work, and he had even dictated what she called her religious convictions. My friend is not exactly perfect, but certainly he is not cruel. But after I read the letter he said, "And the worst of it is, it is all true." It was just a point of view.

The average man sees but little—and he sees mostly what is projected on the screen by his own heart. We can imagine a man going into an art gallery, and instead of looking at the pictures, he fixes his eyes upon some fly specks on the wall, and refuses to see aught else. When he goes away all he talks of is fly specks—his brain is speckled and freckled with fly specks.

¶ I used to pity Jeannie Welsh. Portraits show her as handsome, vivacious, intellectual. She had her taste of life—it wasn't very bitter or she would not have lived to be over sixty, as she did. She got out of life all she could hold, and so did Tammas.

¶ Everybody should read "The Ring and the Book" once a year. I am getting to be Socratic. Socrates liked life, and I like it, every bit of it. Why shouldn't I, when I have been privileged to see it from a thousand sides, and it has all nourished and benefited me? I used to keep a diary, mental, of cruelties inflicted upon me, but now I have quit it. I do not pity folks quite so much as I once did—to pity people is to sink them a little deeper in the slough of despond. I congratulate them on the fact that no matter what has befallen them they are still alive. I pity only the dead ones who think they are alive.

Smudge, Smut, Smith and Smoot

THE facts in the case are about like this: One Reed Smoot was legally elected as a Senator of the United States from the State of Utah. ¶ He was duly admitted to a seat in the Senate, and entered upon his senatorial duties.

After he had so entered upon his duties as Senator, various parties, in various parts of these United States, began to ask for signatures to petitions praying that Senator Smoot be removed on account of his being an unfit person for the position

These petitions were circulated, in the main, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union; and thousands of clergymen of all denominations, including Catholics, united in their appeal that Smoot should be unseated.

The petitions were not all alike, for some of the supplicators demanded that statehood should be taken away from the State of Utah—that is, Utah should be debarred and thrust out of the Union

On December 16, 1903, at Detroit, Bishop Crafts, of the M. E. Church, before the Detroit Ministers' Association, offered a resolution that Utah should be deprived of statehood. The resolution passed without a dissenting voice, and a copy was duly forwarded to Hon. William Alden Smith, a Representative in Congress, with a request that he prepare a bill carrying out the idea, and introduce it before his honorable body.

Mr. Smith took time to consider and then replied as follows: However desirable it may be to put Utah out of the Union on account of certain sexual irregularities there practiced by certain gentlemen with billy-goat whiskers, yet I have to report to you that it is impossible on account of a ruling once made by Chief

Justice Chase, worded as follows: "The United States of America is a union of States, indivisible, undividable, and perpetual." Moreover you may recall that President Lincoln carried on a war to prevent certain States from peacefully seceding, and this being so, we cannot now compel a State to secede. Beside that, even if it were possible to put Utah out of the Union on account of the questionable lives of some of her citizens, it would be a most dangerous precedent to establish, since I am told, there are men in Detroit who live shady lives, and whose practices are slightly lavender. If Utah were put out of the Union, why not put Michigan out on account of her double quota of fools, and amputate Indiana on account of the rogues who roost on the banks of the Wabash? And then, is Chicago desirable? Why not cut it out? And how about the Rev. What's-his-Name of Ohio; and all those people Parkhurst tells us of in New York! The real fact is that if you put out of the Union all of the States where there are bad men, we would only have Massachusetts and Connecticut left. And, in confidence, I know one Representative from Connecticut who is not all that he should be. I agree with you that Smoot should be smit, but regretfully return your resolution, and have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,
WM. ALDEN SMITH.

A Detroit clergyman now advises me that the Hon. William Alden Smith also said, "This investigation of character is a bad thing—I am opposed to all such dangerous precedents." Then my correspondent hints that the caution of Mr. Smith was actuated by a wholesome prudence for his own safety. But I believe that there is nothing in this indelicate aspersion. Mr. Smith is a man of high resolves—cold, lofty, impeccable. Let calumny loose her poisoned shafts—they will but break in splinters 'gainst his stern bosom. Smith stands like the Goddess of Liberty, with one foot firmly planted on the earth, the other

pointing to the stars. William Alden Smith is all right, or fairly so.

¶ Senator Spooner is credited with this: "To investigate Smoot was not a crime—it was worse, it was a blunder."

The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a word of it. We now reach the pathetic part of this passage in United States History.

The United States Senate, not as cautious as the Hon. William Alden Smith swept off its feet by the petitions and clamor of the W. C. T. U., passed a resolution that the private life of Reed Smoot should be investigated, and a Committee of five Senators was appointed to do the investigating.

But unfortunately when the investigation began there was not a scintilla of proof forthcoming that Reed Smoot was, or ever had been, guilty of anything illegal, irregular or improper. So instead of investigating Smoot, for the Committee had to investigate somebody, it investigated some of the men who were closest to Smoot in a social, business and religious way.

One of these men by the name of Smith, but no kinsman of William Alden, was on the witness stand for three weeks. He was questioned and cross-questioned as to his habits of life, his business methods, his religious beliefs. Questions of the most intimate and delicate nature were fired at him, hour after hour, day after day, week after week. How he got his money, what he did with it, where he slept, where he spent his evenings, was he married or single, and how did he like it, who went with him to St. Louis, New York, Chicago and Washington, and what was the relationship between them! Then he had to give reasons for his religious faith, go into the minutiæ of it, and defend it against those who smiled at his argument in derision. And in this modern and most peculiar inquisition, two of the questioners seemed totally innocent and ignorant of the fact that every religion is preposterous and ridiculous to those who do not believe in it.

¶ The investigation of Smoot had shifted to strange ground—it

was an investigation of his neighbors and the church to which he belonged—an investigation of the neighbors of neighbors and folks who lived in Utah, or never lived in Utah, of Mormons, Baptists, Presbyterians and Catholics, bum lawyers from Tennessee, and of the people who passed through Salt Lake and looked out of the car windows.

Suddenly a chill swept over the august body of the United States Senate—the dignified body had goose-flesh! A rumor was rife that a certain Senator, who was a Catholic, was to be investigated, and clergymen, curates and bishops were to be subpoenaed and placed upon the witness stand. Even the one lonely American cardinal was to be put under oath. Dozens of Catholic priests were to be placed in the sweatbox, witnesses were to tell their tales of how and when and where, with details as to times and places.

Here, you, please open the window!

But worse and worse, certain citizens of Utah had raised a sum of sixty-five thousand dollars and placed this money in the hands of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and for five months the sleuths had followed twenty-seven United States Senators by night and day, and made minute records of all their doings and actions. If the United States Senate can investigate one of its members and all of his neighbors, it cannot refuse to allow one of its members to investigate other members.

God help us—did you hear me? Open that window, I say! ¶ What if they should lift the roofs off of the houses in Washington and look in?

Chills of fear, fevers of dread, cold feet, clammy hands, bad breath! Eloquent tongues, coated like the bottom of a parrot's cage, cried, "Stop that Smoot investigation! They will be taking the cover off the Chamber of Commerce next!"

Pick the recreants and rogues in any denomination from Catholic to Universalist and you can prove the thing rotten. God help us!

¶ Should you successfully demand the secrets of the Endowment House, you can also command that the secrets of the confessional be printed in the "Congressional Record." If what is done in executive session by the apostles of the Latter Day Saints be public property, then no meeting of a Railroad Board is safe.
¶ Air—more air—or drink, give us a drink!
And what will become of the Masons when Hiram A. Biff is summoned to give the secrets of their lodges, where they have sworn not to write, print, paint, stamp, stain, cut, carve, mark, nor engrave the secrets aforesaid on anything high or low, great or small, movable or immovable, capable of receiving the slightest impression whatsoever, binding themselves under no less a penalty than having their bodies severed in twain, their bowels taken thence and scattered to the four winds of heaven that no vestige may remain of so foul a wretch as they who betray the secrets of the onery ory ickery Ann, filosy folisy Nicholas John—queery, quavy, stinkem, stankem, stilo, buck: one, two, three, loot, scoot—out goes Smoot!
Rats and mice, rodents and microbes!—and twenty-one men in the Senate who have taken oaths in fool societies now seriously investigating a fool church that has a fool secret society annex—mice and microbes, heigh-ho! and a dead man's chest!
The Smooters stand ready to show that there were more varietists in Congress, pro rata than there were polygamists in the Mormon church: also that the District of Columbia, which is governed by Congress, contains ten times the disorder that exists in Salt Lake City. The hatred of Utah, methinks is largely erratic, erotic, emotional and fanatical; if it were an honest and genuine desire to repress evil, the W. C. T. U. and Y. M. C. A. would center their efforts on Washington, Chicago and New York, and let Salt Lake City go until these centers of vice were cleansed.
¶ If polygamy is bad, as it surely is, what shall we say of promiscuity, and varietists who investigate and expel polygamists?

The polygamist is true to his own, but the varietist is false to everybody and everything, himself included.

And what shall we say of the morality of all those good people whose virtue consists in the relationship of the incompatible!

¶ Will these bear public investigation?

I think not—William Alden Smith is right—beware of dangerous precedents. It is a sad day for the investigator when he gets investigated. The thing we persecute is the thing we are.

¶ Stop that Smoot smudge!

Senators from New York, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri said the joke had gone far enough.

A United States Senator from an Eastern State told me that "as a man—a clean, modest, unpretentious, intelligent, manly man—Reed Smoot hasn't a dozen peers in the Senate."

Smoot is a man with nothing to hide.

To investigate the private character of every member of Congress as Smoot's has been investigated, would smirch, smudge and smut the entire fabric of Washington Society, and blow the very dome off the Capitol. Smoot won't smirch Washington Society, but if he remains in Washington, Smoot will soon be Smut.

¶ And out of the scrimmage only one man looms large on the horizon—the Hon. William Alden Smith, who said, "This investigation of personal character is a bad thing—I am opposed to all such dangerous precedents."

I say, open that window!

The Sergeant

A COLONEL in the United States Army, the other day told me something about like this: the most valuable officer, the one who carries the greatest responsibility, is the sergeant. The true sergeant is born, not made—he is the priceless gift of the gods. He is so highly prized that when found he is never promoted, nor is he allowed to resign. If he is dissatisfied with his pay, the Captain, Lieutenant and Colonel chip in—they cannot afford to lose him. He is a rara avis—the apple of their eye.

His first requirement is that he must be able to lick any man in the company. A drunken private may damn a captain upside down and wrongside out, and the captain is not allowed to reply. He can neither strike with his fist, nor engage in a cussing match, but your sergeant is an adept in both of these polite accomplishments. Even if a private strike an officer, the officer is not allowed to strike back. Perhaps the man who abuses him could easily beat him in a rough-and-tumble fight, and then it is quite a sufficient reason to keep one's clothes clean. We say the revolver equalizes all men, but it does n't. It is disagreeable to shoot a man. It scatters brains and blood all over the sidewalk, attracts a crowd, requires a deal of explanation afterward, and may cost an officer his stripes. No good officer ever hears anything said about himself by a private.

The sergeant hears everything, and his reply to backslack is a straight-arm jab in the mouth. The sergeant is responsible only to his Captain, and no good Captain ever knows anything about what a sergeant does, and will not believe it when told. If a fight occurs between two privates, the sergeant jumps in, bumps their heads together and licks them both. If a man feigns sick, or is drunk, the sergeant chucks him under the pump. The regulations

do not call for any such treatment, but the sergeant does not know anything about the regulations—he gets the thing done. The sergeant may be twenty years old or sixty—age does not count. The sergeant is a father to his men—he regards them all as children—bad boys—and his business is to make them good soldiers

The sergeant is the first man up in the morning, the last man to go to bed at night. He knows where his men are every minute of the day or night. If they are actually sick, he is both nurse and physician, and dictates gently to the surgeon what should be done. He is also the undertaker and the digging of ditches and laying out of latrines all fall to his lot. Unlike the higher officers, he does not have to dress "smart," and he is very apt to discard his uniform and go clothed like a civilian teamster, excepting on special occasions when necessity demands braid and buttons. ¶ He knows everything, and nothing. No escapade of a higher officer passes by him, yet he never tells.

Now one might suppose he is an absolute tyrant, but a good sergeant is a beneficent tyrant at the right time. To break the spirit of his men will not do—it would unfit them for service—so what he seeks to do is merely to bend their minds so as to match his own. Gradually they grow to both love and fear him. In time of actual fight he transforms cowards into heroes. He holds his men up to the scratch. In battle there are very often certain officers marked for death—they are to be shot by their own men. It is a time of getting even, and in the hurly-burly there are no witnesses. The sergeant is ever on the lookout for such mutinies, and his revolver often sends to the dust the head revolutionary before the dastardly plot can be carried out. In wartime all executions are not judicial.

In actual truth, the sergeant is the only real, sure-enough fighting man in the army. He is as rare as birds' teeth, and every officer anxiously scans his recruits for good sergeant timber.

In business life, the man with sergeant instincts is even more valuable than in the army. The business sergeant is the man not in evidence—who asks for no compliments or bouquets—who knows where things are—who has no outside ambitions, and no desire save to do his work. If he is too smart, he will lay plots and plans for his own promotion, and thereby he is pretty sure to defeat himself.

As an individual, the average soldier is a sneak, a shirk, a failure, a coward. He is only valuable as he is licked into shape. It is pretty much the same in business. It seems hard to say it, but the average employee in shop, factory or store, puts the face of the clock to shame looking at it; he is thinking of his pay envelope and his intent is to keep the boss located and do as little work as possible. In many instances the tyranny of the employer is to blame for the condition, but more often it is the native outcrop of suspicion which prompts the seller to give no more than he can help for the money.

And here the sergeant comes in, and with watchful eye and tireless nerves, holds the recreants to their tasks. If he is too severe, he will fix in the shirks more firmly the shirk microbe; but, if he is of a better fibre, he may supply a little more will to those who lack it, and gradually create an atmosphere of right intent, so that the only disgrace will consist in wearing the face off the regulator and keeping one ear cocked to catch the coming footsteps of the boss.

¶ There is no danger of there ever being an overplus of sergeants. Let the sergeant keep out of strikes, plots, feuds, hold his temper and show what's what, and he can name his own salary and keep his place for ninety-nine years without a contract.

The Chinese

THERE is a little book, called "Letters of a Chinese Official," that gives us a view of ourselves through the eyes of a Chinaman. Aside from this, it is a superb sample of English prose; there is an argument in every sentence; and while it throbs with feeling, and palpitates with spirit, yet the emotion never breaks into a screech. The essence of power lies in reserve.

And so here is a taste of its quality:

"Consider for a moment the conditions you have imposed on a proud and ancient empire—an empire which for centuries has believed itself to be the head of civilization. You have compelled us against our will, to open our ports to your trade; you have forced us to permit the introduction of a drug which we believe is ruining our people; you have exempted your subjects residing among us from the operation of our laws; you have appropriated our coasting trade; you claim the traffic on our inland waters. Every attempt on our part to resist your demands has been followed by new claims and new regressions And yet all the time you have posed as civilized people dealing with barbarians

"You have compelled us to receive your missionaries, and when they, by their ignorant zeal, have provoked our people to rise in mass against them, which again you have made an excuse for new depredations, till we, not unnaturally, have come to believe that the cross is the pioneer of the sword, and that the only use you have for yours is to use it as a weapon of war.

¶ "Conceive for a moment the feelings of an Englishman subjected to similar treatment: conceive that we had permanently occupied Liverpool, Bristol, Plymouth; that we had planted on your territory thousands of men whom we had exempted from

your laws; that along your coasts and navigable rivers, our vessels were driving out yours; that we had insisted on your admitting strong drink, duty free, to the manifest ruin of your population; and that we had planted in all your principal towns agents to counteract the teachings of your Church, and undermine the whole fabric of habitual belief on which the stability of your society depends. Imagine that you had to submit to all this. Would you be so greatly surprised, would you really be indignant, if you found one day the Chinese Legation surrounded by a howling mob, and Confucian missionaries everywhere hunted to the death

"What right have you, then, to be surprised; what right have you to be indignant at even the worst that has taken place in China? What is there so strange or monstrous in our conduct? A Legation, you say, is sacrosanct by the law of nations. Yes! But remember that it was at the point of the sword that you forced us to receive embassies whose presence we have always regarded as a sign of national humiliation. But our mobs were barbarious and cruel. Alas! yes. And your troops, nations of Christendom? Ask the once fertile land from Pekin to the coast; ask the corpses of murdered men and outraged women and children; ask the innocent mingled indiscriminately with the guilty; ask the Christ, the lover of men, whom you profess to serve, to judge between us who rose in mad despair to save our country and you, who, avenging crime with crime, did not pause to reflect that the crime you avenged was the fruit of your own iniquity!"

When I read this plea, by a strong man in behalf of an outraged people, my eyes grew misty, and I said: "It is suffering that breaks up the icy fastnesses of the soul. This book is written in blood and tears—the man knows, because he has been made to drink the wormwood and the gall. Thus does Golgotha have its recompense!"

And yet—softly, now—this book was not written by a Chinese official at all. It was penned by a young Englishman, who was never out of the sound of Bow Bells.

The genuine thing isn't equal to the imitation; God's sunsets cannot compare with those of Turner; a Corot landscape beats nature; Milton saw more after he was blind than he ever saw before; Edwin Arnold pictured the Orient before he had visited it, in phrase so matchless that travelers recalled the objects they had missed or forgotten; Kant gave lectures on the Alps, but refused to go and see them, for fear they would become " cheap; " " The Red Badge of Courage," the creepiest picture of war ever etched, was written by a youth who had never seen a musket fired; Macaulay declared that no man knew India so well as Burke, who had never been there; and here we have the best brief ever prepared for the Chinese, written by an Englishman and translated into the Chinese by Ex-Minister Wu, and sent broadcast throughout the Celestial Empire—in fact, throughout the world—as the embodiment of the Chinese mind concerning the Western Invasion.

China is alarmed because we are overrunning her country with our trade, missionaries and inventions. She says we are not there to become Chinese—we are there for exploitation. She would keep us out if she could, but in this she is powerless.

America is afraid of China—we have closed our doors against her. We call her threatened invasion the " Yellow Peril." We say the Chinese that come here do not become Americans; we say they are here for exploitation. We pass laws to keep them out—and we do. ¶ The first Chinese came to California in 1849, victims of the gold craze, but it was Mackay, Flood, Stanford, O'Brien, Hopkins and Huntington who really set the Chinese to work. They brought Chinese here because they were in sore straits to get a certain piece of work done—they must have laborers, and in America few could be hired.

This particular piece of work was the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Without the Chinese laborers, probably this task would not yet have been performed. After the railroad was built, a great many of the Chinese were utilized in the mines, in digging irrigating ditches, in planting fruit trees and in improving the big ranches. The six men I have named became rich beyond the dreams of avarice—no such tale of quickly acquired wealth can be truthfully told as the biography of these men. One of the chief factors in their wealth was the utilization of Chinese labor

Half way between San Francisco and Fresno, a few months ago, I saw an orchard of ten thousand plum trees. These trees were planted by Chinese laborers twenty years ago. Now they were laden with fruit—in quantity and quality most superb. It looked as if there were enough plums and prunes in that forest of fruit to feed a city like New York for a year.

And there were men there, not gathering the fruit, but cutting down the trees with axes.

"Why?" I asked.

"It takes much labor to gather and prepare the fruit for market—we cannot hire enough people to do it. Last year there was even a better crop than you see now, and the fruit fell to the ground and rotted there. We tried turning in hogs, but it wasn't a success—we could not get hogs enough. I am now cutting down the trees, so as to plant wheat. A few men can harvest a big field of wheat, but I would need five hundred people to gather, dry and preserve these plums."

Overproduction, you say, but that is n't the word. There never was an overproduction of good things; there is, however, imperfect distribution. The people in the cities of America never get enough fruit—the price is beyond them. And yet, in California, cattle and hogs often tramp through fruit knee deep.

The Chinese planted those magnificent orchards, and the Chinese

should be there now, gathering and garnering for us the harvest. ¶ And they would, were it not for our harkening to the insane cry of the demagog, Dennis Kearney, himself a foreigner, a man without enterprise—a nonproducer, dictating to us that we must exclude the Chinese.

We were ruled by the flannel-mouth.

It is a somewhat curious thing that the people who know the Chinaman best, speak best of him. In California, the Chinaman, restricted as he is, is a godsend to the people. Deport him, and suffering untold would follow. He is hands, feet, eyes, ears and conscience in the households of the best people.

The Chinaman never transforms himself into a preacher or a lawyer, and demands no exemption from work. He is never a drunkard, a pauper, a policeman, a detective, or a member of Congress. He neither manages our primaries, so as to defeat the will of the people, nor does he keep a saloon. He does not take a vast sum of money that other men have produced and go to Scotland, Paris, or Monte Carlo, and leave it there forever. ¶ As a servant, he is supreme—he is psychic—he knows your every wish and desire, and all he wants for himself is his wage and to do your bidding. He doesn't belong to the union, but he knows enough to demand union wages, and he gets it.

Ten dollars a week and board is about what you'll have to pay for a good house-servant, and he is worth it. Wages are nothing—it is all comparative—the helper who can give you peace is priceless. But the "helper" who has to be looked after, audited, followed up and supplied will and ambition, may be dear at a dollar a month, even if he boards himself. The civilized world needs men to carry its burdens.

Can the Chinese help us? I think so.

We need them to do for us the things we haven't time to do for ourselves ❧ ❧

There is one argument that always leaps lightly to our lips when

Chinese labor is mentioned: " Oh, the Chinese do not help this country, because they send their wages home! "

And I answer: For every dollar a Chinaman sends home, he produces and leaves five here.

Wealth comes out of the soil. Adam Smith said there are two factors in the production of wealth: Land and Labor.

We have the land, and very much of it is practically valueless, because we haven't the labor to tickle it with a hoe and make it laugh a harvest.

The statement of Adam Smith isn't exactly correct. There are four factors in the production of wealth. These are: Land, Labor, Capital, Enterprise.

Enterprise means the ability to plan, oversee, supervise and direct. It is initiative, and wise initiative is the finest gift of God to man. Man is the instrument of Deity.

A man possessing initiative is a creator.

Initiative is doing the right thing—the needful thing—without being told.

Next to initiative, is the willingness to do the right thing when you are told once.

The Chinese, as a race, have no initiative, but they do as they are told

America has more initiative than the world has ever seen—even during the lives of Julius Cæsar and Augustus.

The railroad business of America has developed more initiative than all other enterprises combined. The railroad business is still evolving, so even now, the first thing in the morning, every railroad manager before breakfast goes out and throws an engine on the scrap heap.

Machinery that was a marvel of perfection a few years ago, is now discarded. Old 999, that first drew the Empire State Express, is now pulling a " jerk-water," and could not start the wheels of the Twentieth Century Limited.

The chief characteristic of the man with initiative is the willingness to change the excellent for something better. He isn't married to a plan, a scheme, a system. He progresses by the process of elimination—he knows everything that will not work—he is always looking for something better, but he uses what he has until he finds the better thing, then the old one goes into the hell box without ruth.

The men who stand at the head of the initiative class are not college graduates—their private secretaries may be. Railroad offices are full of college men—but they are clerks—they all have to ring up. They do work and are needed, and this is proof that the colleges are needed too.

College breeds in the mind a reverence for the past—it deals with dead languages and dead authors, and systems turned to dust. It worships the scrap heap; crosses itself on the hell box; mumbles prayers to the men who acted as general managers centuries ago; and apotheosizes all those who served society in 1492 on the Paradise Short Line. Initiative, not precedent, has made America what she is. There was no precedent for discovering America.

And the resources of America are practically as yet untapped. The mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountains remains unguessed—probably we have not uncovered two per cent of it.

Agriculturally, we have only skimmed the surface. An empire lies bounded between Canada and Texas, the Mississippi and the Pacific, where less than one-fifth of the fertile soil has been touched by a plow. Water is needed and water can be had when Initiative, Capital and Labor take up the task. ¶ We have the capital and we have the initiative, but we haven't the labor. ¶ Dennis Kearney knew nothing of history, little of geography, and his cry of the yellow peril was founded upon the idea that all China wants to come to America, and that the coolies we had were fair samples of the entire Chinese population.

To scrape the mould off a cheese, and present the mould as a sample of the cheese, would not be fair to either the seller or buyer ❧ ❧

Dennis Kearney was a locomotive in the ditch, its cowcatcher buried in the mud, its drivewheels in the air, making a thousand revolutions a minute—a ship without a rudder; a clock without hands; a kite without a tail; an apostle of chin, the incarnation of gabfest ❧ ❧

The truth is, that the Chinese as a people, are eminently contented at home. They have little but they want little; they are the most patient and uncomplaining people on earth. They are satisfied where they are—they have no desire to annex us, the idea of expansion being utterly outside of their natures. If the gates of America were opened wide, we would get a few millions at most, and these we could use to our great profit and advantage.

¶ The Chinaman is a machine—a machine we can utilize to do very much of our work. Just as we utilize electricity to turn the countless wheels of trade, and as machinery has made us as a nation, rich, so with our initiative, and Chinese labor, could we feed the nations of the earth, and make famine anywhere a matter of ancient history.

Organized labor opposes the Chinese, yet your man with a union card will not live in the country, do farm work and dig irrigating ditches. And why should he oppose the man who does? Incendiarism, strikes and mob rule are not the work of Chinamen.

When the power loom was introduced in England, there were mobs and riots, where incendiarism lighted the midnight sky, in the name of outraged humanity. The steamboat, the iron horse, the mowing machine, the self-binder, the linotype, all had to fight their way, because they threw men out of work and lowered wages. But these things supplied certain wants of the people, and while a few suffered, not all being able to accommodate themselves to new conditions, the many prospered, so the lot of

the workingman was never so hopeful as it is today. His hours have been lessened, his wages increased, and often, under the new social betterments. he has conveniences and luxuries, the like of which Queen Elizabeth and her contemporary, Mrs. W. Shakespeare, never knew.

The Chinese who are now in America are from the City of Canton or the South of China. Very many of these left their country for their country's good. Many of the Chinese brought here by Mackay, Flood and O'Brien were criminals—the prisons were opened for our benefit, and we got the discard. No doubt the Chinese officials thought this a great joke on Mackay, Flood and O'Brien, but it wasn't. They set the men to work, and men engaged in useful work are not vicious, a truth so great that the world never knew it until William Morris proclaimed it day before yesterday.

The Chinese we have had have been from the cities, and four-fifths of the Chinese population is urban. We have had the worst, and even these we have used to our profit, and theirs.

¶ The Yellow Peril is a variant of the yellow jaundice—it is a disease of the mind, as our C. S. friends would say.

Perhaps besides setting the Chinese to work and profiting by their labor, we have something to learn from them. Read this from Sir Robert Hart, an Englishman who has lived in China for forty years, and a man who is to the Chinese what William Penn was to the Indians—a living gospel of truth.

" The Chinese are well-behaved, law-abiding, intelligent, economical and industrious; they can learn anything and do anything; they are punctiliously polite; they worship talent, and they believe in right so firmly that they scorn to think it requires to be supported or enforced by might. They delight in literature, and everywhere they have their literary clubs, and coteries for learning and discussing each other's essays and verses; they possess and practice an admirable system of ethics, and they are

generous, charitable, and fond of good works; they never forget a favor—they make rich returns for any kindness—and though they know money will buy service, a man must be more than wealthy to win public esteem and respect; they are practical, teachable, and wonderfully gifted with common sense; they are excellent artisans, reliable workmen, and of a good faith that every one acknowledges and admires in their commercial dealings; in no country that is or was, has the commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' been so religiously obeyed, or so fully and without exception given effect; it is, in fact, the keynote of their family, social, official and national life; and because it is so, 'their days are long in the land God has given them.'"

Life Lies in the Quest

IT is beautiful that parents should be filled with a desire to educate their children. Education means development—evolution, growth. Can you impart a development? I think not. One can, however, in degree, supply the conditions of growth

We cannot make the plant blossom, but we can place it in the sunshine and supply it aliment and moisture.

The birds instruct their young how to fly about, to secure food and to escape their enemies.

But when the young bird has grown to the size of its parents, can wing its way, and capture its own food, then the old one leaves it to work out its destiny alone.

Humans should do the same.

All sensible parents would like to have their children surpass them—do things they could never do, and overcome obstacles that were to them insurmountable.

And if this is to occur, the parents better cease pounding into the youth who has passed adolescence the idea that he should pattern his career after that of his Pa.

If men had always been satisfied with the religion of their mothers, and the science and economics of their fathers, we would still be in the dark ages—very dark.

College education, with the protective parental features, for a husky youth of nineteen, weight one hundred and eighty, is a dangerous and degenerating process. The marvel is that so many survive it, and turn out to be really useful citizens. Only the inherent goodness and virtue of men could ever live down such a handicap. Nature nowhere presents this parallel—of taking the full-grown young out of life in order to educate them for life.

¶ The men in every line of useful effort who have made epochs,

who stand for us as fixed stars, have never been subjected to this deteriorating process of fussy protection and futile overseeing. Let me name you these graduates of the University of Hard Knocks, who never attended any other, each of whom is King by divine right, in his own particular specialty:

1. Shakespeare, in Literature.
2. Herbert Spencer, in Philosophy.
3. Abraham Lincoln, in Statesmanship.
4. Thomas A. Edison, Applied Science.
5. Benjamin Franklin, All-'Round Development.
6. Napoleon Bonaparte, Generalship.
8. Jean Francois Millet, Painting.
7. Robert G. Ingersoll, Oratory.
9. Augustus St. Gaudens, Sculpture.
10. James J. Hill, Finance.

The last name in this list stands peculiarly alone—the man built a railway across a continent and made it pay without wrecking it. This man has never failed—his plans have not been schemes to wreck and ruin. He is a builder of homes, a maker of genuine lasting prosperity, an organizer who works for peace, beauty and all that makes for truth and excellence. Follow this man from St. Paul to Seattle and you will see permanent prosperity and smiling plenty have followed in his tread. Not only has he made money for himself, but he has made money for every one in the Hill country who has been willing to take off his coat and get to work. ¶ James J. Hill, as a promoter of useful industry, stands alone, without a rival on earth. Like Pericles, he can truthfully say: "I have caused no one to wear crepe."

The Middle West supplied the conditions of growth, in which James J. Hill, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Ingersoll evolved. ¶ One more name I wish to mention, and that is James Whitcomb Riley, who was evolved in the sunlight—product of the same soil—sung to by the same prairie winds.

We are a little too close to Riley to get the true perspective, and in some parts of America there be critics who yet mistake the simplicity and directness of Riley for things commonplace. He is an Æolean harp, and what these critics crave is a brass band. They prefer the speech of Spartacus to the Gladiators to the rhyme of the Raggedy Man. ¶ Let them have it.

In Riley's work there is a heart-welling quality—free from all bathos, the maudlin, the lachrymose and the hysterical that stamps the work as sublime. The man has wit, knows values, and he writes for himself and those he loves.

Riley is divinely human.

He is a product of sun and shadow, of summer clouds and winter winds, of cornfield, orchard and waving fields of ripening grain; of store, shop and factory, but I doubt me much if he would know a dactyl from an anapest, if he should see them coming down the street arm in arm. Riley sings because his heart sings.

It is heart that makes great art.

Riley has done classic work—it makes its appeal to the great throbbing impulses of humanity. We are all better because Riley writes. In his work there is no pretense, affectation, and small trace of that which time lays hold upon and covers with verdigris.

The man will live!

And the Middle West supplied the conditions of growth under which he evolved.

Pretty good school that can turn out men like that?

Well, I should think so!

But—

The conditions of growth in America are yet far from perfect. ¶ To be absolutely frank, we must admit that America has evolved a few other things beside great men. For instance, in all of our larger cities may be seen an occasional crescent-vested plute with two watch chains and a diamond dingus, who sends his boys to college because he has the money, and to get them

out of the way, and because their Ma thinks it would be nice to have Josiah graduate at Harvard, for he would then lend reflected glory on her fetching Four-o'Clock.

What we must do as educators, is to ascertain as nearly as possible what the best conditions are, and then supply them. ¶ Ed Geers said to me the other day, "We ruin ten thousand colts in order to produce one Lou Dillon."

It is much the same in society. Of all those who go down in darkness and defeat, trampled to their doom in the mad rush for place and power, we hear nothing.

We need the colleges, but not for segregation, nor yet for noisy yells and sophomoric pride in smug futility of Greek-letter societies, with their senseless, soulless mummery.

Why not a workshop instead?

The university of the future will supply certain conditions of growth and these will be free to all who care to work for them, and all who care to work for them will be free to do so.

If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.

If a man will not work, neither shall he be educated.

In future, our children shall go to school—not be sent nor sentenced. ¶ Nothing is of any value to you except what you work for. Things given you and thrust upon you are forever alien to you—separate and apart, and will be moulted very shortly. ¶ That which is worth having is worth working for.

Education is not an acquisition, it is an achievement. Like liberty you must earn it, or you 'll wander forever in the desert, a slave in spirit still. ¶ Love goes to those who are worthy, and education is the same. ¶ It takes work to secure an education; it takes work to use it, and it takes work to keep it.

Prove your worth by work!

The value of an education consists not in having gotten it, but in getting it.

LIFE LIES IN THE QUEST!

Religion of the Artist

I AM not entirely sure this will hold in every instance, but it seems true in the main. Please think it out for yourself, and if I'm wrong, put me straight

The proposition is this: The Artist needs no religion beyond his work.

That is to say, Art is religion to the man who thinks beautiful thoughts and expresses them for others the best he can.

Religion is an emotional excitement whereby the devotee rises into a state of spiritual sublimity, and for the moment is bathed in an atmosphere of rest, and peace, and love. All normal men and women crave such periods; and Bernard Shaw says we reach them through strong tea, tobacco, opium, whiskey, art or religion

I think Bernard Shaw a cynic, but there is a glimmer of truth in his idea that makes it worth repeating. But beyond Natural Religion, which is the passion for oneness with the Whole, all formalized religions engraft the element of fear, and teach the necessity of placating a Supreme Being.

Our idea of a Supreme Being is suggested to us by the political government under which we live. Carlyle summed up the situation when he said that Deity to the average British mind was simply an infinite George the Fourth. The thought of God as a terrible, supreme tyrant first found form in an unlimited monarchy; but as governments have become more lenient, so have the gods, until you get them down (or up) to a republic where God is only a president and we all approach him in familiar prayer, on an absolute equality.

Then soon, for the first time, we find man saying, " I am God, and you are God, and we are all simply particles of Him," and this

is where the president is done away with, and the referendum comes in. But the absence of a supreme governing head implies simplicity, honesty, justice and sincerity. Wherever plottings, schemings and doubtful methods of life are employed, a ruler is necessary; and there, too, religion, with its thought of placating God, has a firm hold. Men whose lives are doubtful want a strong government and a hot religion.

Formal religion and sin go hand in hand.

Formal religion and slavery go hand in hand.

Formal religion and tyranny go hand in hand.

Formal religion and ignorance go hand in hand.

And sin, slavery, tyranny and ignorance are one—they are never separated. ¶ Formal religion is a scheme whereby man hopes to make peace with his Maker; and formal religion also tends to satisfy the sense of sublimity where the man has failed to find satisfaction in his work. Voltaire says, " When woman no longer finds herself acceptable to man, she turns to God." When man is no longer acceptable to himself he goes to church. In order to keep this article from extending itself into a tome, I have purposely omitted saying anything about the Protestant Church as a useful social club, and have just assumed, for argument's sake, that the church is a religious institution.

A formal religion is a cut 'cross lots—an attempt to bring about the emotions and sensations that come to a man by the practice of love, virtue, excellence and truth. When you do a splendid piece of work and express your best, there comes to you, as reward, an exaltation of soul, a sublimity of feeling that puts you for the moment en rapport with the Infinite. A formal religion brings this feeling without your doing anything useful, therefore, it is unnatural. ¶ Formalized religion is strongest where sin, slavery, tyranny and ignorance abound.

Where men are free, enlightened, and at work they find all the gratification in their work that their souls demand—they cease

to hunt outside of themselves for something to give them rest. They are at peace with themselves, with man and with God. ¶ But any man chained to a hopeless task, whose daily work does not express himself, who is dogged by a boss, whenever he gets a moment of respite turns to drink or religion.

Men with an eye on Saturday night, who plot to supplant someone else, who can locate their employer any hour of the day, who think only of the summer vacation when they will no longer have to work, are apt to be sticklers in Sabbath-keeping and church-going

Many men in business who give eleven for a dozen, count thirty-four inches a yard, who are quick to foreclose a mortgage, and who say " business is business," are church deacons, vestrymen and church trustees. Look around you! Predaceous real estate dealers who set nets for the unwary, lawyers who lie in wait for their prey, merchant princes who grind their clerks under the wheel, oil magnates whose history never is written nor can be written, often make peace with God, and find a gratification for their sense of sublimity by building churches, founding colleges and libraries, and holding fast to a formalized religion. Look around you!

To recapitulate—if your lifework is questionable, doubtful or distasteful, you hold the balance true by going outside for the gratification that is your due, but which your daily work denies, and you find it in religion. I do not say this is always so, but it is very often. Great sinners are apt to be very religious; and conversely the best men who have ever lived have been at war with established religions. And further, the best men are never found in churches. ¶ Men deeply immersed in their work, whose lives are consecrated to doing things, who are simple, honest, and sincere, want no formal religion, need no priest nor pastor, and seek no gratification outside their daily lives. All they ask is to be let alone—they wish only the privilege to work.

When Samuel Johnson, on his deathbed, made Joshua Reynolds promise he would work no more on Sunday, he of course had no conception of the truth that Reynolds reached, through work, the same condition of mind that he—Johnson—had reached by going to church. Johnson hated work, Reynolds loved it; Johnson considered one day in the week holy; to Reynolds all days were sacred—sacred to work; that is, to the expression of his best. Why should you cease to express your highest and holiest on Sunday? Ah! I know why you do not work on Sunday! It is because you think work is degrading, and because your barter and sale is founded on fraud, and your goods are shoddy. Your weekday dealings lie like a pall upon your conscience and you need a day to throw off the weariness of slavery under which you exist. You are not free, and you insist that others shall not be free.

You have ceased to make work gladsome, and you toil and make others toil with you, and you all well nigh faint from weariness and disgust. You are slave and slave owner, for to own slaves is to be one.

But the Artist is free and he works in joy, and to him all things are good and all days holy. The great inventors, thinkers, poets, musicians and artists have all been men of deep religious natures; but their religion has never been a formalized, restricted, ossified religion. They did not worship at set times and places. Their religion has been a natural and spontaneous blossoming of the intellect and emotions—they have worked in love, not only one day in the week, but all days, and to them the groves have always and ever been God's first temples. Let us work to make men free! Am I bad because I want to give you freedom, and have you work in gladness instead of fear?

Do not hesitate to work on Sunday, just as you would think good thoughts, if the spirit prompts you. For work is, at the last, only the expression of thought, and good work is religion.

A Little Study in Psychology

TO here then is a little Study in Psychology. ¶ First, let it be known that the Rev. Dr. Richard Orme Flynn is Pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Georgia. I am told that the North Avenue Presbyterian Church is the richest church organization in Atlanta. To show its ability, let me say that it once raised in an evening a sum exceeding thirty thousand dollars for the good of the cause. Dr. Flynn is a man of education, refinement and power. His congregation is largely made up of the "better element," yet Dr. Flynn is not exclusive nor bigoted. His pews are free, and better still, they are always filled. Dr. Flynn is liberal in his views, judicious in his expressions, sincere, earnest and kind. He does what he thinks should be done, and voices the things he believes are true.

I make these statements concerning Dr. Flynn of Atlanta, first, in the interests of truth, and second, because the gentleman has said some very nice things about me, and I am not to be outdone by any man in point of politeness.

On Sunday morning, November twenty-fourth, 1901, Dr. Flynn prefaced the services by a Heart to Heart Talk with his congregation, concerning Fra Elbertus, who was advertised to lecture at the Grand Opera House, in Atlanta, the following evening. I quote the words of Dr. Flynn as they were taken down by one of the Faithful who was present in a front pew; and also according to the report printed the next day in the Atlanta "Journal." Said Dr. Flynn:

"I wish to say a serious word upon a subject concerning which I have hesitated to speak, but which I feel, after prayerful consideration, I must, in conscience, express. Tomorrow night there will lecture in this city a man who is commanding much

attention throughout the world. This man is a graceful speaker, a polished writer, and is possessed of a keen and forceful intellect—all this must be so, otherwise he could not have caught the attention of thinking men as he has. Mere stupidity and arrogance never got the speaker's eye. He himself says that he writes for neither children nor fools. I believe this is true. I am told by some who know him personally, that he is a selfish egotist, who is working every wire for his own personal benefit; that he is a supreme poseur and an arrant sham—a pretender, using morality as a specious cloak.

" As for myself, let me say I do not know Fra Elbertus; I know nothing of his private life. I do not accuse this man—neither do I defend him. But I do find on reading his publications that he has reviled our Presbyterian faith, that he has held religion up to ridicule, and that he has scorned all that we hold true and sacred. Yet this has all been done so deftly, and with such exquisite diction, that many have been led astray by the subtleties of *The Philistine* Magazine, and the speech of its editor; especially have women, and the youth of both sexes, been inoculated with error through this man's oratory and writings.

" Infidelity must not be given countenance; error must not be encouraged; and above all should we refrain from lending our presence and giving our money for the support of any man or institution that threatens our Sacred Faith. The teachings of Fra Elbertus are essentially infidelic, and are doubly dangerous coming from a man of education and seeming purity of purpose. This is the first time I have ever attacked an individual from the pulpit—I hope it will be the last. But I have felt it my duty to warn you against this false prophet, and it is my hope that no one within sound of my voice will attend his lecture. By our absence will we rebuke him as he deserves."

Why did Rev. Dr. Flynn warn his congregation against Fra Elbertus? ❧ ❧

I 'll tell you: it was because he was pleased with what Fra Elbertus writes. Fra Elbertus had said some of the things that Rev. Dr. Flynn would like to have said, but dare not. Flynn, Flynn of Atlanta, tried to put the thoughts out of his mind, but could not. He fought against them—these ideas that he could neither cherish nor put away. The struggle was in his own heart, and he, not knowing this, thought Fra Elbertus was the offender ❧ ❧

When Paul journeyed to Damascus to put down the Christians, he was fighting an inward battle. The Christians had worked out, in very life, the things that had come to him in hazy, glimmering forms. He was attracted to these people, and yet he hated them—he could not forget them. They were strangely akin to him—he struggled to get away from their teachings, and finally, in desperation, decided to go down and kill all the Christians he could lay hands on.

A few years ago Flynn, Flynn of Atlanta, would have gone out and killed all the Philistines he could find. Now he had to content himself with warning his congregation to boycott them.

Martyr and persecutor are always cut off one piece of cloth. There is no choice between the detective and the criminal. Every man, if he be not a saint sent from God, sooner or later stabs the thing he loves. We are attracted to the thing we despise; and we despise the thing because it attracts.

The remarks of Rev. Dr. Flynn caused quite a little flutter: probably three-fourths of the people in the congregation had never heard of Fra Elbertus; and most of them of course immediately resolved to go to the lecture and see how bad the man was. The few Philistines in the pews quietly simmered in indignation, or were moved to pity for Flynn, Flynn of Atlanta,—all according to temperament.

Still another small few approved and nodded assent.

The next night there was an audience of fifteen hundred people at

the Grand Opera House to hear Fra Elbertus. The seats were all sold, and a hundred people were seated on the stage—in the wings and behind the scenes, where they could hear, but out of sight of the rest of the audience.

Now comes the strange part—in a back seat in the gallery sat the Rev. Richard Orme Flynn—Flynn of Atlanta.

He came in just after the lecture had begun, took his seat quietly and listened with open mouth and both ears. At the close of the address, before the audience had its bonnet pinned in place, Flynn, Flynn of Atlanta, glided out softly into the night.

But can you imagine the inward struggle of this sensitive, earnest and gentle man between the time he warned his congregation not to go to hear the lecture, and the time he himself took his seat to hear it! The man, to be sure, is without humor, but let no one impeach his honesty and sincerity. It was no idle curiosity that took him there—not that—it was conscience. He went to hear the lecture for exactly the same reason that he had denounced it. ¶ In warning his congregation not to go, he warned the whole city—he hadn't thought of that. His telephone bell rang all day Monday, asking for explanations.

Reporters called, marked copies of magazines and books came by special messengers. The managers of the lecture course threatened suit for libel—they thought they were hit in a vital spot: the neighborhood of the wallet.

The Rev. Richard Orme Flynn was sore disturbed—had he made a mistake? Yes, in diplomacy. Ah, possibly in matter of truth. Had he said too much? He had read only two copies of *The Philistine* and a pamphlet called "Carrying Chicago Tongue to Garcia," or something like that. He would investigate further. He put on his hat and went to the City Library, and blushed a little as he entered. A woman just ahead of him asked for a copy of "Little Journeys." The attendant answered wearily, "Nothing in by Fra Elbertus—everybody wants him today."

Flynn, Flynn of Atlanta, mopped his brow in relief, and edged out of the line to glance at the last " Independent."

Had he said too much—had he conveyed the impression that Fra Elbertus was wholly bad?

He called for paper and pencil and wrote a letter to the " Constitution," denying the report in the " Journal." He had not said that Fra Elbertus was an infidel—he had only said he was " atheistic in tendency."

Finally he resolved that if he had wronged Fra Elbertus, he would make apology; but before making apology, he would have to see and hear for himself what manner of man this was. He owed it to himself to investigate, and he could only judge by seeing the speaker and hearing him lecture.

He went home and called his colored man servant and gave him fifty cents, with orders to secure one ticket in the back row of the gallery for the lecture by that man What's-his-Name.

¶ That night he slipped out of the house by the back door without telling any one of the family where he was going. The lecture began at 8:30. At 8:35 Flynn, Flynn of Atlanta, was in his seat, with a defiant look and a nose for " harassy." He didn't find it. Nobody found it. Many came expecting to be shocked—and were sorely disappointed. Flynn was disappointed. He expected to hear lurid rhetoric, hot denunciation, bitter invective, ribald ridicule—all couched in polished diction, and with wit to lubricate it—but flaunting atheism nevertheless.

¶ It was n't there.

And all Flynn heard was a modest argument, gently given, for the education of the head, hand and heart; and a plea for the Golden Rule in business—put forth by a man as earnest as himself. Flynn found not a thing to criticize. Fra Elbertus had expressed his opinions in a new way. Flynn had gotten several ideas that he always knew, but that he never knew he knew. He wondered why he had never himself said the same things

in the same way. Conscience was at work. He had seen the backs of heads of many of his parishioners—he had seen these folks applaud. He must make peace with them, and peace with himself

When we are disappointed, we are disappointed with ourselves.

¶ The next Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Richard Orme Flynn arose in his pulpit and said quietly: "Before beginning my sermon this beautiful Sabbath morning, I wish to make a simple word of explanation. You may have seen in the public prints accusations against me to the effect that I had made an attack upon Fra Elbertus, who lectured in this city some days ago. You who heard my remarks know perfectly well that I did not make an attack on this man. I did not even advise you not to go to hear him speak. I hope I have gotten beyond the point where I might attempt to dictate to you where you shall go and where not. I assume no such function. I simply cautioned you that if you did go, it would be well not to be influenced against our Sacred Faith by the eloquence of a fervid orator. Fra Elbertus is a great and good man, but in some ways, a mistaken man. Yet he is doing, on the whole, an excellent work in arousing men and women to the truth of what constitutes the true education; he teaches the nobility of labor, and the great advantage of learning by doing. My prayer is that this man will yet be brought to give his heart to Jesus, and devote his splendid talents to furthering the Kingdom of the Master. I denounce no man—I may condemn the principles for which a man stands sponsor—but for the man himself I have only admiration and love. And now, brethren and sisters, I will speak to you this morning from a text to be found in Matthew XX—part of the sixth and seventh verses: 'Why stand ye here all the day idle? They said unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.'"

What is Sin?

TOUCHIN' on and appertainin' to that man Hearst, I really think he should be looked after. He is causing more unseemliness of "the unruly member" among preachers than any other Job-Lot in America.

In Chicago he recently had seventeen clergymen give their views as to what had become of the Soul of Li Hung Chang. Several of these gentlemen were sure it was "lost;" and all had well defined views on the subject, excepting Rev. Frank Crane, Chaplain to the Union League Club. Dr. Crane had the temerity to say he did not know what had become of the soul of Li Hung Chang, nor of the souls of Gladstone, Lincoln, McKinley, Ingersoll, Marcus Aurelius or Socrates. Then he added, "But I have no fears for any of them."

Another subject that Hearst sought information on was, "What is sin?" All the prominent clergymen in Chicago gave their views; and so wrought up did they become, that at the Monday Club the subject was continued. Many ideas were brought out, dusted and aired. The meeting finally settled down, and gave assent to Bishop Hurst's proposition that there were four sins that admitted of no palliation:

1. Murder.
2. Theft.
3. Adultery.
4. Blasphemy.

Now the pity is that these learned men did not right there and then define the four mortal sins just named.

One member in a rather heated speech declared that men guilty of any one of these sins were guilty of all, and then he backed it up with this syllogism: "Men who chew tobacco also drink whisky, and all who drink whisky use tobacco and swear. So

those guilty of one sin are guilty of all." ¶ " We-ell, yes,—that is, constructively so," said Bishop Hurst, and spat violently.

That tobacco proposition, really, hardly goes. And as for the others—well, well, for instance, an American Colonel in the late Cuban war shot a Spaniard who was running away from him, and then told about it in a popular Magazine. Yet this man did not fall under the ban, but is everywhere regarded as a Christian Gentleman

George Eliot, according to the ideas of this Ministers' Meeting, was guilty of adultery; yet she did not take human life nor did she steal

Rev. Dr. Ament, Missionary to China, stole, according to his own confession. That is to say, he fulfilled the Webster definition by taking property that belonged to another. Yet the Rev. Dr. Ament surely does not blaspheme.

Robert Ingersoll was guilty of " blasphemy," and was so notified by an eminent Delaware Jurist, who dared Ingersoll to come and lecture at Wilmington and get a taste of the cat, as duly provided for in the Statutes. Yet Ingersoll, outside of blasphemy, was pretty nearly a model citizen.

A recent lexicographer has defined adultery as " the relationship of the incompatible." One man who took part in that discussion wears a seventeen-inch collar, and is married to a wife who waddles and makes woeful ballad of her marital miseries. This couple hate each other in the daytime; yet there is not a shadow of doubt but that they are " true."

Bishop Hurst is a divorced man, married the second time. According to the rules of the Roman Catholic Church and the laws of South Carolina, he is guilt of adultery.

In war the Decalog is waived, and murder and theft are legalized—and most of the clergymen at that meeting believe in the righteousness of war.

A man may not only look upon his neighbor's wife to lust after

her, but may possess her, with the full consent of church, state and good society.

Blasphemy seems the only offense of the four mentioned that is not legalized.

Blasphemy really, however, does not exist—it is the airy, fairy invention of men who thought there were not enough sins already, so they added one. Nowadays no one, outside of Delaware, knows just what blasphemy is.

So it seems to me that the " Monday Club " should again take up the subject of " What is Sin? " and issue a circular to this sin-stained world telling us just where we may play leap-frog with the Ten Commandments, and still go unpunished.

When Sara Bernhardt was solicited to add an Eleventh Commandment, she declined on the plea that there were ten too many, already ❧ ❧

If sin is a matter of geography, or like the Greek verb, has many exceptions, then the supple Sara is right.

As a general proposition, how would this do?—

THE ONLY SIN IS TO BE UNKIND.

The Learned Professions

THE Learned Professions, so-called, are three in number, namely: Law, Theology and Medicine. ¶ As for myself, I have no use for any of them. Yet I have many near and dear friends who are members of each of these professions, and I prize their friendship; but regarding them in their official capacity, I have been happiest when lawyers, doctors and preachers were far, far away on the dim and distant horizon ❧ ❧

Let them stay there.

Time was when you could neither be born, get married, nor die without paying fee to the learned professions. They lie in wait for you at both ends of the route with a poor-box, and even now if you die without the aid of a doctor, your surviving kinsmen are in danger of the donjon keep, and a lawyer will be needed to defend their fair names.

No, I do not need a doctor. Since I began using God's remedies, I have used no others. Fresh air, moderate exercise, plain food, regular sleep, and kind thoughts will heal you of your diseases, pluck from memory its rooted sorrows, and put you close to all the good there is.

Especially should you breathe deeply—we can over-eat, but we can not over-breathe. Breathe deeply of God's great out-o'-doors. It is all free, and Providence has ordered things in such a way that, so far, no monopoly has ever clutched the ozone. Fresh air, like salvation, is free. You can do without food for several days, possibly to your advantage, but you cannot do without oxygen a minute.

Breathe deeply ❧ ❧

People who breathe deeply have courage; and those who have courage breathe deeply.

Folks whose lives are full of kind thoughts breathe deeply. Consumption is a result of not using the air cells of your lungs. If you fail to inflate the cells, they get tired, collapse, and disease sets in. If your life is full of fear and unkindness, you will take short jerky breaths, play the devil's tattoo, rock, sneeze, cough, jig, jerk, twitch, amble, and use only a few lung cells. So our Christian Science friends are scientifically correct when they say that fear causes consumption and worry produces cancer.

Cancer comes from faulty circulation; faulty circulation is the direct result of jerky, imperfect breathing, and imperfect breathing always goes with, and is a direct result of fear, worry, hate and unkindness.

And fear, worry, hate and unkindness are all one and the same thing

If I could put all fear and unkind thoughts fully and forever out of my life, repair and waste would be equalized, and I should never grow old.

"Trust in God and keep the secretions active," said Martin Luther, to a bystander who saw him taking a bull by the horns at a church door. Haste interferes with the secretions.

But I have not fully put all unkind thoughts out of my life, because, you see, I am still talking about the subject.

The extreme placidity of many a C. S. face reveals a heroic struggle to down the devil within. And the struggle is well—it may succeed

What the world needs is more kindness.

And do the learned professions tend to foster kindness and lessen hate?

No, dearie

The learned profession of law thrives on strife and discord. ¶ Theology, or organized religion, is only possible when it can feed on fear. And medicine jumps in and waxes powerful, rich and impudent on the results of law and theology.

Not so very long ago, theology, medicine and law were one profession, but through division of labor we now have specialists in each of these three professions.

At all great city churches, there are men who baptize, men who perform marriage ceremonies (for poor folks), men who preach, and men who make pastoral calls. So with the other two learned professions—each has many specialists, and every specialist is a lop-sided, one-sided, dangerous man. Most nose specialists will treat you for corns, per nasal douche, if they get the chance

Theology fosters fear and grants protection in the next world for a consideration here.

Law assumes to protect you on earth, but lawyers under the guise of protecting your rights, very often get close enough to reach itching, grimy hands into your pockets.

Doctors scare you into fits and then cure them for a modest consideration

Neither medicine nor theology is a science.

Both are systems of guesswork.

Each has shifted ground absolutely from where it stood twenty-five years ago. And twenty-five years ago both of these learned professions were more intolerantly deadsure than they are today. Every "school" and every "sect" now stands ready to show that all other schools and all other sects are founded on error and ignorance and I am quite inclined to take their word for it—they usually tell the truth about each other. And the curious part about the three learned professions is that they are not learned at all—except in quibble.

If you want to breathe deeply, sleep soundly, have a good digestion and let kind thoughts govern your life, you must get the great truth fixed in your head that the three learned professions are good things to avoid.

Above all, the clergy reveal the law of antithesis and are the

great stirrers up of strife. Wherever men go to war and bayonets gleam, thither in the name of the gentle Christ prance preachers to urge on the killing—both sides pray to the same God for victory. Pretending to work for peace, the clergy represent exactly the other thing. That they are mostly sincere is also a fact, but the truth remains that a Protestant clergyman's kindness is confined within very narrow bounds. He will be kind if you do what he says; otherwise, he will spurn you with a hate that passes belief.

Not only does the average clergyman fail to love his enemies but he hates his friends. If you do not belong to his church, he will laugh at your losses, mock your gains, cool your friends and heat your enemies.

If you want great love, sublime patience, and a forgiveness that knows no limit, you will find it among the sinners, not among the Protestant clergy, nor among their followers.

If you are a woman sore oppressed by unkind fate, famishing for food and shelter, hungering for a sympathetic look, apply to the outcast for help, but never to a smug and respectable church-goer ❧ ❧

Your clergyman and his followers have positions to maintain. Protestant churches are social clubs, not religious institutions at all, and every member of the club is fearful of losing caste. All wish to be well thought of, so there is always caution among them bordering on fear—they have spasms of generosity, but society, like capital, is timid. The charity that society maintains is purely a fashionable one,

" scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ."

If you are a slaveholder, one end of the chain is attached to your wrist; so you are a slave, too. If you belong to a church or society you are held captive by the church or society—you can go just so far and no farther. A limit has been placed upon your conduct and

upon your conscience. To a degree you are a slave to the thing—you " belong "—it is better to be free than to " belong," to anybody or any thing.

It was the woman of the street who recognized Divinity and poured the precious ointment upon the Master's head, washing his feet and wiping them with the hairs of her head.

And it was Simon, the respectable lawyer, who reproved her.

¶ Look back to your childhood and recall the nights of terror and the days of gloom, caused by the preachers, who pretended to know! When eleven years old, I thought I had committed " the unpardonable sin," and the wretchedness of my young life was at times unspeakable.

Would a child ever have conjured forth the deviltries of " eternal punishment," " the dead creeping forth from their graves," and " the unpardonable sin? " Never! It was one of the learned professions that polluted the minds of innocence with these nightmares of the soul. And now we know that no sin is " unpardonable," and we know that the so-called " learning " of the Orthodox Preacher of twenty-five years ago was founded on pretense, pomposity, peascodery and fear.

And I am glad to remember that in spite of the pressure of those who should have known better my mind was never wholly submerged in their superstitions, but even as a child my glimmering intuitions were nearer truth than the learning of the bewhiskered giant who thundered at us in orotund over the sacred desk. It is " learning " that has blocked the way of wisdom, and applied the brakes to progress—all adown the centuries. If men have progressed, it has been in spite of the learned professions and not by their help. Continually have these set stakes and cried, " Thus far and no farther."

In strict justice, however, it seems proper to state that the law has been much more liberal than either theology or medicine. In recent years we have seen no unseemly attempts on the part

of lawyers to pass laws to protect themselves from the "irregulars;" they have not tried to make it criminal either to work or play on the first or seventh day of the week, nor have they invented such absurd crimes as "blasphemy"—all this for self-protection ☙ ☙

Also I will admit that lawyers have less hate than the other two learned professions. Lawyers will fight fiercely in court, and then go out together and irrigate, shaking hands as friends. Their animosities (like their friendships) are shallow. A good lawyer really never takes himself or his profession quite seriously. The dignity of the Bench to him is a good deal of a joke; and nowadays it is very seldom that a lawyer of the first class will accept a judgeship. In every country village there is a Justice of the Peace—often several. They are never men of the first class, being rather inferior in brain-convolution and often deficient in gambogee. It is very much the same in every court room—the man of supreme power and insight, if he be there at all, is not on the woolsack, but down among the lawyers. The learned judge is a sort of stuffed Dogberry, who looks wise and fills a clerkship—ask him!

Any lawyer (or any one else) who goes into court looking for revenge is a fool, and any good lawyer will tell him so. I think the reason lawyers have less animosity than preachers or doctors is because their lives are so given up to scraps that no particular scrap really counts. It is the doctrine of *similia similibus*. A prime feature of the Keeley Cure scheme is to dose the patient with whiskey until he becomes disgusted with it. A lawyer sees so much of the folly of hate among his clients, that if he has any sense at all, he never scraps with anybody out of office hours. ¶ The natural inference of the remark just made would seem to be that preachers and doctors do not fight quite enough. I really think there is something in this: church unity can never be brought about until all the sects get together and have it out. London

Rules to govern. As it is now professional hate finds vent in jabs in the dark and sudden pokes below the belt. The preachers are not quite frank and honest, and under pretense of loving, they really hate—nothing is so fatal to integrity as pretense. Let them stand out and honestly fight until they get enough of it, and then they will clasp hands as brothers, and church unity will be a condition, not a theory. So here we get the paradox—the lawyer pretends to hate, but doesn't; the preacher pretends he doesn't hate, but does. Thus does Setebos in his wisdom equalize all things. Lawyers, doctors and clergymen are playing parts less important in the drama of life all the time. The most successful lawyers now are business men—the little men try the cases; the strong men are in the pews, not the pulpits, and the best doctors give the least medicine.

The high position once held by the learned professions in the social economy seems to show that they were needed: there are those who have to be bolstered, even with a superstition, until they can walk alone. But we are throwing away our crutches—we are learning to do without the middleman. "Religions die by being found out," said Ernest Renan. So it is with the learned professions. ¶ We are going to God direct, instead of through self-appointed agents.

We are mixing with Nature more, and learning that to be healthy we must obey her laws and not pin our faith to books and bottles. Life is not so complex after all. Let us simplify. Breathe deeply, exercise in the sunshine, eat moderately, sleep regularly and think well of everybody—especially doctors and preachers—for even they are gradually getting honest. ¶ As for lawyers, if you patronize one, why hire the one who will keep you out of difficulty, not get you in. Compromise by all means, even at a loss, and preserve your peace of mind. Be blackmailed a bit, if you can stand it, but keep out of court. It is cheaper in the end—compromise, especially if you have any work to do.

So gradually we will do away with the learned professions—even now we wink one eye at the mention of the term. Already we have taken them off their pedestals. Presently we will dissolve them into useful citizens, absorb them into clerks, bookkeepers, schoolteachers, friendly advisors, helpful companions.

Thus will each do his work, ministering to the good of all, and the fallacy of the learned professions will be sloughed into limbo.

Child Slavery

NEXT to Massachusetts, South Carolina manufactures more cotton cloth than any other State in the Union. The cotton mills of South Carolina are mostly owned and operated by New England capital

In many instances the machinery of the cotton mills has been moved entire from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The move was made for the ostensible purpose of being near the raw product; but the actual reason is, that in South Carolina there is no law regulating child-labor. Heartless cupidity has joined hands with brutal ignorance, and the result is child-labor of so terrible a type that African slavery was a paradise compared with it.

Many of the black slaves lived to a good old age, and they got a hearty enjoyment from life.

The infant factory slaves of South Carolina can never develop into men and women. There are no mortality statistics; the mill owners baffle all attempts of the outside public to get at the facts, but my opinion is, that in many mills death sets the little prisoner free inside of four years. Beyond that he cannot hope to live, and this opinion is derived from careful observation, and interviews with several skilled and experienced physicians who practice in the vicinity of the mills.

Boys and girls from the age of six years and upwards are employed. They usually work from six o'clock in the morning until seven at night. For four months of the year, they go to work before daylight and they work until after dark.

At noon I saw them squat on the floor and devour their food, which consisted mostly of corn-bread and bacon. These weazened pigmies munched in silence, and then toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. Very few wore shoes

and stockings; dozens of little girls of, say, seven years of age wore only one garment, a linsey-woolsey dress. When it came time to go to work the foreman marched through the groups, shaking the sleepers, shouting in their ears, lifting them to their feet and in a few instances kicking the delinquents into wakefulness ❧ ❧

The long afternoon had begun—from a quarter to one until seven o'clock they worked without respite or rest.

These toddlers, I saw, for the most part did but one thing—they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long, and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; back and forward they paced, watching with inanimate, dull look, the flying spindles. The roar of the machinery drowned every other sound—back and forth paced the baby toilers in their bare feet, and mended the broken threads. Two, three or four threads would break before they could patrol the twenty feet—the threads were always breaking!

The noise and the constant looking at the flying wheels reduce nervous sensation in a few months to the minimum. The child does not think, he ceases to suffer—memory is as dead as hope: no more does he long for the green fields, the running streams, the freedom of the woods, and the companionship of all the wild, free things that run, climb, fly, swim or burrow.

He does his work like an automaton: he is a part of the roaring machinery: memory is seared, physical vitality is at such low ebb that he ceases to suffer. Nature puts a short limit on torture by sending insensibility. If you suffer, thank God!—it is a sure sign you are alive.

At a certain night-school, where several good women were putting forth efforts to mitigate the condition of these baby slaves, one of the teachers told me that they did not try to teach the children to read—they simply put forth an effort to arouse the spirit through pictures and telling stories. In this school I saw

the sad spectacle of half the class, of a dozen or more, sunk into sleep that more resembled a stupor. The teacher was a fine, competent woman, but worn-out nature was too much for her—to teach you must make your appeal to life.

The parents of the children sent them there so they could be taught to read, but I was told by one who knew, that no child of, say, seven or eight years of age, who had worked in the mill a year, could ever learn to read. He is defective from that time on. A year in the mills, and he loses the capacity to play; and the child that cannot play, cannot learn.

We learn in moments of joy; play is education; pleasurable animation is necessary to growth; and when you have robbed a child of its playspell, you have robbed it of its life.

The reason that thought flags and stupor takes possession of the child who works at one task for eleven hours a day, is through the fact that he does not express himself. We grow through expression, and expression, which is exercise, is necessary to life. The child in the mill never talks to any one—even if the rules did not forbid it, the roar of the machinery would make it impossible. All orders are carried out in pantomime, emphasized by pokes, punches, pinches, shakes and kicks. This wee slave loses all relationship with his fellows and the world about him.

I thought to lift one of the little toilers to ascertain his weight. Straightway through his thirty-five pounds of skin and bones there ran a tremor of fear, and he struggled forward to tie a broken thread. I attracted his attention by a touch, and offered him a silver dime. He looked at me dumbly, from a face that might have belonged to a man of sixty, so furrowed, tightly drawn and full of pain it was. He did not reach for the money—he did not know what it was. I tried to stroke his head and caress his cheek. My smile of friendship meant nothing to him—he shrank from my touch, as though he expected punishment. A caress was unknown to this child, sympathy had never been his portion,

and the love of a mother who only a short time before held him in her arms, had all been forgotten in the whir of wheels and the awful silence of a din that knows no respite.

There were dozens of just such children in this particular mill. A physician who was with me said that they would all be dead, probably in two years, and their places filled with others—there were plenty more. Pneumonia carries off most of them. Their systems are ripe for disease, and when it comes, there is no rebound—no response. Medicine simply does not act—nature is whipped, beaten, discouraged, and the child sinks into a stupor, and dies ❧ ❧

There are now only five States, I believe, that have no law restricting the employment of children. Child-labor exists in Georgia and Alabama, to an extent nearly as grievous as it does in South Carolina, but in each of these States there are bands of brave men and excellent women who are waging war to stop the slaughter of the innocents; and these men and women have so forced the issue that the mill owners are giving way before them and offering compromise. But South Carolina lags behind and the brave workers for liberty there seem a hopeless minority. ¶ For these things let Massachusetts answer.

South Carolina weaves cotton that Massachusetts may wear silk. ¶ South Carolina cannot abolish child-labor because the mill owners, who live in New England, oppose it. They have invested their millions in South Carolina, with the tacit understanding with Legislature and Governor that there shall be no State inspection of mills, nor interference in any way with their management of employees. Each succeeding election the candidates for the Legislature secretly make promises that they will not pass a law forbidding child-labor. They cannot hope for election otherwise—the capitalists combine with the " crackers," and any man who favors the restriction of child-labor is marked. ¶ The cracker, the capitalist, and the preacher live on child-labor,

and the person who lifts his voice in behalf of the children is denounced as a sickly sentimentalist, endeavoring to discourage the best interests of the State. The cracker does not reason quite thus far—with him it is a question of " rights, sah," and he is the head of his family and you must not meddle,—his honor is at stake ❧ ❧

So at every election he jealously guards his rights—he has nothing else to do—he has lost everything else but " honor." If women could vote in South Carolina they would wipe child-labor out with a sweep, but alas! a woman in South Carolina does not own even her own body. South Carolina is the only State in the Union that has no divorce law. In South Carolina the gracious, gentle woman married to a rogue has him for life, and he has her. The State objects to their getting apart. The fetters forged in South Carolina never break (in South Carolina), and the key is lost.

I say these things with no prejudice against the people of South Carolina as a whole, for some of the bravest, gentlest, sanest, most loyal and most hospitable friends I have in the world live there. I make the mention merely as a matter of fact to show that the majority of the people in South Carolina have a long way to travel and are good raw stock for missionary work.

I learned from a reliable source that a cotton mill having a payroll of six thousand dollars a week in New England, can be run in the South for four thousand dollars a week. This means a saving of just one hundred thousand dollars a year: and the mill having a capital of one million dollars thus gets a clear gain of ten per cent per annum.

One mill at Columbia, S. C., has a capital of two million dollars. In half a dozen other cities there are mills with a capital of a million or more. These mills all have " Company Department Stores," where the employees trade. A certain credit is given, and the employee who has a dollar coming to him in cold cash

is very, very rare. The cashier of one mill told me that nineteen families out of twenty never see any cash, and probably never will. The account is kept with the head of the house. Against him are charged house-rent, insurance, fuel—three things the man never thought of. Next, the orders drawn on the company must be met. Then comes groceries, clothing and gew-gaws that the young women are tempted into buying, providing the account is not too much overdrawn. Sometimes it happens that the account is so much overdrawn by the last of the month that the storekeeper will dole out only cornmeal and bacon—just these two things to prevent starvation and keep the family at work.

¶ The genial cashier who made this explanation to me, did it to reveal the pitiable ignorance of the " poor whites,"—the cracker cannot figure his account—it is all a matter of faith with him. " To manage a cracker you have to keep him in debt to you," explained my friend, " then you can control his vote, and his family."

The ingenuity displayed in securing the laborers reveal the " instincts of Connecticut," to use the phrase of Ralph Waldo Emerson. There are men called " Employing Agents " who drive through the country and make the acquaintance of the poor whites—the " white trash." This expression, by the way, was launched by the negroes, and then taken up by the whites. No white man will acknowledge himself as " trash," but he applies the epithet to others who are supposed to be still more trashy than himself.

No matter how poor these whites are, they are always well stuffed with pride—they are as proud as the rich, and they would conduct themselves just like the F. F. V.'s, if they had the money. They are F. F. V.'s, slightly run down at the heel.

They apologize for their poverty and lay it all to the war. All consider themselves very much above the negroes—they will not work with the blacks.

The employing agent drops in on this poor white family and there is much friendly conversation—for time is no object to the cracker. Gradually the scheme is unfolded. There is a nice man who owns a mill—he will not employ negroes—they are not sufficiently intelligent. The visitor can get work for all the women and the children of the household with this nice man. There will be no work for the man of the house, but he can get odd jobs in the town. This suits the cracker—he does not want to work. A house will be supplied gratis for them to live in. A photograph of the house is shown—it is a veritable palace compared with the place they now call home. The visitor goes away, promising to call again the next week. He comes back and reports that he has seen his friend, the house is ready, work is waiting, wages in cash will be paid every Saturday night.

Cash! ❧ ❧

Why, this poor white family never saw any real cash in all their lives ❧ ❧

A printed agreement is produced and signed.

If the cracker has n't quite energy enough to move, the employing agent packs up his scanty effects and advances money for car fare. The family land in the mill town, are quartered in one of the company's cottages and go to work—the mother and all the children over five. The head of the house stays at home to do the housework, and being a man, of course, does not do it. He goes to the grocery or some other loafing place where there are other men in the same happy condition as himself. Idle men in the South, as elsewhere, do not feel very well—they need a little stimulant, and take it. The cracker discovers he can get whiskey and pay for it with an order on the company.

He is very happy and needless to say, is quite opposed to any fanatic who would like to interfere in his family relations. He is not aware of it, but he has sold his wife and children into a five years' slavery. The company threatens and has the right to

discharge them all if one quits—even the mother is not free. ¶ But the cracker knows his rights—he is the head of his family, the labor of his children is his until the girls are eighteen and the boys twenty-one. He knows these things and he starts them off to their work while it is yet night.

And at the mill the overseers look after them. These overseers are Northern men—sent down by the capitalists. In war time the best slave-drivers were Northerners—they have the true spirit and get the work done. If necessary they do not hesitate to " reprove " their charges.

But the cracker wants to be kind; he wants to accumulate enough money to buy a home in the country—it will take only a few years! The overseers do not wish to be brutal, but they have to report to the superintendents,—there must be so much cloth made every day. The superintendent is not a bad man—but he has to make a daily report to the president of the company; and the president has to report to the stockholders.

The stockholders live in Boston, and all they want is their dividends. When they go South they go to Pinehurst, Asheville or St. Augustine. Details of the mills are not pleasant; they simply leave matters to the good men who operate the mills—it is against their policy to dictate.

Capital is King, not cotton. But capital is blind and deaf to all that is not to its interest: it will not act while child-labor means ten per cent dividends on industrial stocks.

Instead of abolishing child-labor, capital gives a lot, near the mill property, to any preacher who will build a church, and another lot for a parsonage, and then agrees to double the amount any denomination will raise for a church edifice.

Within a quarter of a mile from one cotton mill, at Columbia S. C., I counted seven churches, completed or in process of erection ❧ ❧

And that is the way the mill owners capture the clergy. In

talking with various preachers on the question of child-labor they all, I found, had arguments to excuse it, blissfully unaware that the entire question had been fought out in the world's assize, and that civilization fifty years ago had placed her stamp of disapproval on the matter. One preacher put it in this way, with a gracious, patronizing smile (I quote his exact words): "Oh, of course, it is pretty bad—but then, dear brother, you know the children are better off in the mill than running the streets!" ❧ ❧

It is assumed that there are only two occupations for children—working in the mill and running the streets. And then this man of God confessed to me without shame that many of the men whose whole families worked in the mills, subscribed one tenth of their income to the support of "the Gospel," and gave him an order on the mill company for the amount; and this amount was withheld from wages and paid to him regularly by the cashier of the company.

The majority of the clergy of South Carolina have always stood for slavery. The clergy never move faster than the people, usually lagging a little behind. To get ahead of the pews is to separate from them, so the average clergyman will not champion an unpopular cause. The clergyman who speaks his mind for freedom has to get out of the church. Luther, Savonarola, Emerson, Beecher, McGlynn, Prof. Swing, Dr. Thomas and all that band of preachers who have stood out and voiced the cause of freedom, have been regarded by their denominations as renegades. Exile and ostracism have been the lot of freedom's champions; and their ostracism and social disgrace have been the work of the respectable element in the church.

And the reason the Church has always sided with slavery is because she has thrived on the profits of slavery.

We have heard much about the danger that follows an alliance between Church and State; but what think you of a partnership

between grasping greed and religion—the professed religion of the suffering, bleeding Christ, the Christ who had not where to lay His head!

The Orthodox Protestant preacher is an institution in the South. You see his well-buttered face on every train, at every station—he attends every gathering—nothing can be done without him. He preaches " the blood of Jesus," and nothing else. His gospel is the promise of a perfect paradise hereafter for all who believe as he does, and hell and damnation for all who don't. There has not been a patentable improvement made on his devil in two hundred years

The South is priest-ridden to an extent that should make Italy and Spain jealous. The preacher is a power. One of them explained to me that most of the heads of families that worked in the mills were " Christian people." He seemed to think that Jesus said, " Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Cotton."

If the child workers of South Carolina could be marshalled by bugle call, headed with fife and drum, and marched through Commonwealth Avenue, out past the statue of William Lloyd Garrison, erected by the sons of the men who dragged him through the street at a rope's end, the sight would appall the heart and drive conviction home. Imagine an army of twenty thousand pigmy bondsmen, half naked, half starved, yellow, weazened, deformed in body, with drawn faces that show spirits too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too pained to feel! Would not aristocratic Boston lock her doors, bar the shutters and turn in shame from such a sight?

I know the sweat-shops of Hester Street, New York; I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel District; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know the lot of the coal miners of Pennsylvania; and I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities; but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have

never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina—this in my own America—the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave!

For the adult who accepts the life of the mills, I have not a word to say—it is his own business. My plea is in defense of the innocent—I voice the cry of the child whose sob is drowned in the thunder of whirring wheels.

The iniquity of this new slavery in the new South has grown up out of conditions for which no one man, or class of men, it seems is amenable. The interests of the cracker, the preacher, the overseer, the superintendent, the president, and the stockholders, are so involved that they can not see the truth—their feet are ensnared, and they sink into the quicksands of hypocrisy, deceiving themselves with specious reasons. They must be educated, and the people must be educated.

So it remains for that small, yet valiant band of men and women in the South, who are fighting this iniquity, to hold fast and not leave off in their work until the little captives are made free. Right will surely win. And to these earnest men and women who are braving ostracism, and who are often scorned in their own homes, who have nothing to gain but the consciousness of having done right, we reach friendly hands across the miles, and out of the silence we send them blessings and bid them be strong and of good-cheer. Seemingly they fight alone, but they are not alone, for the great, throbbing, melting Mother-heart of the world, has but to know of their existence to be one with them

Teachers and Teaching

IT is a great thing to teach. I am never more complimented than when some one addresses me as " teacher." To give yourself in a way that will inspire others to think, to do, to become—what nobler ambition! To be a good teacher demands a high degree of altruism, for one must be willing to sink self, to die—as it were—that others may live. There is something in it very much akin to motherhood—a brooding quality. Every true mother realizes at times that her children are only loaned to her—sent from God—and the attributes of her body and mind are being used by some power for a purpose. The thought tends to refine the heart of its dross, obliterate pride and make her feel the sacredness of her office. ¶ All good men everywhere recognize the holiness of motherhood—this miracle by which the race survives.

There is a touch of pathos in the thought that while lovers live to make themselves necessary to each other, the mother is working to make herself unnecessary to her children. The true mother is training her children to do without her. And the entire intent of right teaching is to enable the scholar to do without his teacher. Graduation takes place at the vanishing point of the teacher.

Yes, the efficient teacher has in him much of this mother quality. Thoreau, you remember, said that all great men were essentially feminine; if he had teachers in mind his remark was certainly true. The men of much motive power are not the best teachers—the arbitrary and imperative type that would blend all minds to match its own, may build bridges, tunnel mountains, discover continents and capture cities, but it cannot teach. In the presence of such a towering personality freedom dies, spontaneity droops and thought slinks away into a corner. The brooding quality,

the patience that endures, and the yearning of motherhood, are all absent. The man is a commander, not a teacher; and there yet remains a grave doubt whether the warrior and ruler have not used their influence more to make this world the place of a skull, than the abode of happiness and prosperity. The orders to kill all the first-born, and those over ten years of age, were not given by teachers.

The teacher is one who makes two ideas grow where there was only one before.

Just here seems a good place to say that we live in a very stupid old world, round like an orange and slightly flattened at the polls. The proof of this seeming pessimistic remark, made by a hopeful and cheerful man, lies in the fact that we place small premium in either honor or money on the business of teacher. As in the olden time, barbers and scullions ranked with musicians, and the master of the hounds wore a bigger medal than the poet-laureate, so do we pay our teachers the same as coachmen and coalheavers, giving them a plentiful lack of everything but overwork ❧ ❧

I will never be quite willing to admit that this country is enlightened until we cease the inane and parsimonious policy of trying to drive all the really strong men and women out of the teaching profession by putting them on the payroll at one-half the rate, or less, than what the same brains and energy can command elsewhere. In this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and two, in a time of peace, we have appropriated four hundred million dollars for war and war appliances, and this sum is just double the cost of the entire public school system of America.

It is not the necessity of economy that dictates our action in this matter of education—we simply are not enlightened.

But this thing cannot always last—I look for the time when we shall set apart the best and noblest men and women of earth for teachers, and their compensation will be so adequate that

they will be free to give themselves for the benefit of the race, without apprehension of a yawning almshouse. A liberal policy will be for our own good, just as a matter of cold expediency: it will be enlightened self-interest.

SO HERE ENDETH "FRA ELBERTUS," THE SAME BEING VOLUME SIX OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, MCMXXVIII